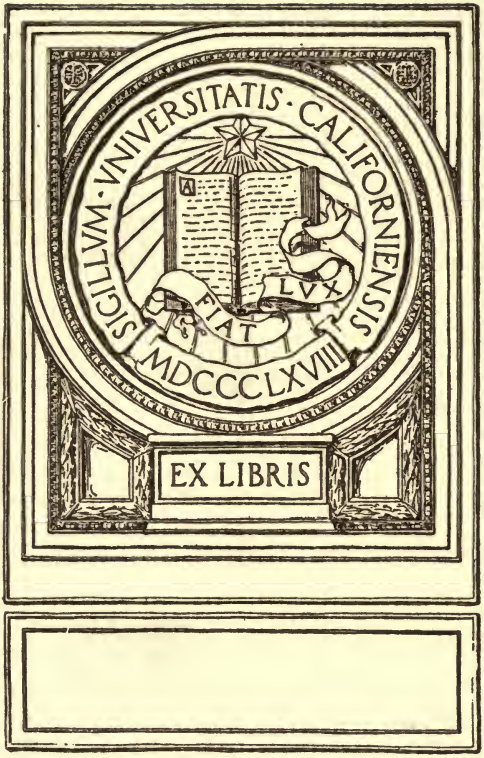
THE · UNIVERSITY · OF VIRGINIA

DAVID M.R.CULBRETH M.D.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THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Memories of Her Student-Life and Professors

Thomas Jefferson, at sixty
1743–1826

See page 21

THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Memories of Her Student-Life and Professors

By

DAVID M. R. CULBRETH, M. D.

"Haec olim meminisse juvabit"

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CALIFORNIA

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PREFACE

After the passing of a generation from the busy activities of life at the University it may seem strange that a casual alumnus inclines to turn from absorbing current events and look backward through dim-visioned eyes upon scenes of earlier days. As a fact, however, he is still to himself, despite growing old in the sight of others, the same young man sitting on those hard wooden benches—for he continues to absorb and learn daily unfamiliar truths as in those formative years. Indeed, with recurring frequency and delight the retrospect continues to awaken memories, not as of the distant past, but of the near-by yesterday, and through an ambition that such be preserved while under happy recognition—ere the dawn of mental decline and obscurity—and that a passing fancy for the task be gratified, this work has been permitted to see light.

The author claims no special aptitude over legions of the University's loyal sons for producing a reminiscent volume; certainly he regrets that some one more gifted has not heretofore made good the opportunity of a richer product along similar lines—a hope that has occasioned much deliberation, if not delay, in compiling his own available material. Such a work might be regarded as coming best from that fortunate coterie detailed these many years at the University in one or another capacity—enjoying the closest contact with her daily life—but glimpses from within are often less real than those from without, and it is ever wholesome "to see ourselves as others see us." In truth few have worshipped at that altar and gone forth into chosen ways unmindful of her history, unimbued with her love, or untrained in stating facts—those readily correlated by one and all—such as it has been the effort here to record, some possibly through filial affection a little tinted but in the main void of any intent at exaggeration or misrepresentation. The University needs no deceptive champion, the truth is quite sufficient—whether her sons become great, perhaps small, by or in spite of her training, argues not

the slightest against her intellectual forces and moral ideals being the highest.

The conception of the work, like many undertakings, was largely accidental—growing out of the preservation by parents of the author's University letters, the recording by him of weekly doings, a form of diary, and the retention of photographs, magazines, newspaper articles and his side of a liberal correspondence belonging to those times.

The chapters pertaining to Mr. Jefferson and the founding of the University—the capstone of his fruitful life—have in substance been collected from most reliable sources, supplemented by the innumerable fragmentary conversations with Mr. Wertenbaker. Not that his *ipse dixit* is believed more accurate than others, but being the only conversant cotemporary of Mr. Jefferson known then to the author, whatever he said or indorsed as said by others seemed to receive a vitalizing influence. The recounting of experiences and occurrences of the several sessions has been restricted to those making strongest impression upon the individual, relieved largely of detail incident to the average student's life, wherein slight variation can exist. Preparing for lectures, attendance thereon, fraternity meetings, social visiting, even interest in various young ladies, belong practically to so many alike as to need little, if any, reference.

The impressions of my professors have been given without reserve, and include much personal detail—that frequently recognized unworthy of transmission, since it is claimed not to edify but only to appease curiosity. Many delight in Mr. Lincoln's witticisms, indifferent to his tall homely personality; not a few desire critical knowledge of Napoleon's pyrotechnic career, regardless of his diminutive stature—contented with the common weakness of always associating intuitively physical largeness with mental greatness—while some prefer an intelligent conception of the man as well as his works. The author wondered over the proportions of Mr. Jefferson long before meeting Mr. Wertenbaker, and was only too glad to accept from his lips valuable details, and be directed for the first time to Mr. Webster's contribution in that direction. Here, therefore, an effort has been made, as far as memory serves, to remove individual uncertainties, so that even the

stranger comparing description and portrait may have a mind-vision of the personage.

Many will consider both object and matter unworthy a laudable ambition; some will claim, "it fails reach the mark the archer meant," while a few—those for whom the volume chiefly is intended—will accept gladly anything concerning their *alma mater* honestly intended to encourage a remembrance of her past, an interest in her present, and a stimulus for her future.

If it may only impress the greatness of Mr. Jefferson, strengthen a belief in his doctrines and hasten their reacceptance in the land of his creation; or incline the doubting towards a university training—perchance at her shrine—and refresh youthful years there enjoyed, it will not have been written in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

BALTIMORE, MD., October, 1908.

The University of Virginia

CHAPTER I

Thomas Jefferson—Students' Benefactor and Exemplar

Early knowledge of him and that gained through various conversations with Mr. Wertenbaker, who remembered him well, as he did his younger friend Edgar Allan Poe; personal characteristics of Mr. Jefferson as outlined by Randall, Webster, Randolph, Smith, and himself; estate—depreciation of; hospitality, financial troubles. Students' surprise and appreciation; his principles and epigrams, etc.

In my day at the University of Virginia one required only a brief brushing up against the students, old and new, to be convinced of their extraordinary knowledge of Mr. Jefferson, as he was called always by us with a respect and pride approximating filial veneration. Especially was this noticeable in those coming from Virginia and in that contingent deeply interested in the weekly debates of the Jeff. and Wash. Societies. This to me was a sort of revelation, for of his greatness I knew little, inasmuch as I had simply learned from school histories that he was our third President; had occupied the honorable position two terms; had represented the opposing party to Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Marshall and Jay, and had made more than an ordinary impression upon the then civilized world during his many years of public service. Among the small collection of books at my home was the "Life of Jefferson," by Tucker, but of this I had only read with profit that short portion in the second volume pertaining to the founding of the University. In my first visit to the library I gazed with admiration upon a beautiful white marble

statue (Galt's), enclosed by a high iron railing, whose rectangular pedestal bore the inscription:

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Author of
The Declaration of American Independence;
Of the Statute of Virginia for
Religious Freedom;
and
Father of the University of Virginia.
Born April 2, 1743, O. S.
Died July 4, 1826.

I also encountered the librarian, Mr. Wertenbaker, then apparently a very old man, who recognizing in me a new student, volunteered the names of the several portraits suspended against the columns—Joseph C. Cabell, Gessner Harrison, Charles Bonnycastle, Thomas Hewett Key, Robley Dunglison, Edward H. Courtenay, John P. Emmet, Socrates Maupin, Robert E. Lee, etc.—along with numerous historic facts, including that he had seen Mr. Jefferson many times in the flesh and from him had received, nearly fifty years before, the appointment to his present position. Seeing I was interested, he absented himself, but in a moment returned with a small dark frame held carefully in his hands. This, he remarked, is the evidence of what I have just said; I prize it most highly, but you may read it if you will be cautious in the handling. Upon inspection it proved to be the original well-preserved letter of notification from Mr. Jefferson, in his own handwriting, and is self-explanatory:

To Mr. Wm. Wertenbaker:

SIR,—The office of librarian to the University of Virginia having become vacant by the resignation of Mr. Kean, and the authority of ultimate appointment being in the Board of Visitors, it becomes necessary, in the meantime, to place the library under the temporary care of some one; you are, therefore, hereby appointed to take charge thereof until the Visitors shall make their final appointment. You will be entitled to a compensation at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, to be paid by the Proctor from the funds of the University. An important part of your charge will be to keep the books in a state of sound preservation, undefaced, and free from injury by moisture or other accident, and in their stated arrangement on the shelves according to the method and order of their catalogue. Your other general duties and rules of conduct are prescribed in the printed collection of the enactments of the Board of Visitors. Of these rules the Board will expect the strictest observance on your part, and that you use the utmost care and vigilance that they be strictly observed by others. Given under my hand this 30th day of January, 1826. TH. JEFFERSON.

To me that certainly was a most profitable hour, as it not only gave rise to a positive determination to accept the advantages of the library along with the required duties, but also to a close friendship with the librarian—that enjoyed by few students—which continued ever cordial throughout my course. Some days thereafter I repeated my visit, and while there chanced to observe on one of the tables a moderate-sized volume with a fresh, attractive green cloth binding, titled "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson." This was by his gifted great granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph, who resided with her father and sister on the old homestead, Edgehill, some five miles distant, where they conducted in the pretentious brick mansion a private boarding school for young ladies, which then enjoyed a substantial reputation in many parts of the South. The book had only appeared the year before (1871), and had just been returned by one of the professors, so I concluded this my opportunity for learning more of Mr. Jefferson. Upon the asking, Mr. Wertenbaker cheerfully granted its loan—recording its title, date, my name and room number. In due time I followed this with other lives—Tucker, Randall, Schmucker—which, with the Jeffersonian atmosphere pervading the community, soon sufficed to create intelligently in me an ardent admiration for the man and his principles.

Ever afterwards the library somehow possessed for me a peculiar fascination—whether due to its classic architecture, its contained literature, its vivid souvenirs and reminders of the quiet as well as turbulent past, or to Mr. Wertenbaker's personality, or to these collectively, need not be affirmed, but the fact remained that I was allured into spending frequently hours there that might have possibly been devoted elsewhere to greater advantage. It was, however, far from idle pastime to sit facing that senile personage, never garrulous, and quietly imbibe his ruminations of bygones—such as at times, when the spirit moved, he willingly communicated to the patient and interested. His birth, youth, manhood and old age had followed each other in and around Charlottesville, where he remembered the enactment of most important events since that day in 1809 on which Mr. Jefferson returned from the occupancy of the White House.

He was filled with pleasant recollections, not only of Mr. Jefferson and the creation of the University, but he had seen time and again—even enjoyed their conversation—such worthy celebrities as Madison, Monroe, Lafayette, Cabell, Gilmer, Poe, Long, Bonnycastle, Emmet, Blaetterman, Key, Dunglison, Courtenay, Bledsoe and countless others, and better yet, still retained to a remarkable extent, accurate impressions of their respective personalities. How he delighted to defend his poet classmate, Edgar Allan Poe, students together at the University during its second session, when they enjoyed each other's friendship and confidence to a felicitous degree. It was as though an oracle sat recounting mysterious experiences with that scintillating and lugubrious genius—so gifted then in many languages as to excel his associates, and even in Italian, at Professor Blaetterman's assigning the rendition into English verse parts of Tasso and other authors, to be usually the only one of the class living up to the requirement. It, however, was no dream, nor the fiction of *The Raven,* when he recalled a certain cold night in December, 1826, on which, after spending together its early hours at a private house socially, they wended their way to Poe's room, 13 West Range, to find the fire in " dying embers," but soon to be rekindled by that gifted hand with some candle-ends and the wreck of a table, in order to recount in comfort before the blaze real as well as imaginary grievances against man and the world. It was an open confession—a sad story—as Poe referred with regret to money wasted and debt contracted, forsooth, of an ungovernable thirst for card-playing—not for drinking, as that to him was then almost an unknown vice. That reminiscence possesses a charm tinctured with pathos never to be forgotten—immutable in the mind as are many of our earlier lessons.

Indeed after a talk with Mr. Wertenbaker it seemed no imaginative effort to realize Mr. Jefferson on horseback riding through West Range to the rear of the original library—fourth pavilion from the Rotunda, West Lawn, occupied at my period, first by Professor Leopold J. Boeck, and later by Professor Noah K. Davis—dismounting, hitching his horse and hastening within to assist the librarian, Kean or Wertenbaker, in properly classifying various books; or perchance

Monticello, Western or Rear Approach

(From Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.)

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hurrying along the Lawn to the Rotunda that he might give and see executed orders, as well as watch its progress and finish—a stage it had not quite reached even at his death. Truly all of us recognized that every brick trod had in the long-ago received the impress of nobler feet; every hall and room frequented had been consecrated by the touch of him, our great founder, who alone pioneered the very walks we journeyed in the discharge of our daily duties. Despite the sentiment of the *Good Book,* "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and that of our greatest poet:

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

Mr. Jefferson stands a shining exception to their application in the County that gave him birth and burial. There may have been many, and still some, who disagreed with his tenets and doctrines, but all unprejudiced, knowing individuals at that time and place delighted in calling him great. Apart from his illustrious deeds I was interested in and solicitous for first-handed knowledge of his personal appearance and characteristics—qualities of which I then knew accurately little, but Mr. Wertenbaker much—such, be it to his credit, in spite of natural reticence and disinclination to wasting words, he took delight in communicating. He, however, always declared that Randall in preparing Mr. Jefferson's biography had enjoyed to the fullest extent the entrée and confidence of the family descendants (Randolphs and Carrs), as to record in such matters of detail about the truth and that he could simply verify those statements. He remembered Mr. Jefferson in his gray suit, clerical cut tall collar, wide white cravat and low black slouch hat, and considered him more impressive than handsome—being unusually tall, six feet two and a half inches, erect, slender, sinewy, filling out in his best years to good proportions, yet never beyond one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His step was elastic and vigorous; face angular but beamed with cheerfulness, benevolence and intelligence; skin freckled and suffused with superficial capillaries producing a delicately fair and ruddy complexion; cuticle very thin and fragile, consequently peeling off easily after the slightest

exposure to sun and wind; hair parted in the middle, luxurious, silken, reddish-chestnut or auburn—when minister to France intermingled with a few white strands, which greatly increased during his presidency and until death, then being much whitened but retaining the sandy tinge very perceptibly; nose gracefully outlined, slightly pointed and turned upward; eyes—those of genius—kindly, blue-gray, full-size and deeply set; manners unusually graceful, simple, cordial, but reserved and dignified; conversational powers charming; voice almost femininely soft, gentle and musical, used slowly and hesitatingly but possessing in its tone a cordiality, earnestness and frankness—a deep sympathy with humanity, a confidence in man and a bright hopefulness in his destiny—which irresistibly won upon the feelings alike of friend and foe; temper amiable and forgiving—calm, self-reliant and courageous. He never found it necessary to engage in a personal encounter nor to experience a manly indignity, while his accomplishments enabled him to shun all popular vices and habits of the prevailing gentry; he never gambled, knew not one card from another and did not allow their playing in his home; he discountenanced strong drink and indulged in neither tobacco nor profanity. What an inspiring character for ambitious youths to study and emulate!

Mr. Wertenbaker thought that Mr. Webster portrayed unjustly Mr. Jefferson shortly after visiting him in 1824, and likewise his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, did not agree with all of that description, believing it calculated to produce an unfavorable impression—that of an ill-looking man—the opposite to what he was. But as it was the last attempt at recording permanently his declining condition, a portion may be reproduced: "Mr. Jefferson is now between eighty-one and eighty-two, about six feet high, of an ample long frame, rather thin and spare. His head, which is not peculiar in shape, is set rather forward on his shoulders, and, his neck being long, there is, when walking or conversing, a habitual protrusion of it. It is still well-covered with hair, which, having been once red and now turning gray, is of an indistinct sandy color. His eyes are small (as a fact they were normal), very light, and now neither brilliant nor striking. His chin is rather long but not pointed; his nose small,

regular in outline, and the nostrils a little elevated; his mouth is well formed, and still filled with teeth—it is strongly compressed, bearing an expression of contentment and benevolence; his complexion, formerly light and freckled, now bears the marks of age and cutaneous affection. His limbs are uncommonly long; his hands and feet very large, and his wrists of an extraordinary size (one had never recovered from dislocation). His walk is not precise and military, but easy and swinging. He stoops a little, not so much from age as from natural formation. When sitting he appears short, partly from a rather lounging habit of sitting, and partly from the disproportionate length of his limbs. His dress, when in the house, is a gray surtout, kerseymere stuff waistcoat, with an under one faced with some material of a dingy red. His pantaloons are very long and loose, and of the same color as his coat. His stockings are woolen, either white or gray; his shoes of the kind that bear his name. His general appearance indicates an extraordinary degree of health, vivacity and spirit. His sight is still good, for he needs glasses only in the evening. His hearing is generally good, but a number of voices in animated conversation confuse him. He rises as soon as the hands of the clock, just opposite the bed, can be seen, and examines immediately his thermometer, as he keeps a regular meteorological diary. He employs himself chiefly in writing till breakfast, which is at nine, thence till dinner he is in his library, excepting in fair weather he rides on horseback from seven to fourteen miles—this habit being essential for his health and comfort. His diet is simple, being restrained only by his taste; his breakfast is tea and coffee, bread fresh from the oven, of which he does not seem afraid, with sometimes a slight accompaniment of cold meat; his dinner is largely vegetables with a little meat, which he enjoys. He is easy and natural in conversation, not ambitious; it is not loud, as challenging general attention, but usually addressed to the person next him. Outside of topics to suit his auditor he discusses science and letters, and especially the University of Virginia, which is coming into existence almost entirely from his exertions, and will rise, it is to be hoped, to usefulness and credit under his continued care. When we were with him, his favorite subjects were Greek and Anglo-Saxon,

historical recollections of the times and events of the Revolution, and of his residence in France from 1783-1789."

The ingenuous grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, fondly called by Mr. Jefferson, "the companion and staff of my old age," has also given with unqualified accuracy some characteristics of that wholesome life—observations amid the sanctity of domestic relations: "I never saw his countenance distorted by a single bad passion or unworthy feeling. I have seen the expression of suffering, bodily and mental, of grief, pain, sadness, just indignation, disappointment, disagreeable surprise and displeasure, but never of anger, impatience, peevishness, discontent, to say nothing worse of more ignoble emotions. To the contrary, it was impossible to look on his face without being struck with its benevolent, intelligent, cheerful and placid expression. It was at once intellectual, good, kind and pleasant, whilst his tall, spare figure spoke of health, activity and that helpfulness, that power and will, "never to trouble another for that he could do himself," which marked his character. His dress was simple and adapted to his ideas of neatness and comfort. He paid little attention to fashion, wearing whatever he liked best, and sometimes blending the fashions of several different periods. He wore long waistcoats when the mode was very short, white cambric stocks fastened behind with a buckle, when cravats were universal. He adopted the pantaloon very late in life, because he found it more comfortable and convenient, and cut off his queue for the same reason. He made no change except from motives of the same kind, and did nothing to be in conformity with the fashion of the day. He considered such independence the privilege of his age."

Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith (née Margaret Bayard), during a few days' visit to Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello, in the summer of 1809, recorded these observations in her treasured notebook (August 1.): "Yes, he is truly a philosopher, and truly a good man, and eminently a great one. Then there is a tranquillity about him, which an inward peace alone could bestow. As a ship long-tossed by the storms of the ocean, casts anchor and lies at rest in a peaceful harbor, he is retired from an active and restless scene to this tranquil spot. Voluntarily and gladly has he resigned honors which he never

sought, and unwillingly accepted. His actions, not his words, preach the emptiness and dissatisfaction attendant on a great office. His tall and slender figure is not impaired by age, though bent by care and labor. His white locks announce an age his activity, strength, health, enthusiasm, ardor and gayety contradict. His face owes all its charm to its expression and intelligence; his features are not good and his complexion bad, but his countenance is so full of soul and beams with much benignity, that when the eye rests on the face, it is too busy in perusing its expression, to think of its features or complexion. His low and mild voice harmonizes with his countenance rather than his figure. But his manners—how gentle, how humble, how kind. His meanest slave must feel as if it were a father instead of a master who addresses him, when he speaks. To a disposition ardent, affectionate and communicative, he joins manners timid, even to bashfulness, and reserved even to coldness. If his life had not proved to the contrary I should have pronounced him rather a man of imagination and taste, than a man of judgment, a literary rather than a scientific man, and least of all a politician, a character for which nature never seemed to have intended him, and for which the natural turn of mind, and his disposition, taste and feeling equally unfit him. I should have been sure that this was the case, even had he not told me so. In an interesting conversation I had one evening—speaking of his public and present domestic life—he remarked: 'The whole of my life has been a war with my natural taste, feelings and wishes; domestic life and literary pursuits were my first and my latest inclinations—circumstances and not my desires lead me to the path I have trod, and like a bow though long bent, which when unstrung flies back to its natural state, I resume with delight the character and pursuits for which nature designed me. The circumstances of our country, at my entrance into life, were such that every honest man felt himself compelled to take part, and to act up to the best of his abilities.'"

Mr. Jefferson, in reply to Dr. Utley, who desired a history of his physical habits (March 21, 1819), wrote: "I live so much like other people, that I might refer to ordinary life as the habits of my own. I have lived temperately, eating little

animal food, and that not as an aliment so much as a condiment for the vegetables, which constitute my principal diet. The ardent wines I cannot drink, nor do I use ardent spirits in any form. Malt liquors and cider are my table drinks, and my breakfast is of tea and coffee. I have been blest with organs of digestion which accent and concoct, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chooses to consign to them, and I have not yet lost a tooth by age. I was a hard student until I entered on the business of life, the duties of which leave no idle time to those disposed to fulfil them, and now, retired, and at the age of seventy-six, I am again a hard student. Indeed, my fondness for reading and study revolts me from the drudgery of letter writing, and a stiff wrist, the consequence of an early dislocation, makes writing both slow and painful. I am not so regular in my sleep, devoting to it from five to eight hours, according as my company or the book I am reading interests me; and I never go to bed without an hour, or half an hour's previous reading of something moral (Bible), whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep. But whether I retire to bed early or late, I rise with the sun. I use spectacles at night, but not necessarily in the day, unless in reading small print. My hearing is distinct in particular conversation, but confused when several voices cross each other, which unfits me for the society of the table. So free from catarrhs that I have not had one (in the breast I mean) on an average of eight or ten years through life. I ascribe this exemption partly to the habit of bathing my feet in cold water every morning for sixty years. A fever of more than twenty-four hours I have not had above two or three times in my life. A headache every six or eight years has left me, and now enjoy good health; too feeble, indeed to walk much, but riding without fatigue six or eight miles a day, and sometimes thirty or forty."

Beyond my individual ignorance of Mr. Jefferson's physical personality—thus minified by Mr. Wertenbaker's words and suggestive literature—his life presented to our student-body manifestations of seeming strangeness. That evoking most general surprise—which Mr. Wertenbaker also stood ever ready to explain satisfactorily—being: How was it possible for such a gifted man, with a large landed estate and a long

public career, an economist in theory and practice, to be borne down in his latter years by the wail of poverty? Our visits to Monticello were frequent, where we saw desertion, solitude, neglect, decay—that indicating destitution, desecration, apathy—a condition of several decades. At no turn around us could the slightest evidence of his personal wealth be encountered. His few descendants still lived in the community, and from observation, they, like their neighboring humanity, were struggling for an honorable existence. It was well known to us that his ingenuous grandson—preferred beneficiary—whom we occasionally saw in the town, especially on Sundays at the Episcopal Church, had liquidated a residuary indebtedness of over forty thousand dollars, in order to spare his grandfather's honored name. His estate upon entering public service consisted of ten thousand acres, a fine home and one hundred and fifty slaves, which yielded two thousand dollars annually, while from his law practice came an additional revenue of three thousand dollars that after this period necessarily ceased. During his vice-presidency he saved a little, but when minister to France, Secretary of State, and President his salary failed to meet expenses. In all these positions his style of living was plain and retiring, restricting entertainments to a small coterie most congenial to him—travelers, investigators, scientists and learned men of all types. In spite of this however, he vacated the White House twenty thousand dollars in debt, a sum easily released by the sale of land or slaves, but which, rather than do, he preferred to carry indefinitely with its accumulating burden. In his long absence the entire estate had depreciated in value, and although his slaves, through normal fertility, had increased to nearly two hundred, the majority was either too young or old for service, therefore an additional expense and not a revenue. For several years after his retirement seasons were unfavorable for good crops, which, with low prices, tended to cheapen land and embarrass agriculture, thereby making money scarce and at high premium. His home, Monticello, was a sort of "Liberty Hall" to relatives and friends, who continually came and went singly or in families, remaining one, three or six months as inclination and convenience suggested. Accomplished young kinswomen regularly spent months there as though it were a

fashionable resort; these married sons of Mr. Jefferson's friends, and then came with their entire home circle—first one child, then many with a retinue of maids and servants. One friend from abroad arrived with a family of six and stayed ten months, while a second visit followed of six months. They came of all nations—men, women and children, and at all times, remaining for various periods, long or short. A judge from New England, bringing simply a letter of introduction, spent three weeks, and every day for at least eight months of each year, brought its contingent of guests—those of wealth, fashion, officials, military and civil, professional men, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, priests, congressmen, diplomats, missionaries, tourists, artists, strangers and friends. There came also swarms of impertinent gazers, who, without introduction, permission or ceremony, thrust themselves into the most private of Mr. Jefferson's out-of-door resorts, and even into the house, staring about as at a public show—a nuisance that increased as years advanced. Many groups of utter strangers, of both sexes, would plant themselves in the passage between his study and dining-room, consult their watches and wait his passing from one to the other for dinner, so that they could momentarily catch a glimpse of him. One woman punched through a windowpane with her parasol that she might have the better view of him. He was waylaid in his rides and walks, and when sitting under the porticoes in the coolness of the evening, parties would approach within thirty or forty feet and focus their eyes on him as a lion in a cage. The several stables and carriage-houses every night throughout the pleasant season were filled to overflowing with the belongings of others—the larger coaches having to be sheltered under the stately trees.

Traveling in that day and district was by necessity on horseback, in carriage or coach, and those journeying southward or northward seemed unwilling to pass Monticello without paying a courteous respect to its illustrious host—that which frequently was used to give themselves and equipage a rest of over night. It truly took all hands to take care of the visitors, and the whole farm, nay more, to feed them. Mrs. Randolph affirmed that in her day there always was present one or more visitors; some nights four, six or ten, while as

many as fifty guests had unexpectedly been provided beds for over night.

Although Mr. Jefferson started out to live plainly, like a country gentleman, his fashionable and distinguished visitors expected much beyond that. New England judges remaining three weeks would soon tire on ham and turkey; claret and cider might suit Mr. Jefferson, but not his guests. He virtually was hunted down by his reputation, and literally eaten up by his countrymen—that which he predicted years before when he remarked to his grandson: "If I live long enough I will beggar my family, the number of persons I entertain will devour my estate." Thus without prodigality, idleness, improvidence or speculation he was reduced to poverty. But through self-denial, retrenchment and wisest economy this would have been averted had not his endorsement miscarried for his dearest friend, Governor Wilson C. Nicholas, to whom was reserved the giving of "that *coup de grace* which shrouded Monticello in gloom, consigned it to stranger hands and early decay, exposed its aged and tottering owner to the jeers of brutal partisans, and broke the noble heart that dealt the unwilling blow."

Indeed Mr. Jefferson's contributions to religious, educational and charitable objects through life would have made him rich in old age, but above all the memory of those generous acts gave him an "unfaltering trust" when the storm of need came, so that their possession would have brought even then more pain than pleasure. Poverty, as it had overtaken him, "was no disgrace, for there was not a single circumstance connected with its causes, progress or sequel over which manhood could blush, or friendship desire to draw a veil." All of his debts were paid willingly by loving hands, leaving no one to present a farthing's claim.

It was very difficult for us students to understand, why his dear Virginia heeded not that final pathetic appeal for just and honorable relief, or why the Government—still partly democratic and fully acquainted with all extenuating conditions—did not volunteer proudly and unasked that help he so worthily deserved. We observed in our day the President's salary easily doubled; the Senators and Congressmen receiving thousands in back pay; the Government liberal to a fault

towards men and objects of questionable merit; the public eager to erect costly monuments and to pay homage to those whose labors had been far less to their country's good. And yet we realized sadly that fifty years before the true nation-builder, the great apostle of democracy, of civic liberty and personal freedom—the expounder and defender of most ennobling principles—had been allowed to pass away amid financial misfortunes, incident to serving his country during a long life the best he knew; that his beautiful and cherished home had been permitted to fall into the hands of strangers, and that its lovely mistress of the later years, his dear and beloved daughter, Martha, whose tender and ever-sustaining hands ministered for many years to his every want, had been suffered to go forth from its threshold into the cold world penniless, with its doors closed forever upon her. But "as every cloud turns forth her silver lining," all humanity did not remain callous, nay heartless, in the hour of greatest distress—for the Legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana, with a generosity beyond reason to expect, learning her true embarrassment took immediate steps for relief by handsome monetary appropriations.

Mr. Jefferson's life, however, as it stood, possessed a value and inspiration to many of us students, for while we recognized that the world accepted it as something beyond the attainment of those living, it was before us a veritable guide, commanding our respect and challenging an ambition for at least modest emulation.

We marveled at the trusted positions thrust upon him during forty years, from early manhood to old age: member of the House of Burgesses, Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President—and even then besought not to desert the "Ship of State." We wondered at what he accomplished. the many deeds performed and advocated beyond the three he considered greatest and alone worthy to be engraved upon his tomb; the common school system; the abolishment of slavery and the prohibition of its importation into Virginia—with failure; the revision of the laws of Virginia in conformity with his ideas of liberty; the establishment of our dollar with its various subdivisons; the selection of location for

Thomas Jefferson Randolph
1792–1875
"The companion and staff of my old age"
See page 308

Monticello Graveyard
(Mr. Jefferson's original monument)
See page 218

DIGITIZED BY

the capital at Washington; the personal magnetism exercised towards ratifying the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain—settling the war his Declaration of Independence helped to bring about; the presentation to Congress of the Virginia deed ceding her lands, northwest of the Ohio River, to the Government for public domain; the devised plan for the temporary government of the Northwestern Territory, with the clause prohibiting slavery therein; the improvement of navigation of the Rivanna River; the removal of Virginia's capital from Williamsburg to Richmond; the enactment abolishing entails, and that establishing the natural right of man to expatriate himself at will; the laws changing the course of descents—giving the inheritance to all children alike—and that apportioning crimes and punishments; the introduction of the olive plant into South Carolina from France (1789-90); the bringing of upland rice into South Carolina from Africa (1790); the purchasing of the Louisiana territory from France (1803); the sending of Lewis, Clark and Pike to explore the far west; the endeavor to enforce national rights by "embargo" instead of by war; the reduction of the public debt; the aiding of trade and commerce with the world; the advocacy for a navy, and the provision of a system of sea coast and tide water defences. And yet after having gloriously been the *causa sine qua non* of all these benefits to his country and countrymen, he thus modestly wrote: "I have sometimes asked myself whether my country is the better for my having lived at all. I do not know that it is. I have been the instrument of doing these things; but they could have been done by others, some of them, perhaps, a little better."

To us students it seemed almost incredible that he could have evolved that profound document—Declaration of Independence—when only thirty-three years of age, which, save the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount, including the Commandments, continues to-day the most read and quoted composition of our Country. It was equally surprising to us that through his efforts denominational hatred and bigotry were suppressed, so that the Catholic, Dissenter, Hebrew, Quaker, Unitarian, Orthodox and Unorthodox could live at peace with one another in his State and finally in the land. And last—it was a greater mystery, a profound joy: how one

of his ripened years could champion successfully the cause of general education and inaugurate a complete system having as a capstone our favorite institution—the University.

Many of us in those days studied and pondered over his principles—those that gave him individuality and immortality, not a few amazing us by their comprehensiveness and truth, and will continue to impress strongly till the end of time unborn generations:

1. All men are created equal and with certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—this is the bedrock of our Republic, and the basic proposition of my political creed.
2. The rights of man are inviolable—the weaker must be protected from the stronger; laws are to be made without coercion, undue influence, purchase of legislators or law-making bodies.
3. Taxes are to be evenly laid and collected; there must be a free press, and no great standing army.
4. Public matters are to be discussed by the people at public meetings, wherever and whenever desired; lands should be held by our citizens, and agriculture fostered as the basis of wealth, comfort and happiness.
5. No king, potentate, or ruler other than the people; no classes or orders of men; and arrogance, assumption and pretension of the vulgar of whatever station must be checked.
6. Make the people homogeneous by promoting the general welfare; educate them to govern themselves and regulate their rulers.
7. Education should be fostered and aided by all means possible, and the government must keep abreast of the developments of science and the growth of the arts.
8. Economy must prevail in national expenditures, with the largest possible proper private outgo consistent with means.
9. The Republic should be partisan, with frequent changes in officials, because long continuance in power by one set of men or party is, in effect, monarchy; as few officials as possible, and merit—not competition—to be the test of capacity—the man as much if not more than his acquirements.
10. Rights of private judgment in matters of faith must be respected in all men, and rights of property, like the rights of man, must be preserved.
11. Principle—that ascertained best for the people—must be pushed with vigor for the common good; the nation's word once given, to be sacredly preserved, and faith always kept.
12. Eternal and constant vigilance in maintaining liberty—that which, although costly, will require frequent elections; free opportunity for brains, energy and manhood, and one man as good as another.
13. First, last, and all the time, public opinion—the will of the people—to be supreme; always law and never license, but protest to be heeded.

Somehow or another in my student period we accepted and believed Mr. Jefferson the greatest of our Nation's founders, unquestionably the most profound scholar and thinker of his

age—possessing a versatility of knowledge so essential then for his Country's immediate needs, which he dealt out regardless of stint or favor, having but one hope and ambition—to improve the condition and liberty of his countrymen. This he felt reasonably assured must follow if the cardinal principles advocated and inaugurated be held inviolate, and did not hesitate to express himself thus: "With all the defects of our Constitution, the comparison of our Government with those of Europe is like the comparison of heaven and hell. England, like the earth, may be allowed to take the intermediate station." We lived under the impression that his hands, head and pen were at work constantly in the service of mankind and the exercise of larger humanities throughout the world, and towards that end he knew nothing of apathy, indifference rest, or repose; that while Washington, Green, Franklin, Hamilton, Adams and Madison were indispensable luminaries in the formation and creation of our organic government, yet upon Mr. Jefferson, more than any other, rested the evolution of her best underlying principles—those that will tide over impending emergencies until the end of time; that it was through no fortuitous, but rather a prophetic realization of this truth our Constitution possesses an elasticity, although constructed for only three millions, standing to-day the equally acceptable code for thirty times that number—it is true having received an occasional amendment, but recognized just as essential, if at all, then as now—and will remain free from the need of change so long as we continue to grow and expand.

Some of Mr. Jefferson's epigrammatic words of wisdom were familiar to many of us students, and had useful application in our daily intercourse, being quoted always with a suppressed smile that carried approval:

1. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
2. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
3. Never fear the want of business; he who qualifies himself well for his calling never fails of employment in it.
4. Never spend your money before you have it.
5. Never buy what you do not need because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
6. The object of all learning is the freedom and happiness of man.
7. Honesty is the first chapter of the book of wisdom.
8. Always do what is right.

9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.
11. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
12. Conscience is our only guide from doubts and inconsistencies.
13. Differences of opinion in politics, religion, or philosophy should not break friends.
14. The happiest man is he of whom the world says least.
15. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
16. We never repent of having eaten too little.
17. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.
18. Adore God; reverence and cherish your parents.
19. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself.
20. Be just; be true; murmur not at the ways of Providence.

CHAPTER II

Thomas Jefferson—Ambitious Young Man and Statesman

Father's characteristics and prominence; his own early life, education, experience at William and Mary College; personal sorrows; lawyer, member of the House of Burgesses, Continental Congress, and Congress; Shadwell destroyed; marriage; death of Dabney Carr and its episode; Patrick Henry's great speech; John Adams' eulogy; Declaration of Independence—when, where, and how composed; religious liberty, public reforms; diffusion of knowledge; Governor, Northwestern Territory; Minister to France, Secretary of State, etc.

Thomas Jefferson was born April 13, 1743, on the family estate, Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, four miles east of Charlottesville. To-day an unpretentious station of that name, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, marks the plantation's original southern boundary, while on the near-by rising hill northward a few straggling locust and sycamore trees, planted by him on his twenty-first birthday, remain as the only visible reminder of the historic frame mansion destroyed by fire in 1770. His father, Peter Jefferson, who owned and resided here from early manhood until death (1757), cultivating so much of his nineteen hundred acres as practical with thirty slaves, was possibly the most prominent man of Albemarle in that day—standing high with his government, his people, and the surrounding Indians. He was large in body and strong in mind, possessing sound judgment, a substantial and inspiring personality, and an education acquired by self-effort through extensive reading and an eagerness for general knowledge—a fine mathematician, a skilled surveyor, following it, as did Washington, with remarkable credit and success. He occupied a number of honorable and important positions—Justice of the Peace, State and County Surveyor, Colonel of the County, executor of large estates, Church vestryman, member of the House of Burgesses, etc.—while an early death deprived him of much assured distinction. His estate joined another of local interest, Edgehill, owned and

occupied by William Randolph, with whom for years he enjoyed the closest friendship, and finally a relationship by marrying a brother's daughter, Jane Randolph. The fruition of this union was ten children—six girls and four boys; of the latter, three died quite young, while the eldest, Thomas, alone survived to bring fame to the name. The father sympathized with struggling humanity, espoused the popular side, took pride in plain dress and appearance, and was solicitous about his characteristics and theories being impressed upon his son, whom he also had taught the darings of sport—to ride a fleet horse, fire a gun, and brave a swollen stream in pursuit of deer or turkey. He was a firm believer in education, considering it a far better legacy than monetary inheritance, desired his son, Thomas, to have the best, and previous to death had begun to shape that by placing him when five years old at an English school in Tuckahoe, and when nine at the Latin school of Mr. Douglas, a Scottish clergyman, where he studied Latin, Greek, French and mathematics, and remained until fourteen, at the death of his father. The next two years he spent only fourteen miles from Shadwell,, at the school of Rev. James Maury, a Huguenot, a broad-minded man and a correct classical scholar, from where he entered (1760) William and Mary College, Williamsburg—the then capital of Virginia, an unpaved village of a thousand inhabitants, but the center of much social, political and educational activity, especially during winters when the Legislature and Great Court were in session, as then many distinguished families took up there a temporary residence. To all such Mr. Jefferson had entrée, but was careful not to abuse the social side, as he held ever foremost the object of his sojourn—an education.

Of the various college instructors there was one with whom he formed the closest intimacy, speaking of him afterwards in grateful terms: "It was my good fortune, and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small of Scotland was then professor of mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He most happily for me, became soon attached to me and made me his daily companion, when not engaged in school; and from his conversation I got my

first views of the expansion of science and the system of things in which we are placed." He was also a religious skeptic and no doubt gave vent frequently, in the presence of his youthful associate, to his agnostic doctrines with more or less effect. Mr. Jefferson also while there became very friendly with two other distinguished and highly educated men—Governor Francis Fauquier, a thoroughly cultured, able and aggressive gentleman, imparting much that should be imitated as well as avoided, and George Wythe, a scholarly lawyer, who became his law preceptor, and in due time the same to Chief Justice Marshall and Henry Clay. The attainments of these companions stimulated in Mr. Jefferson an ambition and industry scarcely conceivable, so that in spite of beginning college life with the enjoyment of various diversions—social entertainments, healthful exercises, horseback riding (for he had his own stable), playing the violin, etc.—these by degrees were discarded, with the exception of a mile run at twilight, in order that he might devote at least fifteen hours to solid study, an application which only a strong, vigorous and robust constitution, like his, could have safely endured. Although adhering to such a studious regime and braving successfully the many besetting temptations—cards, wine and tobacco—so as to leave college morally sound when not yet twenty (1762), he had gone so far as to become strongly interested in Miss Rebecca Burwell, an heiress of much beauty in manner and person, who, pretending a reciprocal sentiment, clandestinely married another—Jacquelin Ambler. To cover disappointment this unexpected conclusion of a romance made Mr. Jefferson all the closer reader and student of law—that upon which he had now entered with strong determination and bright hopes under the mentorship of his staunch friend, George Wythe. To the study of this profession he devoted five entire years, passing the winters in Williamsburg and the summers at Shadwell, being admitted to the bar (1767) when twenty-four years of age. While these five years had been spent profitably and satisfactorily, yet apart from their pleasant memories others had entered more or less depressing. Thus at the very beginning he encountered love's delusion, and two years later the death of his favorite sister, Jane, which inflicted a much more serious blow,

as she was the pride and ornament of the home, a beautiful singer, his literary and musical companion—a grief from which he never completely recovered, cherishing her memory to the last in the expression: "Often in church some sacred air which her sweet voice had made familiar to me in youth recalls to me sweet visions of her whom I loved so well and buried so young."

Mr. Jefferson, with his training, might truthfully have been considered the finest educated man of his country at that day, as he possessed a masterly knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, and mathematics; knew considerable of the Indian dialects, Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, Italian, science, agriculture, and architecture; had been a close student of literature, history, biography, philosophy, and was well-grounded in the various phases of law. He once remarked to his grandson: "I have never sat down in idleness, since when a boy, I first found pleasure in books," and his thirst for information was insatiable, as he eagerly seized every possible means of obtaining it. In later life he was recognized as a veritable "walking encyclopædia," but the stranger—farmer, mechanic, scientist, lawyer, physician, theologian—by personal contact thought him in turn simply one of his own craft, as he invariably adapted his conversation to suit each individual. He regarded farming the most moral and ennobling vocation, and farmers as God's chosen people, consequently, as might have been expected, he now assumed control of his landed estate, Shadwell, and in addition began the practice of law in Albemarle and adjoining counties, having his office in Charlottesville. He was the staff of the home, consisting of his mother, brother, and three younger sisters—the three older being absent, Jane by death, Mary by marriage to Thomas Bolling, and Martha by marriage to Dabney Carr—and fully appreciated the responsibility assumed, but in the spirit of confidence and happiness.

From the beginning both chosen interests were highly successful, for he increased his lands in value and acreage, and gained daily professional business and renown. As a lawyer he was patient, accurate and fearless, but nothing of an orator —not even a pleasant public speaker, his voice when elevated becoming husky and indistinct. His talent for investigation and summarizing caused all of his cases to be well-prepared,

but in a few pithy, characteristic sentences, thereby avoiding the tricks of the fluent speaker. His nephew once asked an old man, who in youth had heard Mr. Jefferson often plead at court, how his grandfather ranked as a speaker, and received this reply: "Well, it is hard to tell, because he always took the right side." In the first year he had before the General Court of Virginia alone sixty-eight cases; in the second year one hundred and fifteen; in the third one hundred and ninety-eight, and so it continued throughout the eight years he practiced, until August 11, 1773, when he passed over his legal business to Edmund Randolph. In addition to the higher court practice, each year he was retained as attorney or counsel for three to five hundred cases—his clients coming from the most reputable and aristocratic of his own and mother country, including the Blands, Burwells, Carters, Harrisons, Careys, Lees, Nelsons, Pages, Randolphs, etc. Mr. Jefferson, soon after reaching majority, became vestryman of his parish church, and justice of the county court, as had his father before him. In 1769 he was elected to the House of Burgesses, which he entered amidst foreboding clouds, as public sentiment throughout the colonies was drifting from the mother country, owing to increased distrust in George III and Parliament. Virginia had already caught the contagion, so that her legislative body echoed loud the spirit of revolution, containing as it did so many formidable advocates—especially three of towering strength: Washington, its sword; Henry, its tongue; Jefferson, its pen.

Early in the session Mr. Jefferson prepared resolutions and an address in reply to Governor Botetourt's inaugural message, but only the former were accepted. Shortly thereafter he introduced a bill making the emancipation of slaves lawful, which was rejected promptly and emphatically, but adopted twelve years later (1782). It was during this absence from home that the family mansion at Shadwell was destroyed by fire (February 1, 1770), with all of its valuable historic contents of furniture, books, legal papers, etc.—his "fiddle" being saved by the servants as the only thing they considered of special value. Fortunately Monticello had been begun the year before and was advanced sufficiently to shelter the family by enduring numerous inconveniences. Two years later, Jan-

uary 1, 1772, Mr. Jefferson married and brought to his new home Mrs. Martha Skelton, the childless widow of Bathurst Skelton (their only child having died in infancy), then twenty-three years of age, and the daughter of John Wayles, a wealthy lawyer of Williamsburg.

On May 16, 1773, his gifted and beloved brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, died at the age of thirty, leaving his young wife (nee Martha Jefferson), and six small children to the tender mercy of Mr. Jefferson, by whom they were adopted and supported. All of us University students were well-acquainted with the mutual fondness of these two gentlemen, and in our visits to the Monticello graveyard almost the first object instinctively sought was the oak tree and tomb thereunder of this dearest youthful companion of Mr. Jefferson, not two yards from his own grave. We knew of their reciprocal promise—that the survivor should see the other buried under its broad foliage, where in boyhood they had spent together so many hours in profitable study and pleasurable discussion. The writer listened more than once to Mr. Wertenbaker recite the episode with ever-increasing fervor and delight as he emphasized Mr. Carr's death and burial to have occurred during Mr. Jefferson's absence from home, and upon his return, making known their boyish promise, proceeded to fulfil the obligation by removing the body to its present resting place.

Mr. Jefferson, July, 1774, enjoyed a double election—to the Convention and to the House of Burgesses—but owing to indisposition the following month was unable to attend the former which convened at the Raleigh Tavern, Williamsburg. He, however, prepared and sent a document, " Summary View of the Rights of British America," to Peyton Randolph and Patrick Henry, which proposed the instruction to the Virginia delegates in the Continental Congress. This proved possibly the most important political pamphlet of the South in the earlier days of the Revolution, being not only printed anonymously at Williamsburg, but also in Philadelphia and London. It breathed the spirit of independence so strongly, that, amusingly to the knowing, Mr. Jefferson was accused by some of pilfering from it in the " Declaration of Independence." He attended the Convention, March 1775, at St.

University—Lawn View
(Early drawing, just before completion, 1824)

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John's church, Richmond, during which Patrick Henry made his second world renown speech, "Give Me Liberty, or Give Me Death," resulting in the appointment of a committee, of which he was a member, "to devise plans for putting the colony upon a military basis." That body also previous to adjournment selected him its representative in the Continental Congress, as the successor to Peyton Randolph, who was to be recalled to preside over the House of Burgesses. Before leaving for his new position Mr. Jefferson enthusiastically prepared a firm, courageous and rebellious reply to Lord North's "Conciliatory Proposition," which had been referred to the Burgesses by the Governor for their consideration. It was in this belligerent frame of mind, at the age of thirty-two, that he went to Philadelphia and took his seat in Congress, June 1775. He could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, read many languages, tie an artery, plan an edifice, plead a case, break a horse, dance a minuet and play the violin—a reputation that had preceded him and of which John Adams, then also a member of that body, wrote in 1822: "Mr. Jefferson came to Congress bringing with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression." Shortly after entering upon duties, Congress, feeling an explanation to the world necessary of the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, appointed a committee for drafting suitable declarations, which, when finished, proved unsatisfactory. Immediately Mr. Jefferson and John Dickinson were added to the committee, and their personal efforts soon produced something thoroughly acceptable.

Congress appointed, July 1775, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams and Lee a committee to report on Lord North's "Conciliatory Proposition," but Mr. Jefferson's colleagues at once requested him to draft the reply, which he did with signal satisfaction. Thus in a few weeks his aggressive and fearless nature brought him to the front of that honorable body, eliciting kindly expressions from every turn—that of the great Adams being a striking compliment: "He was so prompt, frank, explicit and decisive upon committees and in convention that he soon seized upon my heart." Congress adjourned August 1775, when

Mr. Jefferson returned to Richmond and took his seat in the Virginia Convention, only to be re-elected to represent the colony in the next Congress. It was at this session of the Convention that a petition was presented by the Baptists, imploring the privilege of their denominational ministers preaching to Baptist soldiers. The request was granted, and Mr. Jefferson's vote for it was his first act in a movement directed by himself leading to the disestablishment of the church in Virginia, and to the general separation of the Church and State in America. In September he returned to Philadelphia, where he found Congress greatly aroused over passing events, especially the presence of an agent of France, offering the support of his government in any resistance that might be determined upon against England. Congress appointed Jay, Franklin and Jefferson a committee to confer with the envoy, resulting in successful conferences that led not only to our French alliance, but to Mr. Jefferson's diplomatic career in France. In the early part of the month he mourned the loss of his second child, Jane Randolph, and in December was called home by the illness and death of his mother. As a fact he was very unfortunate with his children, as out of six, only two survived infancy—Martha and Mary; the former born September 27, 1772, died October 10, 1836; the latter born August 1, 1778, died April 17, 1804.

He did not return to Congress until May 1776, but with renewed energy for work, and on the first day resolutions were passed advising the colonies to form individual separate governments. Five days later news came that the Virginia Convention had adopted a resolution instructing its delegates in Congress to support a motion declaring the "United Colonies free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance or dependence upon the Crown or Parliament of Great Britain." Mr. Jefferson's relative, Archibald Cary, reported the resolution, as he had also the reply to Lord North's "Conciliatory Proposition," a fact, coupled with Mr. Jefferson being in Richmond at the time the resolution was passed, and his custom of never appearing himself in legislative measures when others would serve for him, leading to the belief that he had a hand in drafting and passing this most important act of the Convention. Congress at once took up the Virginia resolution,

whereupon R. H. Lee (June 7) moved, "That the colonies be declared independent," which after two days' discussion was postponed twenty days for further action, so that the other colonies might reach their final decisions. Congress, however, was not idle any of this time, as on the 10th, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston were appointed to draft the "Declaration of Independence," and upon Mr. Jefferson devolved the composing of that celebrated document—a task requiring just three weeks, and performed in his parlor, second-story front room, southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets, Philadelphia, since called "The Declaration House," upon the site of the present Penn National Bank building—which was brought before Congress on the 28th, read, laid upon the table, then taken up, debated three days, slightly modified and passed on the afternoon of July 4th. Although this great instrument even to-day stands as the exponent of rare thought and decision, yet it has been criticised for both style and principles. At first it was claimed to have been copied somewhat from Locke and Otis, but Mr. Jefferson denied any plagiarism, while he boldly acknowledged it to contain no new ideas or sentiments in these words: "I turned to neither book or pamphlet while writing it; it is virtually my political creed and faith." Although re-elected to Congress, June 1776, he resigned that seat in September, owing to the demands of domestic affairs and the need of his counsel in the Virginia Legislature, chiefly in framing the new Constitution, of which he prepared the outlines. Congress in October selected Franklin, Deane and himself envoys to France, for effecting a treaty of alliance, and although it always had been a cherished hope to visit Europe—that for which his first sweetheart had been asked to defer marriage several years, the alleged cause of her accepting another—yet when the opportunity came, peculiar family circumstances compelled him to decline the honor.

In the fall of 1776 he took his seat in the first Republican House of Delegates of Virginia, and at once began a labor of reform that proved the greatest work of his life, including a revolutionizing of the public and private laws of the State. The Virginia code sanctioned tyranny, cruelty and bigotry, but it was now to be made reasonable, humane and just. He

fought to abandonment the pillory, whipping-post, stocks and ducking-stool, the system of land tenure, and then introduced a bill abolishing entails on the claim, "That one generation has no right to bind succeeding generations; that the usufruct of the earth belongs to the living, not to the dead; that entails were contrary to good policy, tended to deceive honest traders who gave credit on the visible possession of such estates, discouraged the holder from improving his lands, and sometimes did injury to the morals of youth by rendering them independent of and disobedient to their parents. This privilege should be annulled, and instead of an aristocracy of wealth, of more harm and danger than benefit to society, we should make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent." Consequently tenure by fee-tail was wiped from the statute, lands and slaves could no longer be prevented by law from falling into the hands of their rightful owners, and finally was removed the only remaining prop of landed aristocracy—principle of primogeniture. These reform blows fell hard upon the aristocracy—the old families—so that the recoil and criticism upon Mr. Jefferson was most severe from the great land holders, extending sometimes to their children and grandchildren, yet the time came later when few dishonored his memory, and many stood proud of the man and his deeds.

He then championed a reform bill for easier naturalization and expatriation, both being too severe, which not only passed but led Congress to adopt its best features in a general naturalization law. He next devoted his relentless energies in favor of religious liberty, incorporating in his law, "No man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, ministry, or place whatsoever; nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burdened in his body or goods; nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or beliefs; but all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinion in matters of religion; and the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities." Prior to this: To call in question the Trinity, or to be a deist was punishable with imprisonment without bail; to be a Catholic debarred a man of the right to teach, to own a horse or a gun, or to give testimony in a court of law; a Protestant minister, not of the Anglican faith, could legally be drummed out of the

country. At first the bill met with disastrous opposition, and it was not until ten years thereafter, when sentiment softened and the massive strength of Mason, Madison, Nicholas and Wythe was invoked, that the bill passed. Thus the United States became the first Nation to separate Church and State, to tolerate a free state by the side of a free church, along with perfect freedom of religious opinion. It was this that Virginia, yes, the entire country, needed, and Mr. Jefferson was the first to realize seriously that need. In those days one could not vote unless owning twenty-five acres of land with a house thereon, or one hundred acres without a house; in a city one must own land within the corporate limit—possibly the other extreme of our present unrestricted franchise. He next drew up and offered a bill preventing the further importation of slaves by sea or land, as he was an abolitionist in theory but recognized that to be impractical. "He did not believe the negro could live as a free man side by side with the white man, but he believed he should be free, and that he would be—nothing was more clearly written in the book of fate." His plan was to free the negroes by gradual emancipation—to regard as lawfully free all slave-born children, to educate them at the public expense, and when grown transplant them to some distant and isolated colony where they might enjoy, under a mild protectorate, the privileges of self-government.

Mr. Jefferson, however, had yet pent within himself one other interest he considered of far greater moment to his people, state and country—the general "Diffusion of Knowledge." He recognized that a democracy must rest upon the enlightenment of the masses, and accordingly brought forward his system: Free elementary schools for all the children of the State for a term of three years; high schools at convenient places for superior and ambitious youths; a State university at the top. Other states had set this most worthy example, but Virginia seemed decidedly less ready for it than she did for his other reforms—fortunately he was willing to abide time. The actual revision of his State laws, 1777-1778, fell upon himself and his old law preceptor, George Wythe, who together went over carefully the whole body of British and colonial statutes, extracting therefrom a concise and coherent system. Their report consisted of one hundred and twenty-

six bills, and although a few were adopted from time to time, as demanded, the entire number was not enacted into law until 1785, when Mr. Jefferson was abroad, but who, with proper sagacity, had left the cause in the efficient hands of his promising neighbor and political ally, James Madison.

Mr. Jefferson at the age of thirty-six, 1779, was elected by the legislature Governor of his State, and re-elected in 1780, but in that capacity proved neither a great administrator or warrior—the kind of man then needed for the executive head, as British invasion and Indian ravaging were largely the disturbing elements—so that he himself did not regard those years as specially creditable. Early in 1781 the British fleet ascended the James River, and in June Cornwallis approached Charlottesville, making it possible for a body of raiders, detached by Tarleton, to visit Monticello the day after Mr. Jefferson retired from the governorship in the hope of carrying him away as a rich prize of war. Through individual alertness they were foiled in this, but did succeed in injuring to an appreciable extent the mansion, papers, property, and in capturing twenty-seven slaves, who, after a season gladly returned, but with a pestilence contracted in captivity from which most of them died. Mr. Jefferson's dislike to England was ever afterwards more intense, as his own eyes witnessed Cornwallis' unnecessary devastation of Virginia and the perpetration of many atrocious outrages. In the fall he was elected to the Legislature which convened at Staunton, and appeared in that body during December, but only for a period sufficient to defend himself against the attacks of certain critics—retiring thereafter to Monticello somewhat chagrined, yet chiefly to guard with tender care the precarious health of his wife.

This withdrawal from the Legislature, spring of 1782, was supposed by him a final retirement, even though it elicited strong denunciation from enemies and inexpressible regret from friends. Indeed, Mr. Monroe's attempt at recalling him to a more healthy view of life was futile, since it reached him just at the death of Mrs. Jefferson, September 6th, after most trying months of apprehension. The fleeing from Richmond at Arnold's approach, the solicitude for her husband's safety, the birth of her last child, and the sad experiences with her many dying servants, all contributed to a gradual decline which

no earthly hand could stay—a blow in spite of its assurance that fell heavy upon Mr. Jefferson and inclined him to prefer seclusion in his distressing grief.

Two months later Mr. Jefferson, largely through the efforts of Mr. Madison, was appointed by Congress Minister Plenipotentiary to Europe—a position he had declined eighteen months before, June 1781, when he thought it best to remain in this country and return to his state Legislature in order to clear himself of alleged charges. He, however, accepted the appointment, believing a change of scene might temper his sorrow, but by the following spring, 1783, foreign matters were adjusted so as to render his going unnecessary—that which mattered little, as the preparation all during the winter for the trip acted well in lifting his gloom. In June, 1783, he was elected again to Congress, and in that body soon became one of its most powerful leaders, serving on every important committee and frequently as chairman. He initiated and headed the ceding by Virginia to the Government of the entire Northwestern Territory, and submitted to Congress the plan adopted for its government—the development along lines of self-government and ultimate statehood of each growing community—surely one of the greatest contributions to our political history, as he neglected nothing, giving boundaries of States proposed, nature of their temporary government to be established, conditions of admission into full statehood, and fanciful names of the new States. The most far-reaching stipulation was the prohibition of slavery or involuntary servitude in those States after 1800, a clause that at the time killed the plan, only to be taken up, however, and passed in 1787. At the same session he also proposed and had adopted a modification of Mr. Morris' monetary unit and plan, thus giving us four coins in the decimal ratio—ten dollar gold piece, silver dollar, silver dime, and copper cent.

In 1784 Mr. Jefferson was appointed by Congress, for the fourth time, to a foreign post, it being now to France, with Adams and Franklin as colleagues. He reached Paris August 6th, accompanied by his eldest daughter, Martha, whom he placed in a fashionable convent. The mission was to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign nations, and was conducive of slight results, even though the next year (1785) he

succeeded Franklin as Minister Plenipotentiary to that court, who returned home, while Adams was sent to the court of England. His "Notes on Virginia" were published soon after reaching Paris, which assured him to be a man of power, as well as a happy and forceful writer. He had entertained eminent Frenchmen at Monticello, knew many of that country's officers, which together with his frank, graceful and genial manners, made him only second to Franklin in recognized popularity. He was known also to be an uncompromising advocate of the sentiments of liberty and national rights, then so popular throughout France, but in spite of all this his desired treaty of commerce remained a dream for a time, as the foreign people, especially the English, mistrusted our Nation's credit—many regarding us as cheats and swindlers. Upon this point he wrote: "We are branded for the non-payment of our debts, and the want of energy in our Government. I consider the extravagance which has seized my countrymen as a more baneful evil than Toryism was during the war. This feeling is most pronounced in England, as that nation hates us, so do the ministers, and the King more than all others." He, however, finally succeeded in getting France to suppress many duties on American products, to abolish certain ones for specific periods, and in general to make concessions which were granted to no other country. This he believed more important from the moral than the material stand-point, recognizing in it the willingness of the French government for national intercourse as well as the people's cordial and friendly feeling.

The Barbary powers had been accustomed to capture and confiscate vessels of all nations, holding the crews for ransom, and at last an American vessel was so treated—that which incited a conference between Mr. Jefferson and Adams but with a disagreement as to the best action to be taken. Mr. Jefferson was firm that such a practice should be stopped by force, and to that effect advised Congress, arguing and advocating the necessity of a navy—his acknowledged child—"if we mean to be commercial."

In addition to his diplomatic duties Mr. Jefferson kept in sight the doings at home—aiding her interests wherever possible. Thus he procured a statue of Washington, consulted

architects and furnished plans for the Statehouse in Richmond, corresponded with Washington in reference to improving the navigation of the Potomac and the running of a canal through the Dismal Swamp, followed the desire of Kentucky to separate from Virginia, advocating it as soon as they could agree, and kept in touch with our governmental action, especially in the formation and adoption of the Constitution, which he heartily favored and approved. In his second year abroad he spent two months in travel, chiefly in the rural districts of England. The next year (1787), having broken his right wrist and becoming much depleted thereby, he journeyed up the Seine and down the Saone and Rhone to and from Aix, where he spent three months drinking the waters; also visited Genoa, Italy. The next year he met Adams by appointment at Amsterdam, and after transacting pending business proceeded up the Rhine to Strassburg, observing everywhere the people—their condition, habits, daily occupations, and all economic questions dependent upon soil, climate, products, etc. In a letter to Lafayette he said: "In great cities I go to see what travelers think alone worthy of being seen; but I make a job of it, and generally gulp it down in a day. On the other hand, I am never satiated with rambling through the fields and farms, examining the culture and cultivators with a degree of curiosity which makes some take me for a fool and others to be much wiser than I am. You should take the journey, for it would be a great comfort to inspect the condition of all the provinces of your own country, but it must be absolutely *incognito*. You will feel a sublime pleasure in the course of this investigation and a sublime one hereafter when you shall be able to apply your knowledge to the softening of their beds or the throwing a morsel of meat into their kettle of vegetables."

While abroad his enormous correspondence, the range of subjects treated, and their length, is almost marvelous, bearing evidence of the great energy and method with which he worked. To some he sent new astronomic discoveries and calculations, to others described improvements in musical instruments, narrated explorations into natural history, sent descriptions of architectural specimens, gave opinions on statues and paintings, also accounts of agriculture and me-

chanical invention. Everywhere he observed and recorded faithfully social conditions, noting the excellences as well as the defects. The more he saw of other countries, the more highly he appreciated the superiority of his own, and always used as a text: The abuses of the civilization of Europe, including England, in advocating the education of the masses of his own country. Especially was this his attitude towards France, which he saw at a most unfavorable period—from the beginning of the follies and defeats of the crown and nobility, to the armed conflicts in the streets of Paris and the fall of the Bastile. In spite of the attending and subsequent horrors, his faith was not shaken in the ultimate good to humanity that resulted from the Revolution. During those turbulent times it required a level head to act always discreetly and above criticism, but this Mr. Jefferson managed to do, in spite of coming in contact and conferring with public men of varying sympathies. As a fact he contributed much towards forming the new French government, often interposing simply as a lover of human liberty to produce a new life for the people, then ground to dust by the abuses of the governing powers. He incorporated his ideas in the "Charter of Rights," which though not adopted, led to him being requested to assist in drafting their Constitution—an honor he declined, and yet entertained at his house "a number of leading patriots of honest but different opinions, sensible of the necessity of effecting a condition by mutual sacrifices, knowing each other and not afraid, therefore, to unbosom themselves mutually." The next morning after this assembly Mr. Jefferson waited upon Count Montmorin with full explanation and apology for the occurrence, only to receive this reply: "I wish you would habitually assist at such conferences, for I am sure you will be useful in moderating the warmer spirits, and promoting a wholesome and practical reformation."

Mr. Jefferson after an absence of five years returned to America, December 1789, having been granted a six months leave for looking after his private affairs. But upon reaching Norfolk found a letter from Washington tendering the appointment of Secretary of State—that which he hesitated to accept for several months, thinking his ambassadorship more congenial to himself and important to his country, but finally

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(From McKennie's store roof. 1872)

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yielded to the appeal, when Washington sent Madison personally to persuade and explain the nature of the duties, and according to arrangement reached New York, the then seat of Government, ready for duty, March 21, 1790.

In vigor of intellect, self-confidence and experience in public affairs Mr. Jefferson at once took position side of Hamilton, and these two became the dominant figures of the Cabinet, as Knox and Randolph simply reflected their views. They had never met personally before, but knew thoroughly of each other, and that they differed radically in ideas of finance, government and the constitution of society. Indeed, Mr. Jefferson unhesitatingly affirmed of Hamilton. "He was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption; he was wedded to the British form, thinking it absolutely perfect. I want the Constitution to contain a Bill of Rights securing freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom from standing armies, trial by jury, a constant Habeas Corpus act, and longer presidential term to make the occupant more independent; he wanted it for a King and a House of Lords, and desired the general government to make laws binding the States in all cases. His system is adverse to liberty, and calculated to undermine and demolish the Republic, by creating an influence of his department (Treasury) over the members of the Legislature. . . . I saw this influence actually produced, and its first fruits to be the establishment of the great outlines of his project by the votes of the very persons who, having swallowed his bait, were laying themselves out to profit by his plans; and that had these persons withdrawn, as those interested in a question ever should, the vote of the disinterested majority was clearly the reverse of what they made it. These were no longer then the votes of the representatives of the people, but of deserters from the rights and interests of the people."

When Washington, through his great honesty of purpose, brought Mr. Jefferson and Hamilton together, many thought it ill advised, knowing how widely they differed. For a year, however, their relations were pleasant, when the first great difference occurred over the Bill for a United States Bank, whose charter basis Mr. Jefferson pronounced absolutely unconstitutional, although it was signed finally by Washington

—thus giving date and data for the first clear division of the country into political parties. The second issue, was the criticism and claimed interest Mr. Jefferson had in editor Freneau, and his *National Gazette*—a controversy that proved to be founded upon falsity, while the fact was established of Hamilton largely supporting, by his departmental patronage, the Federalist organ, *Fenno's Gazette of the United States.* In this controversy Hamilton lost weight, as did his cherished pet scheme—a strong central government, administered in the English spirit; while the Jefferson idea became more popular—a light and easy central government, that would respond readily to the will of the populace; universal free trade, so highly advantageous, but so long as foreign restrictions on our commerce and carrying trade continues, they might best be counteracted by a policy of liberal reciprocity. He believed in retaliative methods for discriminating restrictions, considered foreign relations to be of superlative importance, and his " Report on the Privileges and Restrictions of the Commerce of the United States in Foreign Countries," sent to Congress at that time, contained severe criticism of Great Britain's rigorous attitude towards our commerce in contrast with the fair and equal principles of trade proposed by France, and embodied the germs of all subsequent party discussion and division on the tariff.

England after the ratification of the Treaty of Peace, remained indifferent, even contemptuous, towards the United States—manifesting anything but a conciliatory spirit on every point, so that our Minister (Morris) was recalled, and no treaty of commerce instituted until 1791, eight years after peace had been declared. In May, 1792, Mr. Jefferson gave forth his ablest State paper on " Foreign Relations," recounting the debts paid to England, and her failure to live up to promises, but it had no effect upon her actions. Then came the internal dissensions of France, her declaration of war against England, and the sending to our country of a new Minister, Genet, who represented the extreme type of their revolutionary movement. As might have been expected, the partiality of the Federalists for England, and the Republicans for France rendered the situation most acute throughout our country. The Republicans recognized beneath the atrocities

of the movement a contest between the monocratic and democratic principles of government, and the sympathies of most of them were not to be extinguished because of excesses which they considered inevitable in the transition from despotism to freedom. In this war it was a political necessity that the United States remained neutral. Hamilton and Knox thought the treaty with France void, while Mr. Jefferson, Randolph and Washington considered it valid, consequently the latter (Washington) issued a proclamation of neutrality, which brought down upon him much criticism from Freneau and other Republican papers—the former's insolence to Washington personally causing the first difference between him and Mr. Jefferson.

Genet upon arriving began to act in utter disregard of the prevailing neutrality laws, thereby causing Mr. Jefferson to write Monroe: "I do not augur well of the mode of conduct of the new French Minister; I fear he will enlarge the evils of those disaffected in his country. I am doing everything in my power to moderate the impetuosity of his movements, and to destroy the dangerous opinions which have been excited in him that the people of the United States will disavow the acts of their government, and that he has an appeal from the Executive to Congress and from both to the people." While Mr. Jefferson was grateful to France for her hospitality and kind personal treatment, and the invaluable aid rendered his country when in need, yet, in spite of recognizing now a golden opportunity to reciprocate, saw plainly that such a course would be disastrous to our infant country, consequently acquiesced heartily in Washington's policy of strict neutrality, and followed his line of duty so closely as to occasion Chief Justice Marshall—who always towards him expressed faint praise—to write: "The publication of his correspondence with Genet dissipated much of the prejudice which had been excited against him." Upon the subject Mr. Jefferson wrote Monroe: "I fear the disgust of France is inevitable; we shall be to blame in part, but the Minister much more so. His conduct is indefensible by the most furious Jacobin. I only wish our countrymen may distinguish between him and his nation, and, if the case should ever be laid before them, may not suffer their affection to the nation to be diminished." He felt Genet's conduct would put weapons into the hands of the

Federalists. Hamilton urged an appeal by the government to the people, but Mr. Jefferson thought such an explosion would certainly endanger a dissolution of the friendship between the nations, and ought, therefore, "to be deprecated by every friend to our liberty; and no one but an enemy to it would wish to avail himself of the indiscretion of an individual to compromit two nations esteeming each other ardently. It will prove that the agents of the two peoples are either great bunglers or great rascals, when they cannot preserve that peace which is the universal wish of both."

Genet's indiscreet language and insolence so increased that the Cabinet requested from the French government his recall, and adopted more stringent rules for maintaining neutrality between the contending nations. In fact the affair occasioned a wider separation of the two Cabinet factions, and led to slight coolness between Washington and Mr. Jefferson, which happily was only of passing duration. Mr. Jefferson, however, had determined "to retire to scenes of greater tranquility," and in July sent his resignation to Washington, who not only urged his retention, but would not accept it until its second transmission, December 31, 1793.

CHAPTER III

Thomas Jefferson—Ideal Parent and President

Retires to Monticello; daughter Martha—Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph—becomes its mistress; Rochefoucauld-Liancourt's visit; Excise Law, revolts in Pennsylvania; Curtius and Camillus; Jay Treaty; Vice-President, Talleyrand, Alien and Sedition Acts; President—Burr Vice-President; inauguration, address, principles; death of daughter Mary; Judge Samuel Chase, John Randolph; Embargo Act; administrations compared; retirement, declines public reception; reconciliation with Adams; employment, advocate and user of machinery; correspondence, etc.

Mr. Jefferson had served four years as Secretary of State, and now sought rest in retirement at his beloved Monticello, where he expected to pass the remainder of his life. Although only fifty-one years of age he fancied himself, from temporary feelings of indisposition, a very old man, but fortunately the new and more congenial order of living and enjoyment soon restored his health and youthful energies. William Randolph, the neighbor friend of Mr. Jefferson's father, left one son, Thomas Mann Randolph, who, in turn, gave to his only son the same name. This Thomas Mann Randolph, the second, became a member of Congress, Colonel in the war of 1812, Governor of Virginia, and the husband of Mr. Jefferson's eldest daughter, Martha, February 23, 1790. They were second cousins, had known each other from childhood, and now came with their two children to live permanently at Monticello, to grace, minister and comfort Mr. Jefferson's surroundings. Mrs. Randolph was highly accomplished, attractive in manners and conversation, possessing rare judgment and a strong fondness for her father—with whom John Randolph of Roanoke quarrelled, but in spite of that pronounced her, "the noblest woman in Virginia." The household was completed by the younger daughter, Mary (Maria), who had spent the last three years in Philadelphia with her father, being now just seventeen, frail, beautiful—resembling her mother—and above all noted for her extreme unselfishness. Thus

again Mr. Jefferson began the quiet farmer's life for which he had a supreme thirst, devoting most of his time to general supervision, reading from his choice library, and in writing an occasional letter to his former colleagues—Edmund Randolph, John Adams, Tenche Coxe, etc.—but declining to take and read any newspapers. To Randolph he wrote: "I think it is Montaigne who has said that ignorance is the softest pillow on which a man can rest his head. I am sure it is true as to everything political, and shall endeavor to estrange myself to everything of that character"; while in a letter to Adams he made this admission: "Instead of writing ten or twelve letters a day, which I have been in the habit of doing as a thing of course, I put off answering my letters now, farm-like, till a rainy day, and then find them sometimes postponed by other necessary occupations."

His estate now consisted of ten thousand six hundred and forty-seven acres—about two thousand acres being continually in tillage; one hundred and fifty-four slaves; three hundred and ninety hogs; three sheep; thirty-four horses; five mules; two hundred and forty-nine cattle. In a letter to Washington he said: "I find on a more minute examination, that a ten years' abandonment of them to the ravages of overseers has brought on them a degree of degradation far beyond what I had expected. . . . I am not yet satisfied that my acquisition of overseers has been a happy one, or that much will be done this year towards rescuing my plantations from their wretched condition. Time, patience and perseverance must be the remedy; and the maxim of your letter, 'Slow and sure,' is not less a good one in agriculture than in politics."

In 1796 Rochefoucauld-Liancourt visited Monticello, and shortly thereafter wrote: "He manages his farms and buildings, orders, directs and pursues every branch of business relative to them. His negroes are cabinetmakers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, etc., and they are nourished, clothed and treated as well as white servants could be; the children he employs in a nail-factory—the source of much profit; the young and old negresses spin for the clothing of the rest. He animates them by rewards and distinctions, etc." It was in this year that Mr. Jefferson solved mathematically the mould-board of least resistance, and operated on his own

lands his ideal plows, which became known throughout the progressive agricultural world. He neglected only a few months the political activities of his country, for Washington's address to Congress, November 1794, gave him the deepest interest, as it dealt chiefly with suppressing revolts in Pennsylvania, incited by the attempted enforcement of the Excise Law—an obnoxious law of Hamilton that Mr. Jefferson opposed bitterly from the very first, and equally now the manner of enforcing it—by the aid of fifteen thousand militia. Consequently he could no longer keep silent, as Washington also vigorously denounced the Democratic Corresponding Societies, which in some States had been established in imitation of the French societies of that name, as responsible for the outbreak. Mr. Jefferson wrote Madison: "The denunciation of the democratic societies is one of the extraordinary acts of boldness of which we have seen so many from the faction of Monocrats. It is wonderful indeed that the President should have permitted himself to be the organ of such an attack on the freedom of discussion, the freedom of writing, printing and publishing. I expected to have seen some justification of arming one part of the society against another; . . . but the part of the speech which was to be taken as a justification of the armament reminded me of Parson Sanders' demonstration why minus into minus makes plus. After a parcel of shreds of stuff from Æsop's Fables and Tom Thumb, he jumps at once into his *ergo,* minus multiplied by minus makes plus. Just so the fifteen thousand men enter after the fables in the speech."

Scarcely had the Excise Law troubles abated, when arose a general dissatisfaction over the "Jay Treaty" with England —that which Mr. Jefferson heartily disapproved, writing Madison: "Thus it is that Hamilton, Jay, etc., in the boldest act they ever ventured on to undermine the Government, have the address to screen themselves, and direct the hue and cry against those who wish to drag them into light. A bolder party stroke was never struck; for it certainly is an attempt of a party who find they have lost their majority in one branch of the Legislature, to make a law by the aid of the other branch and of the Executive, under color of a treaty which shall bind up the hands of the adverse branch from ever restraining the commerce of their patron nation. There appears

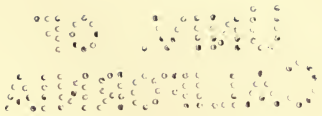
a pause at present in the public sentiment which may be followed by a revolution. . . . For God's sake take up your pen and give a fundamental reply to Curtius and Camillus." When the "Treaty" was ratified there arose even a greater storm of criticism from the Republicans, in which Mr. Jefferson shared strongly—not even sparing Washington, assailing the treaty-making power of the Executive.

Mr. Jefferson, however, seemed determined to remain out of the activities of politics, desiring Madison to stand at the helm of his party, and writing him to that effect: "The whole mass of your constituents are looking to you, as their last hope, to save them from the effects of the avarice and corruption of the first agent (Jay), the revolutionary machinations of others, and the incomprehensible acquiescence of the only honest man who has assented to it. I wish that his honesty and his political errors may not furnish a second occasion to exclaim: 'Curse on his virtues, they have undone his country.' . . . There is not another person (besides yourself) in the United States, who being placed at the helm of affairs, my mind would be so completely at rest for the future of our political bark." On the other hand Madison was just as insistent that Mr. Jefferson take the leadership of the party, which finally he did much against his will, as he preferred looking after his impaired health, enjoying the society of his family, agreeable pursuits, and the healthy establishment of his business affairs. He wrote Madison: "The little spice of ambition which I had in my younger days has long since evaporated, and I set still less store by a posthumous than present name. In stating to you the heads of reasons which have produced my determination, I do not mean an opening for future discussion, or that I may be reasoned out of it—the question is forever closed with me, my sole object is to prevent any division or loss of votes which might be fatal to the Republican interests."

Mr. Jefferson's nomination for Vice-President, however, was the spontaneous and unanimous wish of his party, and in it he felt constrained to acquiesce, since political conditions badly needed his counsel and personality, but during the campaign he wrote only one political letter, and did not go outside of his county in the three months preceding election. On

University—Western View

From base of Lewis' Mountain, showing Monticello four miles distant, 1867
(From Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.)



January 1, 1797, he wrote Madison: "I know the difficulty of obtaining belief in one's declarations of a disinclination to honors, and that it is greatest to those who still remain in the world. . . . It is the only office in the world (Vice-Presidency) about which I am unable to decide in my own mind, whether I had rather have it or not have it. Pride does not enter into the estimate; for I think with the Romans, that the general of to-day should be the soldier of to-morrow, if necessary. I can particularly have no feelings which would revolt at a secondary position to Mr. Adams. I am his junior in life, was his junior in Congress, his junior in the diplomatic line, his junior lately in our civil Government." No doubt Mr. Jefferson was satisfied thoroughly through the hope of effecting some compromise with Adams, and reached Philadelphia, March 1797, eager to assume the duties of his new post.

The Federalists considered Adams' inaugural address as "temporizing, and as having the air of a lure for the favor of his opponents at the expense of his sincerity." As a matter of fact Mr. Jefferson was more than willing to meet Adams half way, and, looking towards a coalition of their forces, both had interchanged visits (March 2, 3) just prior to the inauguration. At first Adams was very free in conversation, claiming a desire to join Gerry and Madison to Pinckney in France. Three days later, however, when coming away together from a dinner at Washington's, as Mr. Jefferson reported Madison's declination of the position to Adams, the latter expressed himself as having already found some objections to his nomination, and with that dismissed the subject—thus making it the last interview the two had during the administration upon any measure pertaining to the Government.

The "Jay Treaty" with England, and Monroe's recall from France so enraged the latter country against the United States as to cause Adams to call an extra session of Congress, May 15, 1797, over which Mr. Jefferson had his first experience as presiding officer. The address of Adams to that body greatly displeased Mr. Jefferson, who, convinced that those in power intended forcing war with France, opposed the policy of the Government. Political passions ran at fever heat, as Mr. Jefferson wrote: "Men who have been intimate all their lives

cross the street to avoid meeting, and turn their heads another way, lest they should be obliged to touch their hats. This may do for young men with whom passion is enjoyment, but it is afflicting to peaceable minds. Tranquility is the old man's milk. I go to enjoy it in a few days, and to exchange the roar and tumult of bulls and bears for the prattle of my grandchildren and senile rest." He never allowed himself to be present at the reading of the President's addresses, as he chafed under the formal and fulsome replies of the Federalist Senate, consequently he did not appear until after Congress assembled in November, 1797—a session that had little to do except await results of the envoys (Marshall, Gerry, Pinckney). This mission to the French government up to March, 1798, was unable to secure an interview with Talleyrand—only with his unsatisfactory agents—and as no agreement could be reached the envoys broke off all negotiations, a necessity that aroused our country's indignation against France. The temper of the House even swayed against the Republicans—the traditional friends of France—and although Mr. Jefferson urged a suspension of censure until the exact truth was known, he was rather disgusted at that country's action. Congress, indeed, began making ready for war, by giving the President discretionary powers, placing Washington in command of the armies and Hamilton the Inspector-General, rendering naturalization more difficult, and passing alien and sedition acts—the latter aimed at the native-born Republicans, as they were opposed to war. During the summer (1798), however, the war sentiment abated somewhat. Congress had adjourned and its sad minority members, realizing their insignificant power in that body, turned their attention towards influencing various Republican State Legislatures, especially Kentucky and Virginia, as their sympathies were so cordial, to oppose the Government's interpretation and inflexion of the Constitution, in the passing of the alien and sedition acts. Mr. Jefferson wrote the Kentucky resolutions, and Madison those of Virginia. The former declared: "That the Union was not based on the principle of unlimited submission to the general Government; that the Constitution was a compact to which each State was a party as over against its fellow State; and that in all cases not specified in the compact, each party had a right to

judge for itself as well of infraction as of the mode and measure of redress." The Alien and Sedition Acts were denounced as unconstitutional, and other States were invoked to join in declaring them null and void. Madison's resolutions declared that, "whenever the Federal Government exceeded its constitutional authority, the State governments, in Convention, should interfere and pronounce such action unconstitutional." Mr. Jefferson's went a step further—declaring our Federal Constitution a compact, to which the several States were the one party and the Federal Government the other; that each party must decide for itself any infringement of the compact and proper remedy therefor; that nullification was a suitable remedy and one that any State might employ.

This gave rise later to the possibility of different interpretations, such as advocated by Calhoun—nullification—whereby a State might suspend the application of a Federal law to its own district; and by Jackson, who, equally a Jeffersonian Democrat, could find nothing in the resolutions sanctioning such action by a State, consequently strenuously opposed nullification. While the Legislatures paid little attention to the advocacy or adoption of these resolutions, public sentiment gradually become less acute and more thoughtful. Mr. Jefferson relinquished no efforts in the interest of his political faith, and wrote Madison: "People wish to hear reason instead of disgusting blackguardism. The public sentiment being on the careen and many heavy circumstances about to fall into the Republican scales, we are sensible that this summer (1799) is the season for systematic energies and sacrifices. The engine is the *press*. Every man must lay his purse and his pen under contribution. As to the former, it is possible I may be obliged to assume something for you; as to the latter, let me pray and beseech you to set apart a certain portion of every post-day to write what may be proper for the public."

Adams and his Cabinet began now to disagree, as he suspended war preparations and dispatched envoys to France with specific instructions—acts culminating finally in a rupture with his party leaders, and the accession to power of the Republicans. In addition to these, other obnoxious Federal legislation—endangering individual liberty, etc.—was held up to ridicule by Mr. Jefferson, so that he became, in the eyes of all,

the most logical presidential candidate at the approaching election (1800), a position to which he was nominated unanimously in May by the Congressional caucus, as was Burr to the vice-presidency.

In spite of this high honor and its demand for success, Mr. Jefferson remained all summer at Monticello, except for two short visits—one to the remote part of his county, Albemarle, the other to his Bedford estate—being kept busy with his farming interests, nail factory and brick kiln. His only extravagance during the campaign was a few additional newspapers, while he restricted his correspondence to three letters from the time of nomination to election—bearing silently the many effusions to defame his character and lessen his popularity. Within these three months it was proclaimed far and near, in the press and on the platform that: "He had obtained his money by fraud and robbery; had defrauded and robbed a widow and fatherless children of their estate." In a widely distributed pamphlet, "The Voice of Warning to Christians on the Ensuing Election," he was portrayed an atheist, French infidel, as lacking a decent respect for the faith and worship of Christians, etc. Thus he wrote Dr. Rush: "The late attack of the Federalists on the freedom of the press had given to the clergy a very favorite hope of obtaining an establishment of a particular form of Christianity throughout the United States. The returning good sense of our country threatens abortion to their hopes, and they believe that any portion of power confided to me will be exerted in opposition to their schemes. And they believe rightly, for I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man. And this is the cause of their printing lying pamphlets against me, forging conversations for me."

In spite of all the direct and indirect methods employed, Mr. Jefferson was elected, receiving seventy-three votes against Adams' sixty-five. Unfortunately Burr, the candidate for vice-president, obtained the same number, seventy-three, thereby compelling Congress to make a final decision—ordinarily a task of little moment, but now, owing to a Federal plurality in Congress, with which Mr. Jefferson was far less popular than Burr, a conspiracy was planned to advance the latter to

the first position, over the head of Mr. Jefferson and the will of the people. Hamilton, although hating and distrusting Mr. Jefferson, would not sanction the scheme and in a letter to Wolcott said: "There is no doubt that upon every virtuous and prudent calculation Mr. Jefferson is to be preferred. He is by far not so dangerous a man; and he has pretensions to character. As to Burr, there is nothing in his favor. Better will it be to obtain from Mr. Jefferson assurances on some cardinal points: 1, To preserve the actual fiscal system; 2, To adhere to the neutral plan; 3, To preserve and gradually increase the navy; 4, To continue our friends in the offices they fill, except in the great departments in which he ought to be left free." The proposed strategic movement to thwart the popular will, if successful, was filled with direful consequences, as the people were incensed to a degree for civil war and a rupture of the Union. Hundreds hurried to Washington, anxiously awaiting results; armed Baltimoreans were restrained with difficulty from hastening to prevent and avenge a violation of the public sentiment, and if need be, hurl the usurper from his seat. Mr. Jefferson was yet the Vice-President, presiding daily over the Senate where he listened to the whispered designs and machinations of the conspirators, ever mindful of the dreadful sequel of their nefarious plot. But in spite of an uneasy mind he preserved the most unclouded serenity and perfect equanimity—riding self-possessed above the stormy passions threatening his downfall, maintaining a placidity that baffled his enemies.

Congress met with closed doors—the Senators as witnesses, the Representatives as electors. The ballot continued thirty hours—beyond a day and night—so that beds for the sick and wearied, and food were supplied in adjoining rooms, as no one felt willing to miss the hourly ballot. On the morning of February 17th, upon counting the thirty-sixth ballot, one ticket was found to be blank, placed in the box by James A. Bayard, Senator from Delaware, who, after such a contest, felt it best to sacrifice his party rather than his country. This gave the Republicans a majority and made Mr. Jefferson the third President of the United States. Concerning this memorable incident a cotemporaneous writer truthfully said: "Thus the dark and thundering cloud which hung over the political hori-

zon rolled harmlessly away, and the sunshine of prosperity and gladness broke forth, and ever since, with the exception of a few passing clouds, has continued to shine on our happy country."

The saddest part to Mr. Jefferson was, that the clumsiness and inadequacy of the law admitted the possibility of such a fraud and injustice, and two days before the final decision he wrote Monroe: "If they could have been permitted to pass a law for putting the Government into the hands of an officer, they would certainly have prevented an election. Many attempts have been made to obtain terms and promises from me, but I have declared to them unequivocally, that I would not receive the Government on capitulation, that I would not go into it with my hands tied."

The four years that Mr. Jefferson was Vice-President were marked by unprecedented party rancor and bitterness, and although the Senate, over which he presided, was composed mostly of Federalists, yet his conduct and ruling were never a subject of the slightest criticism—a fact thoroughly attested by the Senate's reply to his farewell address before that body, February 28, 1801: "Sir.—While we congratulate you on those expressions of the public will which called you to the first office in the United States, we cannot but lament the loss of that intelligence, attention and impartiality with which you have presided over our deliberations. Be persuaded that the Senate will never withhold its support from a chief magistrate who, in the exercise of his office, shall be influenced by a due regard of the honor and interest of our country."

In June, 1800, the offices of the Government were removed from Philadelphia to Washington, where, for the first time, Congress assembled in December, in spite of the Capitol and White House being still in an unfinished condition. The latter building, therefore, had only been occupied by its first tenant, President Adams, a few months, when Mr. Jefferson, March 4, 1801, took the oath of office to make it his home for the succeeding eight years. So early as May he wrote: "This may be considered as a pleasant country residence with a number of neat little villages scattered around within a distance of a mile and a half, and furnishing a plain and substantially good society. The whole population is about six thousand."

While the inauguration of Washington and Adams had been semi-royal, that of Mr. Jefferson was marked by great simplicity—indeed thus described by an Englishman: "He rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard or servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades." This was mere fiction, as in truth, he went from his lodgings to the Capitol where Congress convened, on foot, in ordinary dress, escorted by a military body, accompanied by senators, congressmen, political friends, etc. The ceremonies took place in the Senate Chamber, where he received the oath of office from his political enemy, Chief Justice Marshall, and delivered his address, in which he thought it wise to enunciate his political persuasion: "Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-Republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election of the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of the republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authorities; economy in the public expense, that labor might be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion; freedom of the press; and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected."

Mr. Jefferson at first made few removals, except those Adams had "crowded in by whip and spur," after the result

of the election was known, and upon the subject wrote: "Some deprivations of office I know must be made, but they must be as few as possible, done gradually, and bottomed on some malversation or inherent disqualification." He lived up to this sentiment, and of all candidates considered these three points: Is he honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution?

Congress was for the first time Republican, and set to undo much legislation enacted by the Federalists. Newspaper reporters were admitted to Congress; naturalization laws were improved; internal taxes were abolished; army was reduced to three thousand, and naval appropriation was lessened. After no little deliberation and effort on the part of Mr. Jefferson, Livingston, Monroe, etc., Congress granted, 1804, autocratic power upon the President to purchase of Bonaparte the Louisiana Territory for fifteen million dollars.

In the spring of this year (1804) Mr. Jefferson was renominated for President, and about the same time was called to Monticello by the illness of his daughter, Mary—Maria or Polly as he was wont to call her—who died, April 17th, leaving two small children, Francis and Maria—the latter dying in infancy. Much to Mr. Jefferson's satisfaction she had married a cousin, John Wayles Eppes, October 13, 1797, who, together with the other son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph, became highly creditable cotemporaneous members of Congress during his presidency. Her death was a crushing blow to Mr. Jefferson, but slightly palliated by the many letters of condolence he received, and among them one from Mrs. Adams, which served as the initiative of renewed friendship between the two families, although it required years and the kindly intervention of Dr. Rush for complete reconciliation. It was about this time that Mr. Jefferson incurred the displeasure of John Randolph, of Roanoke, leading to absolute estrangement and bitter enmity, chiefly because he took so little notice of and interest in the impeachment of Judge Samuel Chase, whose conviction Randolph so urgently desired.

The first thing of moment accomplished in Mr. Jefferson's second term was the conclusion of the war with Tripoli, through a partial but wise compromise treaty. It had continued

four years, costing many lives and much money, with but one advantage—the discipline and experience gained by the navy. A little later our relations with England, France, and Spain became strained, owing to Bonaparte insisting upon the latter country rebelling over the possible uncertainties of the Louisiana Purchase boundaries—a menacing danger happily averted by our purchasing the two Floridas, that which Randolph and his following of Federalists and disaffected Republicans ("Quids") opposed strenuously.

In 1806-1807 the administration was confronted with Burr's conspiracy in Kentucky and Ohio, by which he hoped to place himself on the throne of Montezuma, and extend his empire to the Alleghany, seizing on New Orleans as an instrument of compulsion for our Western States. Mr. Jefferson and his party won considerable censure by not being more vigilant in apprehending Burr and his allies. Chief Justice Marshall, John Randolph and the Federalists were very severe in criticising the Executive for not furnishing immediate proof of the treasonable plot—that which Mr. Jefferson claimed would require at least four months, adding: "The fact is that the Federalists make Burr's cause their own, and exert their whole influence to shield him from punishment. And it is unfortunate that Federalism is still predominant in our judiciary department, which is consequently in opposition to the legislative and executive branches, and is able often to baffle their measures."

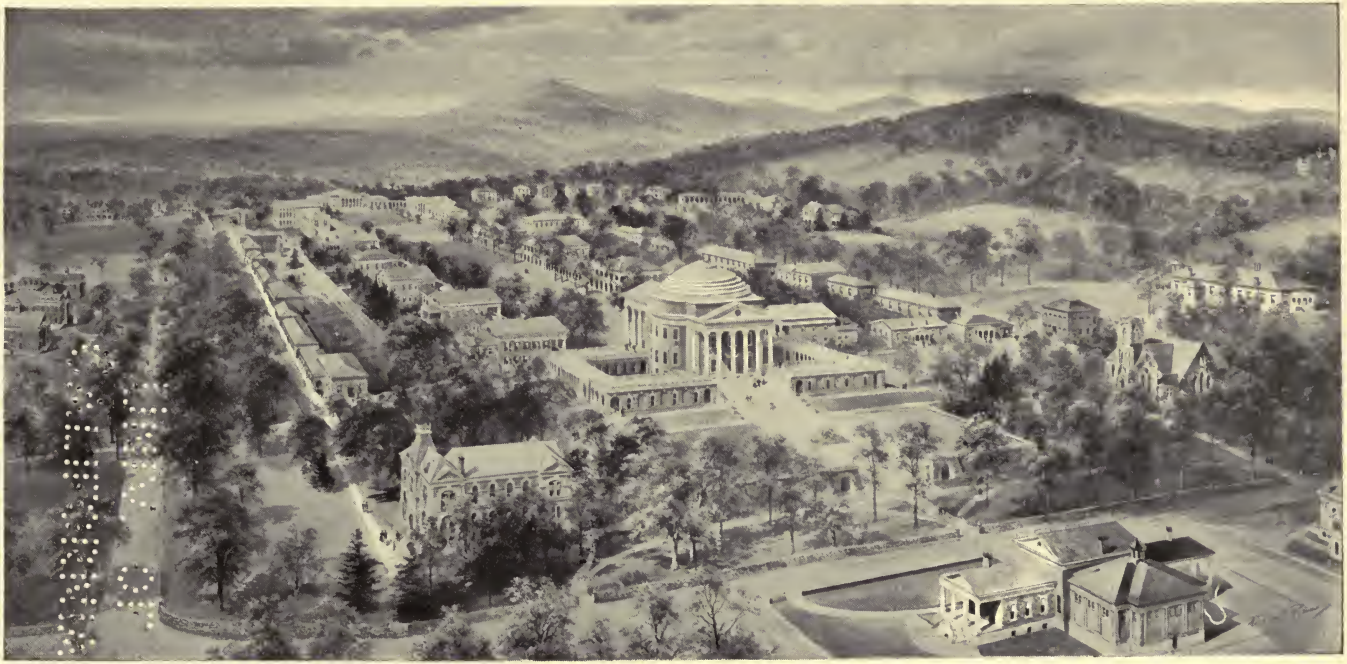
During 1806-1807 the insolence of the British warships, "Leander" and "Leopold" in firing upon the "Chesapeake" and other of our coasting vessels incensed and inflamed the public mind scarcely short of disrupting the Union, inasmuch as Mr. Jefferson would not declare for war—that towards which, seemingly he had great aversion. However in lieu of this he caused to be passed finally an Embargo Act on all shipping within the ports of the United States which was to extend over an indefinite period. This was found to produce much hardship along the coast especially in New England, the bed of Federalism, leading to smuggling by all classes and a growing favor towards the Federalists, so that their vehement clamoring at last caused its great modification, almost equalling a repeal, which Mr. Jefferson signed three days prior to

vacating office. In spite of the embargo's unpopularity, Mr. Jefferson protested to the last, that had it been adhered to steadfastly the desired purpose would have been accomplished —done more harm to England and France than to our country, and American shipping would have its rights without war.

Although many dissensions existed in the Republican party, Mr. Jefferson was still its leader, and while he declined a renomination himself, he easily named his successor—Madison. Unfortunately Randolph detested politically both men, consequently he and his small following strongly urged, without effect, their favorite—Monroe.

As a matter of fact Mr. Jefferson's first administration had been peaceful and satisfactory, but his second was filled with many harassing conditions, due chiefly to his favorite theory—the preservation of peace at whatever cost—becoming very unpopular. He, therefore, now welcomed retirement with the greatest joy and in these words: "Within a few days I retire to my family, my books, my farms; and having gained the harbor myself, I shall look on my friends still buffeting the storm, with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them my supreme delight, but the enormities of the times in which I have lived have forced me to take a part in resisting them, and to commit myself on the boisterous ocean of political passions. I thank God for the opportunity of retiring from them without censure, and carrying with me the most consoling proofs of public approbation."

He traveled home mostly on horseback, and in spite of encountering a severe eight-hour snow storm, reached Monticello safe and well, March 15, 1809, where he passed in ideal contentment the remainder of his life, seventeen years, by preference secluded from the world's activities following the familiar paths incident to farming and other pleasurable interests—visiting few, visited by many, and establishing the University of Virginia. He was now sixty-six years of age, cheerful, healthy, and without the infirmities of old age; his home continued to be presided over by his accomplished and graceful daughter, Martha, who with her husband, children



University—Birds-eye View, 1908

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and grandchildren supplied the full pleasures to a truly hospitable Southern life.

He declined a public reception tendered by his Albemarle neighbors, hoping instead, as he wrote: "To have opportunities of taking them individually by the hand at our court house and other public places, and of exchanging assurances of mutual esteem." From the very first no little time was devoted to reading; then his correspondence soon became extensive through letters to friends, noted personages, and authors of books, pamphlets and addresses, who were furnishing him continually complimentary copies. In spite of the great congeniality and friendship between himself and Madison letters were interchanged seldom, as their enemies made so much capital out of the false idea of Mr. Jefferson still dominating the administration. His interest in literary and scientific matters took on renewed activity, making him known to every learned body of Europe and America, in most of which he held membership. In a letter to Kosciusko, February 26, 1810, he wrote: "My mornings are devoted to correspondence; from breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle-light to early bedtime I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue. I talk of plows and harrows, of seeding and harvesting, with my neighbors, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please, without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of science, the freedom and happiness of man, so that coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government. Instead of the unalloyed happiness of retiring unembarrassed and independent, to the enjoyment of my estate, which is ample for my lim-

ited views, I have to pass such a length of time in the thraldom of mind (financial depletion) never before known to me. Except for this, my happiness would have been perfect."

His disposition, however, in the face of this, never changed, for, as in youth it continued always sunny and hopeful. After an unfavorable crop or event he looked forward with assurance for a better next one but he was severely prudent when confronting debt, as he then believed it a duty to cut off every needless expense—that which he did from the moment of his retirement.

During 1811 there was considerable friction in Madison's Cabinet, in which Mr. Jefferson took much interest, indulging in no little correspondence for its relief. The attitude of England and France towards us gave him great concern, and though he wished for peace, he finally concluded that war was our only alternative, and approved of it when it came the following year, 1812. In the summer of 1811 he experienced a severe spell of sickness, after which he wrote Dr. Rush: "Having to conduct my grandson through his course of mathematics, I have resumed that study with great avidity. It was ever my favorite one. I have forgotten much and recover it with more difficulty than when in vigor of mind I originally acquired it. It is wonderful to me that old men should not be sensible that their minds keep pace with their bodies in the process of decay. It has been the delight of my retirement to be in constant bodily activity, looking after my affairs. It was never damped, as the pleasures of reading are, by the question *cui bono?* for what object? The sedentary character of my public occupations sapped a constitution naturally sound and vigorous, and draws it to an earlier close, but it will still last quite as long as I wish. There is a fullness of time when men should go, and not occupy too long the ground to which others have the right to advance."

During 1812 he enjoyed a complete reconciliation with Adams, through the kindness of their mutual friend, Dr. Rush, and thereafter the two Ex-Presidents until death indulged an uninterrupted correspondence, much to the delight and buoyancy of both. He was advocated in many directions for the Presidency in 1812, and, stranger yet, for the Secretary of State under Madison, but both of these proffers he gracefully

declined, stating: "The hand of age is upon me, the decay of bodily faculties apprise me that those of the mind could not be unimpaired, had I not still better proofs." In spite of this, however, his familiarity with the languages remained immutable, for he read Homer, Dante, Corneille and Cervantes as he did Shakespeare and Milton, and even the year before death went over Æsculus, Sophocles, Thucydides, and Tacitus.

The continuation of the War of 1812 deprived us of imported goods, and increased the prices of our own manufactured articles, at the depreciation of agricultural products, so that we were stimulated not only to establish additional industrial factories in cities, but also to introduce the smaller machinery into our homes. Upon this subject Mr. Jefferson, January, 1813, wrote: "I had no idea that manufactures had made such progress in the maritime States, and particularly of the number of carding and spinning machines dispersed throughout the whole country. I have hitherto, myself, depended on foreign manufactures, but I have now thirty-five spindles going, a hand carding-machine, and looms for flying shuttles for the supply of my own farms, which will never be relinquished in my time. The continuance of war will fix the habit generally, and out of the evils of impressment and of the Orders of Council, a great blessing for us will grow. I have not formerly been an advocate of great manufactories. I doubted whether our labor, employed in agriculture, and aided by the spontaneous energies of the earth would not procure us more than we could make ourselves of other necessities. But other considerations entering into the question have settled my doubts."

Throughout this and the following year (1813-1814) Mr. Jefferson continued to be much interested in the progress of the war—giving advice to those in authority, conducting a liberal correspondence, and strongly expressing opposition to the Hartford Convention.

When we consider the gradually increasing personal discomfort that the mechanical side of writing gave Mr. Jefferson —owing to his long ago imperfectly set right wrist, and more recent rheumatic attacks—it seems almost incredible that time was sufficiently long, at that ripe age, to write such lengthy and studied letters, veritable essays and literary productions

of high order, requiring research, if for nothing else, at least dates and figures. The scanning of this correspondence from his retirement up to this period certainly implies a great demand upon energy, patience and thought. Among that coterie, which was legion, all classes were represented—the more humble citizens receiving none the less consideration on account of station or want of political influence. Besides family connections, there were many regulars, including such personages as Madison, Monroe, Adams, Rodney, Gerry, Tyler, Lafayette, Kosciusko, Rush, Gallatin, DeStael, Sparks, Livingston, Cartwright, Van Buren, Everett, Cabell, Giles, etc. The subjects treated and discussed were all of a serious nature conveying an interchange of opinions on the Bible, clergy, religion, Christianity, infidelity, ethics, politics, Congressional acts, foreign questions, criticism of books, Latin and Greek writings and authors, etc.

CHAPTER IV

Thomas Jefferson—Advocate of Knowledge and Education

University of Virginia—interest in "Diffusion of Knowledge"; his educational plan, bills incorporating same; Quesnay French Academy; Swiss College of Geneva; correspondence with Joseph Priestley; Mons. Dupont de Nemours; National University at Washington; Professor Pictet; Joseph C. Cabell, Dr. Thomas Cooper, Samuel Knox; sold library to Congress; letters to Dr. Jones, Adams, Burwell; Lieutenant Hall's visit to Monticello; educational plan submitted to Peter Carr; Albemarle Academy; Central College—first Board of Visitors; Charles Fenton Mercer's plan; Governor Nicholas' report, etc.

Education seems to have held Mr. Jefferson an ardent votary from his earliest association with William and Mary College to his latest realization—the University of Virginia. From manhood to old age he never ceased expressing paternal gratitude for his classic training in these words: "If I had to decide between the pleasure derived from a classical education which my father gave me and the estate he left me, I would decide in favor of the former." In his day and environment education was "conspicuous by its absence" as the majority possessed it only in low, the minority in high degree—presenting a difference in these two classes, self-evident to every one, that amounted to an inhuman contrast to a man with Mr. Jefferson's sensitive and generous nature, eager to give others that which he possessed and enjoyed. He was a firm believer in the Latin proverb, *"veritas vos liberabit,"* and recognized the passing of his existence in an atmosphere, yes a country, sadly lacking in its observance—bound by ironclad heresies, superstitions, apathy and ignorance. His entire being was enthused and exhilarated over the possibilities in reform—by evolution, or preferably revolution, as he realized a great change to be an immediate need. At the same time he desired to destroy nothing bad without creating something good in its stead, and heeding common sense plans and policies he accomplished and predicted many wholesome results. He not only

believed that "knowledge was power," but that the emancipation of mankind from the bonds of various servitudes centered in education. It is, therefore, not surprising that almost his very first energies were directed in procuring for his fellow-statesmen better opportunities for acquiring knowledge. Although re-elected to Congress, June, 1776, he resigned three months later, in order to remain in his State Legislature, where he considered his efforts most needed in forming a new Constitution and in aiding many desirable reforms. Among these he reckoned as greatest—the curtailment of ignorance, by a more general "Diffusion of Knowledge" among the people, and to that end introduced during the session three educational bills furthering the support of his governmental philosophy: "Experience has shown that under the best forms of government those entrusted with power have in time perverted it into tyranny; and it is believed that the most effectual means of preventing this would be to illuminate the minds of the people by giving them historic facts of past experience, so that they may know ambition under all its shapes, and may exert their natural powers to defeat its purposes. It is generally true that people will be happiest where laws are best administered, and that laws will be wisely formed, and honestly administered, in proportion as those who form and administer them are wise and honest; whence it becomes expedient for promoting public happiness that those persons, whom nature hath endowed with genius and virtue, should be rendered by liberal education worthy to receive, and able to guard, the sacred deposit of the rights and liberties of our fellow citizens, and that they should be called to that charge without regard to wealth, birth, or other accidental circumstance. But the greater number, by indigence, being unable to educate their children whom nature hath fitly formed and disposed to become useful instruments of the public, it is better that such should be sought for and educated at the common expense of all, than the happiness of all should be confined to the weak and wicked. Instead of putting the Bible in the hands of children with immature judgments for religious inquiries, their memories, in my plan, may be stored with the most useful facts from Grecian, Roman, European, and American history. The finest element of morality too may be instilled into

their minds; such as may teach them how to work out their greatest happiness, by showing them that it does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed them, but is always the result of good conscience, good health, occupation, and freedom in all just pursuits."

His bills presented a comprehensive and thorough plan, involving the division of each county in hundreds, each of five or six miles square, and these to constitute ten districts of the entire State, and further:

1. An elementary school in the center of each hundred, which shall give to the children of every citizen gratis competent instruction in reading, writing, common arithmetic and general geography.

2. A college in the center of each district for teaching two languages (ancient and modern), higher arithmetic, geography and history. This places a college within a day's ride of every inhabitant of the State, and adds provision for the full education at the public expense of select subjects from among the children of the poor who shall have exhibited at the elementary schools the pronounced indication of the aptness of judgment and correct disposition.

3. An university near the center of the State, in which all the branches of science deemed useful at this day shall be taught in their highest degree.

The bill, as a whole, lay dormant four years in the original manuscript, until Mr. Jefferson, when governor, advanced it to the printing stage; then followed a sleep of fifteen years and amendment unto death. During this period the country was experiencing serious agitation, revolution and reorganization, with little incentive for internal reforms, while beyond that the great home exponent of these proposed measures, Mr. Jefferson, had not been permitted to remain with his people to look after their needs and acts—having been called to posts involving higher and more serious interests. But this long period was not a barren waste to the cause of education, for the people were becoming gradually sensible of its advantages, indeed necessity, and Mr. Jefferson, better acquainted with its methods of development in the most cultured centers of the civilized world.

While Minister to France, Mr. Jefferson, with many other

celebrities, loaned his name to the establishing in Richmond, Virginia, of the "Quesnay French Academy," an institution of arts and sciences, with branches in Baltimore, Philadephia, and New York. It was to be on a gigantic scale, affiliating with the royal societies of London, Paris, and Brussels, as well as with other learned bodies of Europe. Mineralogists, mining engineers and experts of every class were to come from Paris to the New Academy to teach American youth and to serve as scientific commissioners for governments. All research results were to be communicated to other countries, so that there might be established a comity of interests, and although the foundation of the building was laid, June 24, 1786, with great eclat and apparently under most favorable circumstances, yet the close following of the French Revolution, when capital and scholars, so much needed at home, were timid towards foreign undertakings, rendered the brilliant project of very short life. The original building, however, was finished, but soon afterwards converted into a theater—the first in Richmond—and better yet, has played a historical part by sheltering legislative bodies, especially the Conventions ratifying the Constitution of the United States, and the Federal Union. It is credited by many, that had this Academy prospered the University of Virginia would have been forestalled, while the border States would have been dominated largely by French culture and customs. Mr. Jefferson's next decided step to advance higher education was in 1795, when he favored transplanting to Virginia the entire faculty of the Swiss College of Geneva—thoroughly French in its form of culture. He had met in Paris some of these professors, who no doubt helped to implant in him the more liberal systems of university education, for prior to that association he heartily countenanced developing the curriculum of William and Mary College, but of this nothing was heard after his return to America. This Faculty, having become dissatisfied with the political environment, wrote to Mr. Jefferson, an old friend to most of its members, expressing a willingness to come over in a body, provided suitable arrangements could be made for continuing its academic work. Mr. Jefferson now thought his dreams near unto realization, and suggested to his Legislature that it make provision for the establishment of the Genevan College in Vir-

ginia. The practical thinkers, however, considered the scheme too hazardous and expensive, while Washington, who had fostered the idea of a National University, expressed opposition thus: "I doubt the expediency of importing a body of foreign professors not familiar with the English language and at variance with the popular party in their own land. If we are to import professors, they should not be all from one nation." Mr. Jefferson, encountering discouragement in all directions, had to abandon this tempting proposition, but his bounteous hope and ambition for a great Southern center of education faded not the slightest with failure, as five years later, January 18, 1800, we find him communicating to Dr. Joseph Priestley well-matured plans for a new institution. Dr. Priestley, with his family and son-in-law, Dr. Thomas Cooper, had emigrated to this country, 1794, settling in Northumberland, Pennsylvania, and was regarded possibly as the then greatest English scientist, being the leading authority on electricity and a chemist of the highest rank—the discoverer of oxygen, simultaneously with Scheele in Sweden, the initiator of gas analysis and author of "History of Electricity" (1767). Beyond profound scholarship he was an excellent preacher, proclaiming, to the utter disgust of many, adverse doctrines to the Church of England, which caused his house, chapel, books, papers, apparatus and all belongings to be burned and destroyed by a loyal and pious mob of Birmingham. Mr. Jefferson welcomed with open arms such talented men as Priestley and Cooper, seeking shelter and protection in our land, and in his letter of above date revealed his devised scheme: "We wish to establish in the upper district of Virginia, more central than William and Mary College, an university on a plan so broad and liberal and modern, as to be worth patronizing with the public support, and be a temptation to the youth of other States to come and drink of the cup of knowledge and fraternize with us. The first step is to obtain a good plan; that is, a judicious selection of the sciences, and a practical grouping of some of them together, and ramifying of others, so as to adopt the professorships to our uses and our means. Now there is no one to whom this subject is so familiar as yourself, and to you we address our solicitations. We should propose that the professors follow no other calling, so that their whole

time may be given to their academical functions; and we should propose to draw from Europe the first characters in science, by considerable temptations, which would not need to be repeated after the first set should have prepared fit successors and given reputation to the institution. From such splendid characters I have received offers most perfectly reasonable and practical."

About this time (1800) Mons. Dupont de Nemours, a highly educated French economist and philosopher, reached this country, having been friendly with Mr. Jefferson in Paris, close to Turgot, and an ardent worker in averting the French Revolution. While here he visited Mr. Jefferson frequently —at Philadelphia, Washington and Monticello—when they discussed freely a general scheme for higher education in America, which he followed by an exhaustive treatise of one hundred and fifty-nine pages upon the subject, outlining our educational needs according to his opinion—preparatory schools of all grades in the several States, and a central mammoth "National University," at Washington, second to the capitol, consisting of four departments: 1, Medicine; 2, Mines; 3, Social Science and Legislation; 4, Higher Mathematics. In order to reach this University one must have passed through all the ascending schools—a fact that rendered the plan too comprehensive for those unsettled days, but encouraged Mr. Jefferson in his own educational scheme for his State, that which he had formulated largely from French and German institutions, those fostering advanced instruction in distinct schools.

In 1803 Mr. Jefferson renewed his correspondence with Professor Pictet, of the Genevan College, writing him February 5th: "I have still had constantly in view to propose to the Legislature of Virginia the establishment of a good 'seminary of learning' on as large a scale as our present circumstances would require or bear, but as yet no favorable moment has occurred. In the meanwhile I am endeavoring to procure materials for a good plan. With this view I am asking the favor of you to give me a sketch of the branches of science taught in your college, how they are distributed among the professors; that is to say, how many professors there are and what branches of science are allotted to each professor, and

University—The Lawn

(Showing upper half with professors' homes (pavilions) and students' rooms (dormitories) on each side, and the Rotunda (south front) closing the view)

the days and hours assigned to each branch. Your successful experience in the distribution of business will be a valuable guide to us who are without experience." During Mr. Jefferson's second Presidential term, 1806, a young Virginian called upon him in Washington, bearing simply commendable letters of introduction. It was Joseph Carrington Cabell, just twenty-eight years of age, on his way home from a three years absence in Europe, where he had gone for travel, study and the improvement of health. He seemingly had used Mr. Jefferson as an exemplar—graduating at William and Mary College, studying law at Williamsburg, accepting Paris as his foreign educational center. He had attended lectures under Cuvier at the "College de France," had absorbed natural science at Montpelier, had sojourned at the Universities at Leyden, Padua, Rome, Naples, Cambridge and Oxford, and through this long line of contact and influence had become naturally a broad-minded thinker and critical observer. But above all he held as the most deserving mission in life the furtherance of improved educational methods in his own State, interesting himself in Swiss education to the extent of studying at Verdun the novel system of Pestalozzi in the hope of introducing it into Virginia. Of course such a counterpart in experience, thought, ambition and aspiration appealed at once, heart and soul, to Mr. Jefferson, who immediately offered him positions of civic and diplomatic prominence, which were refused on the ground of already being sufficiently long from home, whither he must hasten that he might speedily become identified with the interests of his people. A year later we find him favoring De la Coste, a French scientist, in the establishment of a natural history museum at William and Mary College, a step disapproved by Mr. Jefferson, who already had abandoned the possibility of increasing the scope and usefulness of his alma mater. Upon the subject he directed his private secretary to write Cabell: "If the amelioration of education and the diffusion of knowledge be the favorite objects of your life, avail yourself of the favorable disposition of your countrymen, and consent to go into your legislative body. Instead of wasting your time in attempting to patch up a decaying institution, direct your efforts to a higher and more valuable object. Found a new one which shall be worthy of

the first State in the Union. This may, this certainly will one day be done, and why not now? You may not succeed in one session, or in two, but you will succeed at last." This suggestion was not long in being heeded by Cabell, for he was elected to the House of Delegates in 1808, where he remained two years, 1810, and then to the Senate for a continuous period of nineteen years, 1829, becoming a far greater man than these home political positions imply—being entreated to represent his district in Congress and to enter the Cabinets of Madison and Monroe. These, however, he declined, preferring an energetic devotion directly to the good of his State, in whose legislative halls he became a most able and persuasive debater, a formidable champion of all that tended towards her betterment, breathing as none other the spirit and ambition of Mr. Jefferson for local government, popular education, and a great State University. Indeed but for the mental and physical accordance of these two dominant characters, neither of them would have seen the University of Virginia a living reality in their day. It would have come later, but to the credit of different powers and persons.

Mr. Jefferson, during 1813, revived an earnest interest in higher education for his State, making it the most vital and absorbing occupation of declining years—happily a broader and more serious field than an overtaxed correspondence with which hitherto he had been afflicted. The first evidence of this appeared in agitating the subject locally, and in numerous letters to various friends and educators. Among these Dr. Thomas Cooper possibly took first rank, being a man of high university culture, well trained in chemistry, physics, mineralogy, physiology, law and political economy—one of our earliest writers upon the latter science and the first to introduce the study of Roman law—the son-in-law of Dr. Joseph Priestley, with whom he had escaped political and religious persecutions of England, and now resided in Pennsylvania. In his adopted home he assumed the practice of law, became a judge, and afterwards a professor in Dickinson College, University of Pennsylvania, and South Carolina College, and the second one appointed (chemistry, law) in the University of Virginia—the first being Dr. Samuel Knox (language) of Baltimore. Mr. Jefferson, January 16, 1814, wrote Dr.

Cooper: "I have long had under contemplation and been collecting materials for the plan of a university in Virginia which would comprehend all the sciences useful to us, and none others. This would probably absorb the functions of William and Mary College, and transfer them to a healthier and more central position—perhaps to the neighborhood of this place. The long and lingering decline of that College, the death of its last president (Bishop Madison), its location and climate force on us the wish for a new institution more convenient to our country generally, and better adapted to the present state of science. I have been told there will be an effort in the present session of the Legislature to effect such an establishment. I confess, however, that I have not great confidence that this will be done. Should it happen, it would offer places worthy of you, and of which you are worthy."

The first decided act by the people of Albemarle, indicating a sympathy for higher education and a desire for their locality to be the seat of a great institution, was taken in 1783, when some public-spirited citizens requested Mr. Jefferson, just about departing from Monticello for Trenton to resume congressional duties, to secure a suitable tutor to assume charge of a grammar school or academy proposed for Charlottesville. In reply to this request Mr. Jefferson wrote, December 31st: "I inquired at Princeton of Dr. Witherspoon, but he informed me that that college was just getting together again, and that no such person could, of course, be had there. I inquired at Philadelphia for some literary character of the Irish nation in that city. There was none such, and in the course of my inquiries I was informed that learning is but little cultivated there, and that few persons have ever been known to come from that nation as tutors. I concluded on the whole, then, if the scheme should be carried on, and fixed on so firm a basis as that we might on its faith venture to bring a man from his native country, it would be best for me to interest some person in Scotland to engage a good man." The contents of this letter evidently brought temporary death to the academy scheme, for it was not chartered by the Legislature until twenty years later, 1803, and then remained simply on paper another ten years, March 25, 1814, when Mr. Jefferson was

elected one of its trustees. At this meeting and several others that followed in quick succession, he recounted his life-long study, identity and interest in educational institutions, and his great desire to have a creditable one in his State—boldly advocating the abandonment of the simple academy idea for a university of the broadest scope and usefulness.

In accordance with his views the Board of Trustees was reorganized and a committee appointed, he being chairman, to draft governing rules and regulations, to seek subscriptions and other monetary aid by promoting the sale through lottery of certain glebe lands in Albemarle, and to provide a suitable site and plans. Mr. Jefferson wrote Dr. Cooper, August 25th: "To be prepared for our new institution I have taken some pains to ascertain those branches which men of sense, as well as of science, deem worthy of cultivation. To the statements which I have obtained from other sources, I shall highly value an additional one from yourself. You know our country, its pursuits, its facilities, its relations with others, its means of establishing and maintaining an institution of general science, and the spirit of economy with which it requires that these should be administered. Will you, then, so far contribute to our views as to consider this subject, to make a statement of the branches of science which you think worthy of being taught, as I have before said, at this day and in this country? It will be necessary to distribute them into groups in order to bring the whole circle of useful science under the direction of the smallest number of professors. We are about to make the effort for the introduction of this institution."

Although from now on the creating of the University was Mr. Jefferson's absorbing pleasure—his hobby, as he termed it —receiving daily the greater part of his attention, yet by forced effort and indomitable will nothing seemingly was neglected in the older directions except his own business, that which he erringly thought might run itself satisfactorily. He never lost interest in the affairs of our country, and was thoroughly indignant at the British, August, 1814, burning Washington with its Congressional Library, even endeavoring to repair the latter by offering Congress, at its own price, his private collection of ten thousand volumes, an accumulation of fifty years that cost as many thousands of dollars—an offer, after

much unpleasant debate, personal crimination and recrimination, finally accepted at half the amount.

During this year he wrote Dr. Jones: "I deplore with you the putrid state into which our newspapers have passed, and the malignity, the vulgarity, and mendacious spirit of those who write for them; and I enclose you a recent sample, the production of a New England judge, as a proof of the abyss of degradation into which we have fallen. These ordures are rapidly depraving the public taste, and lessening its relish for sound food, etc." In this same letter he expressed opinions of Washington, which, despite the claim of depreciation, amounted to a glowing eulogy from beginning to end. In the early part of 1815 he catalogued and shipped his books to Washington, and throughout the year wrote many letters, contributed material to Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, perfected several mechanical devices—adjustable carriage top, hemp machine, etc.—and pursued a number of scientific investigations. Early in 1816 he wrote Thompson: "I retain good health, walk a little, ride on horseback much. No tooth shaking yet, but shivering and shrinking in body from the cold. My greatest oppression is a correspondence afflictingly laborious, the extent of which I have long been endeavoring to curtail. This keeps me at the drudgery of the writing-table all the prime hours of the day, leaving for the gratification of my appetite for reading, only what I can steal from the hours of sleep." Later in the year he wrote Adams: "You ask if I would agree to live seventy-three years over again? To this I say, yea. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are, indeed (who might say, nay), gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present, and despairing of the future; always counting that the worst will happen, because it may happen. To these I say, how much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail; but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy. I have often wondered for what good end the sensations of grief could be intended. I wish the pathologists would tell us what is

the use of grief in the economy, and of what good it is the cause, proximate or remote. There is a ripeness of time for death, regarding others as well as ourselves, when it is reasonable we should drop off, and make room for another growth. When we have lived our generation out, we should not wish to encroach on another. I enjoy good health; I am happy in what is around me, yet I assure you I am ripe for leaving all, this year, this day, this hour."

To Adams' reply on the utility of grief, Mr. Jefferson replied: "You have exhausted the subject. I see that with the other evils of life, it is destined to temper the cup we are to drink." This same year he passed over to his eldest grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the management of his lands, and of the fact writes: "I am indeed an unskillful manager of my farms, and sensible of this from its effects, I have now committed them to better hands, of whose care and skill I have satisfactory knowledge, and to whom I have ceded the entire direction. This is all that is necessary to make them adequate to all my wants, and to place me at entire ease." In one of his letters to John Taylor, May 28, 1816, he defined the term *republic*—a government by its citizens in mass, acting directly and personally according to rules established by the majority; and every other government is more or less republican, in proportion as it has in its composition more or less of this ingredient of the direct action of the citizens. The further the departure from direct and constant control by the citizens, the less has the government of the ingredient of republicanism. The Senate is less so than the House.

In the early part of 1817 Lieutenant Hall, of the British Army, an intelligent traveler, visited Monticello, writing thereof a beautiful description. Mr. Monroe also became President, much to the delight of Mr. Jefferson, as he believed "twenty-four consecutive years of republican administration would so consecrate its forms and principles in the eyes of the people as to secure them against the danger of a change." In a letter to Dr. Stuart he wrote: "I hope the policy of our country will settle down with as much navigation and commerce only as our exchanges will require." He heartily approved of the President's veto of the Internal Improvement Bill, and in a letter to Adams, January 11, 1817, wrote: "Forty-three

volumes read in one year, and twelve of them quarto! Dear sir, how I envy you! Half a dozen of octavos in that space of time are as much as I am allowed. I can read by candle-light only, and stealing long hours from my rest; nor would that time be indulged to me, could I by that light see to write. From sunrise to one or two o'clock and often from dinner to dark, I am drudging at the writing-table. And all of this to answer letters in which neither interest nor inclination on my part enters; and often from persons whose names I have never before heard. Yet, writing civilly, it is hard to refuse them civil answers. This is the burden of my life." Indeed, when President his published writings included considerably less than one-fiftieth part of his written letters.

In a letter to Burwell, March 14, 1818, upon female education, he said: "A great obstacle to good education is the inordinate passion prevalent for novels, and the time lost in that reading which should be instructively employed. When this poison infects the mind, it destroys its tone and revolts it against wholesome reading." Even Scott's novels were not to his taste, refusing to read them, and to accept either prose or poetry of the romantic school, while he detested the middle-age political civilization, especially the feudal system, just as much as Scott admired them; he was the warm sympathizer with common humanity as Scott was with kings and nobles.

The most absorbing topic, however, all this time was his proposed University. On September 7, 1814, he submitted to the president of the Board of Trustees of the Albemarle Academy, Peter Carr, a lengthy report, incorporating his educational views—the result of thirty years careful reflection —plan of organization for the Academy, and the suggestion of its possible expansion into a college with professional schools, which as a complete document, defining general and technical education, classification of the sciences, and professional schools, may truthfully be claimed to represent the "literary foundation" of the University of Virginia. Three days later Mr. Jefferson forwarded a copy of this report to Dr. Cooper, asking for such suggestions as might be available through future amendments, and implied that his plan was maturing fast. Peter Carr placed his copy, along with the petition in behalf of the Academy needing legislative sanction, into

the hands of a legislator, who with inexplicable motive withheld its publicity until January 5, 1815, when Mr. Jefferson could refrain no longer from writing his loyal co-worker, Joseph C, Cabell, then a member of the Senate: "Could the petition which the Albemarle Academy addressed to our Legislature have succeeded at the late session, a little aid additional to the objects of that would have enabled us to have here immediately the best seminary of the United States. I do not know to whom Mr. Carr committed the petition and papers, but I have seen no trace of their having been offered. Thinking it possible you may not have seen them, I send for your perusal the copies I retained for my own use. They consist of letters to Mr. Carr and Dr. Cooper, and a petition of the Academy trustees, requesting a change in the name—to Central College—in the number, appointment, succession, duties and powers of the Visitors, also the enactment of fixed principles for its safe government and administration." In addition the Academy desired the moneys from the sale of the two glebes, and from the Literary Fund—that established in 1810 for the encouragement of learning, being created and increased from certain escheats, penalties and forfeitures, and augmented, at the suggestion of representative Charles Fenton Mercer, by the amount of the Government's indebtedness to the State for expenses incurred in the war of 1812. "They are long, but as we always counted on you as the main pillar of our support, we shall probably return to the charge at the next session, the trouble of reading them will come upon you, and as well now as then. In addition to the revenue asked, if we could obtain a loan for four or five years of seven or eight thousand dollars, I think I have it now in my power to obtain three of the ablest characters in the world to fill the higher professorships of what in the plan is called the second or general grade of education; and for those of language and mathematics, a part of the same grade, able professors doubtless could also be readily obtained. With these characters I should not be afraid to say that the circle of the sciences would be more profoundly taught here than in any institution in the United States, and I might go farther."

There seemed to be considerable opposition to so much legislation in favor of the new institution—Central College—then

even recognized as the child of Mr. Jefferson, the great supposed believer in heterodox religion, the true sainted apostle of the Republican creed. The older colleges of the State—William and Mary, Washington, Hampden-Sidney, etc.—were all, as elsewhere, under orthodox regime, and dreaded a more liberal thinking competitor, making it difficult to assuage their staunch supporters and his political opponents. As a result the act passed, February 14, 1816, did not afford all that was desired, as it shared none of the Literary Fund advantages, but otherwise conceded about what was hoped for. Consequently a reorganization under the new name—Central College—was soon effected, by the Governor (Nicholas) appointing a distinguished Board of Visitors, consisting of Mr. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Cabell, Cocke, Watson—selected evidently on account of great ability, interest in education, Mr. Jefferson's preference, and geographical convenience, none residing beyond twenty-five miles of the institution—a half day's ride—except Monroe, then President, when temporarily away from his nearby home, "Ashlawn," on the west side of Carter's Mountain.

At their first legal meeting, held at Monticello, May 5, 1817, all present except Cabell and Watson, a lottery plan was approved, subscription paper prepared, while Mr. Jefferson reported the purchase from John Perry of two hundred acres of suitable land, one mile west of Charlottesville, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, and submitted tentative plans of the proposed buildings—those that now exist in reality as the University of Virginia—consisting of ten distinct two-storied pavilions for the professors, arranged at equal distance apart (about one hundred and twenty-five feet) on the longer side of a rectangle, and connected by spans of ten one-storied dormitories for the students. The construction was to be of brick and stone—the pavilions to contain a schoolroom and accommodations for the professorial family (?), the dormitory rooms of sufficient size for two students—all to open upon a covered colonnade, suggestive of the mediæval monastery, or the modern academic village. As the plan contemplated low buildings in long ranges, the funds in hand, forty-five thousand dollars, could at once be turned to a beginning, and as these increased, construction could be extended. During this first

meeting it also was determined to erect at once one of the pavilions (fourth from Rotunda, West Lawn) and the attached dormitories—twenty rooms, ten on either side—one of which the writer occupied his second session. Progress was so satisfactory that the Board of Visitors, as an entire body, attended the laying of the corner-stone of the parent building, October 6th, an event accentuated with great local eclat and masonic honors. At a preceding meeting, July 28th, Dr. Samuel Knox had been appointed professor of languages, but having declined, the Board, on the day following the dedicatory services, elected Dr. Thomas Cooper professor of chemistry, etc., and directed two additional pavilions with attached dormitories to be built. Just at this time there seemed to have developed in the Legislature a very strong—possibly rival—interest towards advancing all grades of education in Virginia. The new source or faction was headed by Charles Fenton Mercer, a delegate from Loudoun, a Federalist, a man of culture and travel, who had drawn, 1811, the act, "To provide for the education of the poor," and now, apparently without any knowledge of Mr. Jefferson's plan, conceived a very broad scheme of public education, to be aided by the Literary Fund, to whose corpus large additions had been made through his energy and efforts. He now proposed the following resolution which was passed by the Legislature, February 24, 1816: "Be it resolved by the General Assembly, that the President (Governor Nicholas) and Directors of the Literary Fund be requested to digest and report to the next General Assembly a system of Public Education, calculated to give effect to the appropriations made to that object by the Legislature, heretofore, and during the present session, and to comprehend in such a system the establishment of one University, to be called, "The University of Virginia," and such additional Colleges, Academies, and Schools as shall diffuse the benefits of education throughout the Commonwealth; and such rules for the government of such University, Colleges, Academies, and Schools as shall produce economy in the expenditures for the establishment and maintenance, good order and discipline in the management thereof."

This happened to be the first legislative sanction for the establishment of a University of Virginia, and two days after

University—The Rotunda (North Front)

(Erected 1825–26, restored 1896–98, and showing ornate square, where formerly stood the Annex (Public Hall), destroyed by fire, 1895)

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its enactment, February 26th, Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson: "I think the passage of these two measures—(1) Mercer's on education, (2) Increasing Literary Fund—unquestionably to be ascribed in a great degree to the publication in the *Enquirer,* on that very morning, of your letter to Peter Carr. But it may be asked, why inquire of the President and Directors of the Literary Fund for plans, when one so satisfactory is already before the public? I will tell you. Appropriations abstracted from their location are not easily obtained. Should the next Assembly sanction the scheme of an university, you will see the Lexington and Staunton interests striving to draw it away from Albemarle, and the whole western delegation will threaten to divide the State, unless this institution should be placed beyond the (Blue) Ridge. Mr. Mercer will be an advocate for a western site; the Federalists will favor Lexington, but I think that Central College will triumph over them all. I am pleased to think Governor Nicholas will be in office at the commencement of the next session of the Assembly."

In accordance with the resolution of February 24th, Governor Nicholas, desiring to make a creditable report, began at once collecting necessary data, and soon applied to Mr. Jefferson, the recognized authority on educational matters, for advice and information, which were given both gladly and freely. Mr. Jefferson emphasized the close resemblance between Mercer's scheme and his own bills for the more general "Diffusion of Knowledge" reported in 1776 and 1779, and for his detailed view of education, professional and otherwise, list of subjects, arrangement, departments, and professorships he referred him to his comprehensive letter to Peter Carr, published several months before. He also recommended that the buildings be arranged as proposed for Central College—this village form being preferable on account of fire, health, economy, peace and quiet. Governor Nicholas thought that possibly some others outside of his State might suggest something tangible for an educational system if appealed to, consequently addressed, May 30, 1816, a "Circular Letter" to a number of well-known educators—Dr. Thomas Cooper, Rev. Timothy Dwight, Dr. Samuel Mitchell, J. A. Smith, President Monroe, etc.—all of whom gave lengthy and painstaking replies, which were digested into an able "Report of the President and Directors of

the Literary Fund," and presented to the Legislature, December 6th. Upon this Professor Herbert B. Adams makes the following comment: "If Mr. Jefferson was not the author of this entire report, his ideas pervade it from beginning to end, and as Governor Nicholas sought his advice before all others, just so he gave it preference. The official voice is the Governor's, but the hand is Jefferson's."

In this report the general subject was subdivided into (1) Primary Schools, (2) Academies, (3) an University, and this system was based upon dividing the counties into townships, each to support one *primary school*, in which should be taught reading, writing and arithmetic—the Lancastrian method of teaching being recommended. Boys when well-grounded in these will be prepared to enter the next grade, *academy*, teaching Latin, Greek, French, higher arithmetic, six first books of Euclid, algebra, geography, elements of astronomy, and the use of globes. Finally a *university*, "comprehending in its teachings the whole circle of the arts and sciences, extending to the utmost boundaries of human knowledge. The peculiar conditions of Virginia must be studied, and the university adapted to the needs of the people; it should have a modest beginning; centrally and healthfully located; buildings paid for out of the Literary Fund; fifteen visitors and nine professors; there shall be educated, boarded and clothed, at the public expense (Literary Fund) ten of the most deserving and promising young men, who shall remain four years at the University, and shall serve four years in the academy, if required; there shall be seven fellowships—about the first offered in this country—to be filled out of the most learned and meritorious graduates of the University, who are to receive salaries out of the Literary Fund, and teach four years in the academy, if required. It is to these we ought to look for our supply of teachers and professors, by which service to the youth of the country, they will amply repay their own obligation for gratuitous training. This will create a corps of self-sustained literary men able to devote their whole time to science, thereby enlarging its boundaries and infusing generally an inspiration for the charms of literature and knowledge."

The report was destined to have its vicissitudes, being at once referred to the Committee of the Whole, while the reso-

lutions, after receiving ten amendments, were ordered by Mercer laid upon the table, January 12, 1817, and upon further amendment—including a series of colleges—were presented, February 3rd, as a bill, "Providing for the establishment of an University." The Committee of Schools and Colleges reported several bills, which, not being acted upon at a late hour of the session, gave Mercer opportunity to hurriedly prepare and present a suitable substitution, leaving out the site of the University, that passed the House, February 18th, but failed two days later in the Senate, by a tie vote, as half of the members were absent, thus causing to be deferred for two years the whole educational scheme. However, these various bills pertaining to education were ordered by the Senate to be printed in pamphlet form, entitled "Sundry Documents," for general distribution throughout the State, in order that the public might become thoroughly familiar with their various provisions.

CHAPTER V

Thomas Jefferson—Father of the University of Virginia

The Mercer bill vs. Mr. Jefferson's; Mercer in Congress; Mr. Jefferson's Educational Bill of 1817-1818; first report of Central College proposing its conversion into the University of Virginia; Mr. Jefferson's final draft and trial; dreams realized; difficulty over location; Rockfish Commission—its report to Legislature; final contest, Mr. Baldwin of Augusta; First Board of Visitors; Mr. Jefferson chosen Rector; University's architecture, plans, construction; Dr. Thomas Cooper's opposition, religious apprehensions; selection of Ticknor and Bowditch; buildings advanced; monetary difficulties; religious doctrines; Father of our Navy, etc.

The Mercer Bill although similar to that of Mr. Jefferson's had some notable exceptions: 1, The Board of Public Instruction was authorized to accept the Anne Smith Academy, for the education of females, and to provide for the erection of not more than two other similar institutions, thereby introduced female education at the public expense. 2, Four colleges were proposed—Pendleton, Wythe, Henry, Jefferson, and the three already existing, William and Mary, Washington, Hampden-Sidney, might be received into this arrangement at the option of their Trustees. 3, The Primary Schools were to be established first, Academies second, Colleges third, and the University last—then only if sufficient funds remained after completing the preceding. These and several minor differences rendered the bill in Mr. Jefferson's opinion decidedly objectionable—much inferior to his plan of establishing Primary Schools without taking a cent from the Literary Fund, leaving it for founding Academies (Colleges) in every district of eighty miles square, and finally an University centrally located. He further believed that unless something less extravagant be devised, the whole undertaking would fail, as the Primary Schools alone would exhaust the entire funds, consequently he set himself again at work to produce a more acceptable single bill for the next session of the Legislature.

Mercer had now been elected to Congress, where he remained twenty-one years, so he was out of the way, and likewise, as it proved, was his bill. After a slow and painful siege of writing Mr. Jefferson finished the so-called, "Jefferson's Educational Bill of 1817-1818," which was forwarded, October 24, 1817, to Cabell with these concluding words: "I send you the result brought into a single bill, lest by bringing it on by detachments some of the parts might be lost." This bill abstracted largely from the plan enunciated in his comprehensive letter to Peter Carr, September 7, 1814—dividing the State into nine collegiate districts, each to have a college with two professors, paid from the Literary Fund, and teaching Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, German, English grammar, geography, higher arithmetic, mensuration of land, use of globes, and the ordinary elements of navigation; also an University "in a central and healthy part of the State," whose location should be determined by a board of eight visitors, subject to approval by the Board of Public Instruction, unless the State should decide to accept the present lands, buildings, property, and rights of Central College, whenever its board of visitors should authorize a transfer to the Board of Public Instruction, for the purposes of an University. In this institution should be taught history and geography—ancient and modern—natural philosophy, agriculture, chemistry, theories of medicine, anatomy, zoology, botany, mineralogy, geology, mathematics—pure and mixed—military and naval science, ideology, ethics, law of nature and nations, law—municipal and foreign—science of civil government and political economy, languages, rhetoric, belles-letters, and the fine arts generally—all distributed to not more than ten professors."

In order to pave the way for this bill Mr. Jefferson submitted shortly thereafter, January 6, 1818, to the speaker of the House of Delegates the first report of the Trustees of Central College, in which he recounted in detail its plans, progress and prospects, taking care to emphasize "the want of a seminary of general science in a healthy part of the State, and nearly central to its population, for whose development the resources at the command of the Legislature would alone be adequate. By the Mercer bill of the last session, passed by one branch and printed by the other, for public consideration, a

disposition appears to go into a system of general education, of which a single University for the use of the whole State is to be a component part. But observing that in the bill presented to public consideration a combination of private and public contributions has been contemplated, and considering such an incorporation as completely fulfilling the view of our institution, we undertake to declare that if the Legislature shall think proper to proceed to the establishment of an University, and to adopt for its location the site of the Central College, we are so certain of the approbation of those for whom we act, that we may give safe assurances of the ready transfer to the State of all the property and rights of the Central College, in possession or in action, towards the establishment of such an University, and under such laws and provisions as the Legislature shall be pleased to establish; and that we ourselves shall be ready to deliver over our charge to such successors, or such other organization, as the Legislature shall be pleased to ordain, and with increased confidence of its success under their care."

This was the first intimation, at least official proposal, to convert Central College into the University of Virginia, a proposition to thoughtful persons savoring of much reason and advantage, as that institution was well-located, well-endowed and well-underway, while its educational scope was to be of an university character—that which the State so thoroughly needed and desired. It would be far better, surely more economical, to promote and sustain this than to establish another *de novo,* only to become a strong and deadly rival—a fact that Mr. Jefferson fully realized, and could not believe his people would think otherwise when enlightened upon the conditions—and yet he was conscious of needed diplomacy that his hopes might succeed.

He wrote to Cabell, December 18, 1817: "I think you had better keep back the general plan till this report is made, as I am persuaded it will give a lift to that. Pray drop me a line when any vote is passed which furnishes an indication of the success or failure of the general plan. I have only this single anxiety in the world. It is a bantling of forty years' birth and nursing, and if I can once see it on its legs, I will sing with sincerity and pleasure my *nunc dimittas.*"

Mr. Jefferson was now seventy-five years of age, and though all his efforts in the interest of local "Diffusion of Knowledge," extending over forty years, had been apparently without results, yet he was enthused to a high degree in making one more final trial. He wrote Cabell, December 31st: "I have this morning sent to Mr. Madison a draft of the report I promised you. When returned, I shall have to make out a fair copy and send it the round for signature. You may, therefore, expect it about the last of next week." This report was placed in the hands of the Speaker, January 6, 1818, with the request that it be communicated to the House in such form as he thought best. Mr. Jefferson anxiously awaited a knowledge of the impression it made upon the Legislature—"because that shows how near we are to the accomplishment of a good college, one that cannot but be thought of some value to the State—and the urgency of their enabling us to complete it."

Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson, January 5, 1818: "It grieves me to tell you that I think our prospects are by no means flattering in the General Assembly. I shall not relax my small exertions in this noble cause. I hunt assiduously around me for every suggestion towards lessening the difficulties on the branch of the primary schools. The hostile interests to Central College—the Cincinnati Society, mostly Federalists, and the Lexington people both favor Washington College; the Staunton people, who have not only selected the site in their midst for the University, but would have the capital removed there from Richmond—have been constantly at work producing some effect on the House of Delegates, now much altered for the worse, with which I believe nothing can be done. Again, the discordant opinions about the primary schools seem irreconcilable. Efforts have been, and doubtless will be made to convert this subject into a question between the east and west side of the Blue Ridge. Judge Roane, Col. Nicholas and others disapprove of your plan of an assessment on the wards, believing the moneys should come out of the Literary Fund, but that your mode of administration should be kept up."

Mr. Jefferson wrote Cabell, January 14th: "A system of general instruction which shall reach every description of our

citizens, from the richest to the poorest, as it was the earliest, so will it be the latest of all the public concerns in which I shall permit myself to take an interest. Nor am I tenacious of the form in which it shall be introduced. Be that what it may, our descendants will be as wise as we are, and will know how to amend and amend until it shall suit their circumstances. Give it to us, then, in any shape, and receive for the inestimable boon the thanks of the young, and the blessings of the old, who are past all other services but prayers for the prosperity of their country and blessings to those who promote it." This letter Cabell had published in the Richmond *Enquirer,* February 10th, and while the "enlightened few" read it with sympathy and fervor, yet it failed to attract many legislators to the support of the bill. The House of Delegates really preferred a small appropriation for educating the poor from the Literary Fund, and the rest of it devoted to paying the State's debts. It rose, however, to the demands of the occasion, by accepting a compromise between the highest and lowest forms of education—Hill's substitute for Mr. Jefferson's bill.

On January 22nd, Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson: "I have read the bill and am greatly disappointed. Indeed, sir, the prospect before us is dreary." Three weeks later he wrote in a more cheerful strain: "When the school bill came up in the Senate we engrafted upon it a provision for an University, and it has passed, February 21st, in the form of the enclosed with one small exception. The bill gives forty-five thousand dollars per annum to the poor, and fifteen thousand to the University—this latter amount being continued for nearly sixty years as the State's sole annuity. The Governor and Council shall choose one commissioner from each Senatorial District in the State, who, as a body, shall meet at Rockfish Gap, August 1, 1818, and sojourn from place to place and time to time; that they shall report to the next Assembly the best site, plan, etc., and the next Assembly will have the whole subject in their power. We have fifteen districts (out of the possible twenty-four) on this side of the Ridge, and I think we are safe in the hands of the Executive. The appointment of the commissioners is now a subject of infinite importance to us. The Executive, I think, will do us justice. Our policy

is to invest all our funds (Central College) in buildings, and get them as far advanced by August as possible." Truly Mr. Jefferson needed no reminder for this, as he had time and again expressed the same aim—to make the greatest progress, then have the Legislature adopt and further it.

The University of Virginia was no longer a dream—its existence had been decided upon definitely, but where it should exist was still, as it always had been the disturbing and unsettled question—one that Mr. Jefferson determined should be influenced towards his choice location, Central College, with all the reason, logic and personal magnetism he possessed. The contest was to be with the Commissioners and also the next Legislature, and in both assemblies Mr. Jefferson proposed to meet manfully the pending issue. Of the twenty-four commissioners only three were absent from the meeting, August 1st, at the tavern in Rockfish Gap—that between Albemarle and Augusta counties, through which the turnpike to the West passes—now the summer resort, "Afton or Mountain Top."

Besides the President of the United States, Mr. Monroe, and his two predecessors, Mr. Jefferson and Madison, nearly all the others were distinguished men—judges, statesmen, lawyers, etc.—"yet it was remarked by the lookers-on, that Mr. Jefferson was the principal object of regard both to the members and spectators; that he seemed to be the chief mover of the body—the soul that animated it; and some who were present, struck by these manifestations of deference, conceived a more exalted idea of him on this simple and unpretending occasion than they had ever previously entertained." He was elected unanimously President of the meeting, and, after some discussion, Chairman of a Committee of six, to report on all the duties assigned the Commission by the Legislature, except that of the site—that being left to the legislative body. However, at the same time this point was discussed liberally; each of the three places proposed, Lexington, Staunton, Central College, being recognized as located in equally healthy and fertile districts, but Mr. Jefferson added much weight to his favorite, by exhibiting "an imposing list of octogenarians," and by demonstrating with figures and charts its approximate centrality in territory and white population.

Although absolutely fair in his bearings, statements and conclusions some criticism followed the manner of drawing his transverse lines so as to intersect at Charlottesville—the beginning of his westerly line being the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, a point much nearer the southern than the northern state boundary—but he defended his position by the statement: "the greatest part of what is north is water." This line was not drawn due west, as the northern state boundary was north of northwest, but discreetly balancing his geography, followed the line of "equal division of the population." For his north and south line of population, he paralleled the Blue Ridge, running southwest and northeast. Mr. Jefferson afterwards affirmed: "Run your lines in whatever direction you please, they will pass close to Charlottesville." Be that as it may, he apparently had little trouble in winning the Assembly at Rockfish Gap, for when the vote was taken, sixteen stood for Central College, three for Lexington, and two for Staunton—an expression of opinion which the Committee was instructed to include in the report unanimously adopted, August 3rd.

The following day two copies were signed by the entire Commission present, in readiness for the Speakers of the House and Senate. The report as an entirety was lengthy, elaborate and comprehensive, being prepared with careful thought, no doubt by Mr. Jefferson, prior to the meeting. It defined the object of primary and higher education, the relation of the State to science, the relation of education to morals and religion, the advantage of modern languages and Anglo-Saxon, the necessity of bodily exercise and manual training, and finally enumerated the many objects to be taught in a masterly manner, arranged for ten professors.

At the beginning of the next Legislative session, Cabell was in Richmond, as usual, attending to his Senatorial duties, chiefly those pertaining to the University. Mr. Jefferson forwarded to him the report, November 20th, stating it the opinion of the Commissioners, "that it should be delivered to each speaker in the chair on the second morning of the session."

In a letter to Mr. Jefferson, December 8th, Cabell wrote: "The report was read, and received with great attention in

University—East Wing of Rotunda, with Terrace Walks Above
(Looking southward)

Property of
Andrews

both the Houses, and a resolution to print a number of copies passed each House. The ability and value of the report I am informed are universally admitted. It was referred in the lower house to a select committee, and the speaker is friendly to the measure. A portion of the Assembly will be opposed to the whole subject, and how far a combination between this part and the Lexington interest may jeopardize the measure, I cannot now determine. All that I can now positively affirm is, that the clouds seem to be scattering, and the prospect to smile."

Just as was apprehended and feared, opposition to Mr. Jefferson's university scheme did not abate in the Legislature, as shown by Cabell's letter, December 24th: "There is a decided majority of the Committee in favor of the Central College; but the Eastern members are less attentive than the Western. The friends of Lexington wish to have the clause of location reported with a blank, discredit your calculations, seek to reinforce their claims, so that the hostile interests are daily acquiring new force by intrigue and management. The party opposed altogether to the University is growing so rapidly we have just grounds to fear a total failure of the measure." Some believed the Literary Fund was to be diverted from its original object—to educate the poor, and that the rich were to receive its benefits. Others thought Charlottesville too small for a university town, neither attracting nor furnishing polished society for either professors or students, and incapable of supplying accommodations and police authority for governing a large number of young men. The friends of William and Mary College demanded five thousand dollars annually for their concurrence—that which Cabell spurned, preferring to lose the bill, and, in spite of precarious health, braved all the objections, by not relinquishing in the least his efforts towards quieting the turbulent waters and converting legislators to his way of thinking. As he put it: "I passed the night in watchful reflection and the day in ceaseless activity." He wrote to liberal minded men in the belligerent districts importuning influence upon their representatives; prepared letters for the *Enquirer,* calculated to move public sentiment in favor of his cause; published Mr. Jefferson's able defense and explanation of the true center of

population, and by skilful tactics at last won over the majority to his opinion. Early in January, 1819, he wrote Mr. Jefferson: "Happily sir, a counter-current has been produced, and I am now confident of ultimate success. Our friends are at last aroused, and are as ardent as you could desire, so that our policy now is to keep back the vote as long as possible." Again he wrote, January 18th: "Grateful, truly grateful is it to my heart, to be able to announce to you the result of this day's proceedings in the House of Delegates. In Committee of the Whole the question was taken, after an elaborate discussion, on the motion to strike the Central College from the bill, and was lost by a vote of 114 to 69. This is a decisive victory." Just then one of the western opponents, Baldwin of Augusta, arose to the occasion, and expressed eloquently: "I have supported Staunton as long as there was any hope of success, but now I implore this body to sacrifice all local prejudice and sectional feeling, in order to have unanimity of action —let us unite with the majority in support of the bill." And as he wished, so it was—an overwhelming victory for Mr. Jefferson's cause. Cabell had been suffering two days before from hemorrhage of the lungs, "brought on by exposure to bad weather and loss of sleep," and left the House just prior to the final vote in order, "to avoid the shock of feeling which I should have been compelled to sustain. But I am told the scene was truly affecting. A great part of the House was in tears, and, on the rising of the House, the Eastern members hovered around Mr. Baldwin—some shook him by the hand, others solicited an introduction. Such magnanimity in a defeated adversary excited universal applause. The discussion must have produced a considerable effect." In the Senate the bill was known to be safe, where it passed by a vote of 22 to 1, January 25th, thus chartering the University of Virginia and adopting Central College as her site. Her seal—"Minerva enrobed in her peplus and characteristic habiliments as inventress and protectress of the arts"—bears this birth year, 1819, but six long, perplexing years elapsed before she was opened formally (1825) to the reception of students.

Although in this great struggle Mr. Jefferson was the power behind the throne, yet Cabell had been the watchdog and fighter—better pacifier—who could have accomplished

alone much that he did, but Mr. Jefferson nothing. At the same time Cabell even was powerless without the hearty co-operation of the many—indeed denied the timely voice of the intrepid Baldwin, who can predict the fate of the almost forlorn hope? Cabell graciously paid tribute to a few of those worthies—Brooke, Brockenbrough, Cabell, Gilmore, Green, Hoomes, Nicholas, Nicholson, Minor, Pannill, Rice, Roane, Ritchie, Scott, Slaughter, Stanard, Taliaferro, Taylor, etc.—but scores of others unnamed, came in for a large share of the unbounded credit. Before the great world the line has to be drawn somewhere, as in martial battles—simply with Xenophen, Wellington, Napoleon, Washington, irrespective of possibly as large or larger factors—so here we must attribute results to Mr. Jefferson and Cabell—that which, however, the great majority accepts as alone the work of Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. Jefferson congratulated Cabell, January 28th, on the passage of the bill, expressed concern about the funds needed at once for furthering the construction of buildings, and inquired, "If the Legislature would not give the University the derelict portions offered to the pauper schools and not accepted by them," the unclaimed dividends of which would enable the University "to complete its buildings, and procure its apparatus, library, etc." Cabell in his reply, February 4th, disapproved of mentioning at that session of the Legislature anything more pertaining to the University, as he and many others believed it best to rest quietly on what had been accomplished, mollify the asperities of the contest, and thereby gather good friends and opinions for the institution. The financial side will stand a much better show next session. "Let well enough alone; we have got possession of the ground, and it will never be taken from us."

The first Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia—Jefferson, Madison, Cabell, Cocke, Breckenridge, Johnson, Taylor—met March 29th, when Dr. Thomas Cooper was appointed professor of chemistry, mineralogy and natural philosophy, and the purchase of additional land from John Perry was decided upon; Mr. Jefferson was chosen Rector—a position retained until death—and owing to close identity with the cause, ambition for early completion, general information, broad experience, familiarity with education, fondness for the

work and proximity thereto, his associates gladly entrusted to him practically the entire management of affairs. He from now on was the University's architect, constructor, supervisor, inspector and administrator—giving his unstinted time in looking after the minutest details. If he had no desire for "building better than he knew," he certainly had a pride in producing the best he knew—something beyond that already existing in this country, possibly the world. He realized that "Virginians would never be pleased with anything on a small scale," that here he must be equal to expectations, that his institution must be a source of attraction to professors, students, visitors, far and near, and by "the extent and splendor of the establishment" win for it, as actually was the case, staunch friends and ardent supporters. At the very outset, with a keen sense of the sublime and beautiful, he determined to carry into practice there what this later day Municipal Art Societies are endeavoring wisely to impress upon communities—the value of good object lessons for refining taste and character—that the various pavilions should present the several types of architecture, and in order that the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian capitals to the stately columns might have their imposing place, Italian stone cutters were brought over for the service, but, owing to the indifferent Virginia marble, they returned and carved seventeen in Italy from its excellent white marble, which to-day remain as originally placed, being among the most unique and instructive attractions to both young and old at the University.

The drawings and plans submitted by Mr. Jefferson met the approval of the Visitors, with the exception of Cabell, who, also possessing a resourceful mind from home and foreign training, did not hesitate to make such suggestions thereto as seemed to him wise and best. Thus he believed that some other architectural style should be adopted for the hotels and ranges, than that selected for the pavilions and lawns; that the flat roofs would leak and require renewal every six years; that the classroom in each pavilion—now the professor's parlors—should be abandoned in favor of a central recitation building having rooms of varying capacity to suit different size classes, thereby releasing the pavilions to the sole use of the professors' families. He did not agree with Mr. Jefferson

that the professors would all be, and ever remain, unmarried, like the English college tutors, and need only rooms for the literary side of life. In this he was not mistaken, and in some of the other directions his opinions modified and partly prevailed, giving a decided shade to final results. For the construction of this beautiful mental creation Mr. Jefferson sadly realized the want of the one great essential—money—that which must have an early vision, provided the University was to materialize in his day. Despite funds and equipment he at first believed the institution might begin its "Diffusion of Knowledge" in a modest way that year (1819)—an opinion he soon abandoned as absolutely impractical—consequently at the first meeting of the Visitors it was determined to push forward the work upon the pavilions and dormitories until all of the then available means were exhausted.

Cabell was still in the Senate and happily was in perfect accord with Mr. Jefferson upon the financial policy to be adopted for promoting and maintaining the University. They decided the first effort should be directed towards getting specific appropriations from the Legislature, but failing in that, then endeavor to secure its sanction for borrowing as much as possible of the Literary Fund, paying interest thereon from the University's annual endowment of fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. Jefferson communicated to Cabell, January 22, 1820, the need of eighty thousand dollars for completing the proposed buildings, and the House of Delegates at once rejected a bill for this, and another for half the amount, but passed one, February 24th, allowing the use of sixty thousand dollars of the Literary Fund, under the restrictions already suggested. The appointment of Dr. Thomas Cooper, October 7, 1817, professor in Central College—duties to be assumed only when the institution was equipped sufficiently—gave rise, as the months rolled by, to much unfavorable comment, but when it became generally known that he was to be retained in the University under similar conditions criticism grew pronounced and defiant. Mr. Jefferson, August 22, 1813, wrote Adams: "The fate of my letter to Priestley, after his death, was a warning to me on that of Dr. Rush; and at my request, his family were so kind as to quiet me by returning my original letter and syllabus. By this you will be sensible how much

interest I take in keeping myself clear of religious disputes before the public; and especially of seeing my syllabus disembowelled by the Aruspices of the modern Paganism. Yet I enclose it to you with entire confidence, free to be perused by yourself and Mrs. Adams, but by no one else; and to be returned to me. You are right in supposing, that I had not read much of Priestley's 'Predestination,' his no-soul system, or his controversy with Horsley. But I have read his 'Corruptions of Christianity,' and 'Early Opinions of Jesus,' over and over again; and I rest on them, and on Middleton's writings, especially his letters from Rome, and to Waterland, as the basis of my own faith. These writings have never been answered, nor can be answered by quoting historical proofs, as they have done. For these facts, therefore, I cling to their learning, so much superior to my own." To this might well be added here what another eminent writer has said pertinent to this subject: "There would be much less obscurity and misunderstanding about Mr. Jefferson's religious views if people would take him at his word and in the light of his relations to Priestley and Cooper. All three were Unitarians." No institution can defy the universal denunciation of the clergy of its State, and least of all a new one, like the University, whose creation had suffered already such cantankerous sentiments as to embarrass its promoters. Under the circumstances there certainly was only one alternative—to accept, as the Visitors did, Dr. Cooper's resignation, tendered in full knowledge of the prevailing criticism and in the following spirit: "I regret the storm that has been raised on my account, for it has separated me from many fond hopes and wishes. Whatever my religious creed may be, and perhaps I do not exactly know it myself, it is pleasure to reflect that my conduct has not brought, and is not likely to bring, discredit to my friends. Wherever I have been, it has been my good fortune to meet with, or to make ardent and affectionate friends. I feel persuaded I should have met with the same lot in Virginia had it been my chance to have settled there, as I had hoped and expected, for I think my course of conduct is sufficiently habitual to count on its effects." This was equally a great blow to Mr. Jefferson, who wrote: "I do sincerely lament that untoward circumstances have brought on the irreparable loss

of this professor, whom I looked to as the cornerstone of our edifice. I know no one who could have aided us so much in forming the future regulations for our infant institution; and although we may perhaps obtain from Europe equivalents in science, they never can replace the advantages of his experience, his knowledge of the character, habits, and manners of our country, his identification with the sentiments and principles, and high reputation he has obtained in it generally." At one of the early meetings of the Visitors it was decided to engage George Ticknor, of Boston, as professor of modern languages, and Nathaniel Bowditch, of Salem, professor of mathematics, but unfortunately both declined, having already accepted satisfactory positions elsewhere. Mr. Jefferson wrote Adams, July 19th: "I am glad to learn that Mr. Ticknor has safely returned to his friends; but should have been much more pleased had he accepted the Professorship in our University, which we should have offered him in form. Mr. Bowditch, too, refuses us; so fascinating is the *vinculum* of the *dulce natale solum*. Our wish is to procure natives, where they can be found, like these gentlemen, of the first order of acquirement in their respective lines; but preferring foreigners of the first order to natives of the second, we shall certainly have to go for several of our Professors to countries more advanced in science than we are." Again he wrote Adams, August 15th: "Our University, four miles distant, gives me frequent exercise, and the oftener, as I direct its architecture. Its plan is unique, and it is becoming an object of curiosity for the traveler. I have just read its critique in your *North American Review*, having not been without anxiety to see what that able work would say of us; and I am relieved on finding in it much coincidence of opinion, and even where criticisms were indulged, I found they would have been obviated had the development of our plan been fuller." During all these months there was not the slightest cessation in building, and in late November Mr. Jefferson forwarded his report to the Governor, in which he estimated the entire cost of the institution, exclusive of the library, at one hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars, and made further appeal to the Legislature by referring to the good example of New York, concluding thus: "Surely the pride as well as the patriotism of our Legislature

will be stimulated to look to the reputation and safety of their own country (State), to rescue it from the degradation of becoming the Barbary of the Union and of falling into the ranks of our own negroes. To that condition it is fast sinking. We shall be in the hands of other States, what our indigenous predecessors were when invaded by the science and arts of Europe. The mass of education in Virginia before the Revolution, placed her with the foremost of her sister colonies. What is her education now? Where is it? The little we have we import like beggars from other States; or import their beggars to bestow on us their miserable crumbs. And what is wanted to restore us to our station among our competitors? Not more money from the people. Enough has been raised by them, and appropriated to this very object. It is that it should be employed understandingly, and for the greatest good." He also recommended again, with equal failure, the establishment of the common schools upon a self-supporting basis, in order to liberate the entire Literary Fund for the University's promotion. Cabell wrote him, January 18, 25, 1821: "The general impression here is that we shall be able to effect nothing for the University during the present session. It is now my serious intention to withdraw from the Legislature. My object is domestic, rural, and literary leisure."

To these letters Mr. Jefferson replied: "They fill me with gloom as to the disposition of our Legislature towards the University. I perceive that I am not to live to see it opened. I think we had better not open the institution until the buildings, library and all, are finished, and our funds cleared of incumbrance, which must be infallibly at the end of thirteen years, and as much earlier as an enlightened Legislature shall happen to come into place. Even with the whole funds we shall be reduced to six professors, while Harvard will still prime it over us with her twenty professors. How many of our youths she now has, learning the lessons of Anti-Missourianism, I know not, but a gentleman lately from Princeton told me he saw there a list of the students at that place, and that more than half were Virginians. These will return home, no doubt, deeply impressed with the sacred principles of our holy alliance of Restrictionists." Thus in the midst of his all-ab-

sorbing University work, his one chief ambition for her was revealed—a service towards impressing and inculcating his political principles upon future generations. In this same letter he also discussed another loan of sixty thousand dollars, and upon Cabell's suggestion wrote to General Breckenridge a public letter upon the subject, showing no preference and taking no imputations: "I learn with deep affliction, that nothing is likely to be done for our University this year. So near as it is to the shore that one shove more would land it there, I had hoped that would be given; and that we should open with the next year an institution on which the fortunes of our country may depend more than may meet the general eye. The reflections that the boys of this age are to be the men of the next; that they should be prepared to receive the holy charge which we are cherishing to deliver to them; that in establishing an institution of wisdom for them, we secure it to all our future generations; that in fulfilling this duty, we bring home to our bosoms the sweet consolation of seeing our sons rising under a luminous tuition, to destinies of high promise; these are considerations which will occur to all; but all, I fear, do not see the speck in our horizon which is to burst on us as a tornado, sooner or later. I fear our divisional line will never be obliterated, and we are permitting our sons to be trained by those opposed to us in position and principles. If we send three hundred thousand dollars a year to the northern seminaries, for the instruction of our own sons, then we must have there five hundred of our sons, imbibing opinions and principles in discord with those of their country. This canker is eating on the vitals of our existence, and if not arrested at once, will be beyond remedy. I have brooded, perhaps with fondness, over this establishment, as it held up to me the hope of continuing to be useful while I continue to live. I had believed my life to be of some favorable service to the outset of the institution. But this may be egotism; pardonable, perhaps, when I express a consciousness that my colleagues and successors will do so well, whatever the Legislature shall enable them to do." As hoped and intended this letter made such a powerful hit, that the House of Delegates appropriated another sixty thousand dollars from the Literary Fund for the University, and Cabell immediately wrote Mr.

Jefferson: "It is the anxious wish of our best friends, and of no one more than myself, that the money now granted may be sufficient to finish the buildings. We must not come here again on that subject. These suggestive applications for money to finish the buildings, give grounds of reproach to our enemies, and draw our friends into difficulties with their constituents. I hope the buildings may be ready by next winter. The popular cry is that there is too much finery and too much extravagance."

The great trouble arose from the fact of the House being a severely practical body, preferring to provide only for present needs in the simplest form, while Mr. Jefferson desired to create an unique and ornate temple of education, a pride for all time to himself, the cause, and the State—a sentiment the Senate, a more enlightened body, shared and felt willing to promote. Although this Legislative antagonism abated somewhat, it continued sufficient to do the University great harm, as in time it spread to the general public. While the Dr. Cooper episode should have ceased irritating the Presbyterians at Hampden-Sidney, and the Episcopalians at William and Mary, yet the general clergy continued to believe and proclaim that the Socinians were to be installed at the University in order to overthrow the prevailing religious opinions of the country.

Mr. Jefferson wrote Cabell, September 30th: "The Proctor has settled for six pavilions, one hotel, and thirty-five dormitories, and will proceed with the rest; so that I hope, by our next meeting, the whole of the four rows will be nearly settled." To this Cabell replied, November 21st: "I am at this time inclined to think I would ask nothing of the present Assembly. I would go on and complete the buildings, and at another session make the great effort to emancipate the funds. I will heartily co-operate in such measures as your better judgment will propose."

At a meeting of the Visitors, November 30th, a financial arrangement was agreed upon, a ground-plat of the buildings ordered engraved and copies made for sale, while it was further decided to engage a painter to draw a perspective view of the upper level of the buildings, and to join other seminaries in a petition to Congress for a repeal of the duty on imported

books—thereby becoming one of the first in this respect, as she has since in many others, to relieve literature and science of unwise burdens. The annual report adopted at this meeting, to go before the Legislature, contained a full summary of all expenditures and likely monetary needs, also a defense of the style and scale of the buildings, claiming them to be "proportioned to the respectability, the means, and the wants of our country, and such as will be approved in any future condition it may attain. We owed to it to do, not what was to perish with ourselves, but what would remain, be respected, and preserved through other ages." Cabell, January 3, 1822, reminded Mr. Jefferson of the unchanged attitude of the Senate and House towards the University—the one body so friendly, the other so hostile—and that he refused to sanction the proposition of the House in wishing the Senate to pledge the University "never to apply for any further appropriation, if the Legislature would consent to cancel the University bonds."

Now the colleges had begun to seek appropriations, and, being more popular than the University, had to be conciliated, while the clergy continued antagonism, claiming they were to be excluded from the University. As financial relief for the University was all important, Mr. Jefferson thought possibly that the Government might be willing to pay the arrears of interest, amounting to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on the amount borrowed from the State for war defence, etc. (which principal now constituted the greater portion of the Literary Fund), and if so, it might be divided between the colleges and the University; he also desired a suspension for four or five years of the interest payments by the University on its debts. Cabell desired more money from the Literary Fund, although he preferred the cancelling of the University's bonds, and after persistent effort during the entire session, realizing near its close that no aid would be forthcoming, wrote Mr. Jefferson, February 11th: "My patience was nearly exhausted, and I felt an inclination, almost irresistible, to return to my family. I remembered, however, the great interests at stake, and chided my own despondency. Would it be believed in future times that such efforts are necessary to carry such a bill for such an object! I attribute the result

to the idea of extravagance in the erection of the buildings, which has spread far and wide among the mass; and even among a part of the intelligent circle of society."

Mr. Jefferson wrote Dr. Waterhouse, June 26th: "I have received and read with thankfulness and pleasure your denunciation of the abuses of tobacco and wine. I expect it will be a sermon to the wind. You will find it as difficult to inculcate these sanative precepts on the sensualities of the present day, as to convince an Athanasian that there is but one God. The doctrines of Jesus are simple, and tend all to the happiness of man: 1. That there is one only God, and he is perfect. 2. That there is a future state of rewards and punishments. 3. That to love God with all your heart and thy neighbor as thyself, is the sum of religion. These are the great points on which he endeavored to reform the religion of the Jews. But compare with these the demoralizing dogmas of Calvin: 1. That there are three Gods. 2. That good works, or the love of our neighbor, are nothing. 3. That faith is everything, and the more incomprehensible the proposition, the more merit in its faith. 4. That reason in religion is of unlawful use. 5. That God, from the beginning, elected certain individuals to be saved, and certain others to be damned; and that no crimes of the former can damn them; no virtue of the latter save.

Now which of these is the true and charitable Christian? He who believes and acts on the simple doctrines of Jesus, or the impious dogmatists, as Athanasius and Calvin? Verily I say these are the false shepherds, mere usurpers of the Christian name, teaching a counter-religion made up of the deliria of many imaginations, as foreign from Christianity as is that of Mahomet. Their blasphemies produce infidels, but had the doctrines of Jesus been preached always as pure as they came from his lips, the whole civilized world would now have been Christian. I rejoice that the genuine doctrine of one only God is reviving, and I trust that there is not a young man now living in the United States who will not die an Unitarian." In a letter to Adams, June 27th, he wrote: "I happened to turn to my letter-list some time ago, when I found those received year before last to be twelve hundred and sixty-seven, many of them requiring answers of elaborate research, and all to be answered with due attention and con-

University—West Lawn
(Looking northward)

To Mail
Member

sideration. Is this life? At best it is but the life of a mill-horse, who sees no end to his circle but in death. To such a life, that of a cabbage is paradise." Again, November 1st, "While in Europe I formed, undoubtedly, the opinion that our government, as soon as practicable, should provide a naval force sufficient to keep the Barbary States in order; and on this subject we communicated together, as you observe. When I returned to the United States and took part in the administration under General Washington, I constantly maintained that opinion, and reported to Congress in favor of a force sufficient to protect our Mediterranean commerce. I thought afterwards, that the public safety might require some additional vessels of strength, to be prepared and preserved in readiness in dry docks, above the level of the tide waters, covered with roofs, but clear of the expense of officers and men. But the majority of the Legislature (Congress) was against any addition to the navy, and the minority, although for it in judgment, voted against it on the principle of opposition."

To this letter Adams replied: "I have always imputed to you the measures of Congress ordering the four ships built and the appointment of their captains, for carrying an ambassador to Algiers to protect our commerce in the Mediterranean. I did this for several reasons: First, because you frequently proposed it to me while we were at Paris, negotiating together for peace with the Barbary powers. Secondly, because I knew that Washington and Hamilton were not only indifferent about a navy, but averse to it. There was no Secretary of the Navy; only four heads of department. I have always suspected that you and Knox were in favor of a navy, but Washington, I am confident, was against it in his judgment, yet his attachment to Knox, and his deference to your opinion, for I know he had great regard for you, might induce him to decide in favor of you and Knox, even though Bradford united with Hamilton in opposition to you. I have always believed the navy to be Jefferson's child, though Knox may have assisted in ushering it into the world. Hamilton's hobby was the army."

CHAPTER VI

Thomas Jefferson—Champion of Free-Religion and Government

Letters to Dr. Cooper and James Smith—religious conditions and ideas; student discipline; denominational schools near the University; letter to Gallatin; ambition for the University—remitting her debts, financial difficulties disappearing; correspondence with Cabell; rotunda begun; letter to Judge Johnson defining object of the Federalists; letter to Cartwright explaining State and Federal powers; letter to Adams concerning health and the University; letter to President Monroe about "Monroe Doctrine"; letters to Lafayette, Cabell, Jared Sparks and Van Buren; Gilmer seeking professors abroad; buildings completed and described; English professors arrive; University opened March 7, 1825.

Mr. Jefferson wrote Dr. Cooper, November 2, 1822: "While in Boston Unitarianism has advanced to great strength, with interchange of sectarian pulpits, in Rhode Island no sectarian preacher will permit an Unitarian to pollute his desk. In Richmond there is much fanaticism; in Charlottesville there is a good degree of religion, with a small spice of fanaticism. We have four sects, but no church or meeting house, except the court house, which is the common temple—one Sunday in the month to each, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, where all meet together, join in hymning their Maker, listen with attention and devotion to each other's preachers, and all mix in society with perfect harmony. The ambition and tyranny of the Presbyterians would tolerate no rival if they had power. Systematical in grasping at the ascendency over all other sects, they aim, like the Jesuits, at engrossing the education of the country, are hostile and jealous of different institutions unless under their control. The diffusion of instruction and progress of Unitarianism are the remedies to this fever of fanaticism. In our University you know there is no professorship of Divinity. A handle has been made of this, to disseminate an idea that this is an institution, not merely of no religion, but

against all religion. To offset this our Visitors suggest that each sect establish its own independent professorship (seminary), on the confines of the University deriving therefrom all possible advantages of the higher sciences, etc. I think the invitation will be accepted by some sects from candid intentions, and by others from jealousy and rivalship. And by bringing the sects together, and mixing them with the mass of other students, we shall soften their asperities, liberalize and neutralize their prejudices, and make the general religion, a religion of peace, reason and morality. The opening of our University is uncertain. All the pavilions, boarding houses and dormitories are finished, nothing wanting except the Rotunda, for whose construction we have no funds. I have heard with regret of disturbances among your students. The article of discipline is the most difficult in American education. Premature ideas of independence, too little repressed by parents, beget a spirit of insubordination, which is the great obstacle to science with us, and a principal cause of its delay since the Revolution. I look to it with dismay in our institution, as a breaker ahead, which I am far from being confident we shall be able to weather. The advance of age, and tardy pace of the public patronage, may probably spare me the pain of witnessing consequences."

In a letter a few weeks later, December 8th, to James Smith, upon religious belief, he wrote: "The Athanasian paradox that one is three, and three but one, is so incomprehensible to the human mind, that no candid man can say he has any idea of it, and how can he believe what presents no idea? He who thinks he does, only deceives himself. He proves, also, that man, once surrendering his reason, has no remaining guard against absurdities the most monstrous, and like a ship without a rudder, is the sport of the wind. With such persons, gullibility, which they call faith, takes the helm from the hand of reason, and the mind becomes a wreck. While I claim a right to believe in one God, if so my reason tells me, I yield as freely to others that of believing in three. Both religions, I find, make honest men, and that is the only point society has any right to look to. I take no part in controversies, religious or political."

The report of the Visitors to the President and Directors

of the Literary Fund (November 1822) stated that all the buildings had been completed, except the library—to cost forty-seven thousand dollars; that it had been decided as best to postpone the opening until all building was finished, for then the whole income will be absorbed in salaries and current expenses. Mr. Jefferson discussed the financial difficulties and the religious attitude of the University, suggesting as a remedy for the lack of specific religious instruction, that the denominations "establish their religious schools on the confines of the University, thus giving to their students ready and convenient access and attendance on the scientific lectures of the University; and to maintain, by that means, those destined for the religious profession on as high a standing of science, and of personal weight and respectability, as may be obtained by others from the benefits of the University. To such propositions the Visitors are prepared to lend a willing ear and to give every encouragement to these schools, and every facility of access and attendance to their students, the schools being independent of the University and of each other." This very wise suggestion was never taken seriously, as the denominational institutions have all remained where originally established, or been located elsewhere. The report further showed that two hundred thousand dollars had been expended so far, with a deficit of twenty-seven thousand dollars.

Mr. Jefferson wrote Gallatin, October 29 (1822): "Our University of Virginia, my present hobby, has been at a stand for twelve-month past for want of funds. Our last Legislature refused anything. The last elections give better hopes of the next. The institution is so far advanced that it will force itself through. So little is now wanting that the first liberal Legislature will give it its last life."

Cabell suggested, December 23rd: "That he be authorized to ask the Legislature for fifty thousand dollars to build the library, as a loan out of the surplus capital on hand, and to put the whole University debt—one hundred and seventy thousand dollars—under the operation of the sinking fund. This is manly and dignified legislation, and if we fail, the blame will not be ours. The public mind seems impatient for a commencement of the operations of the institution."

Mr. Jefferson replied, December 28th: "Of all things the

most important is the completion of the buildings. The remission of the debt will come of itself. It is already remitted in the minds of every man, even of the enemies of the institution. The great object of our aim from the beginning has been to make the establishment the most eminent in the United States, to draw the youth of every State, especially those of the South and West. We have proposed, therefore, to call to it characters of the first order of science from Europe, as well as our own country. Had we built a barn for a college, and log huts for accommodations, should we ever have had the assurance to propose to an European professor of that character to come to it? Why give up this important idea, when so near its accomplishment that a single lift more effects it? The opening of the institution in a half-state of readiness, would be the most fatal step which could be adopted. A single sum of sixty thousand dollars is wanting. If we cannot get it now, we will another or another trial. Courage and patience is the watchword. Delay is an evil which will pass; despair loses all. Let us never give back. The thing will carry itself, and with firmness and perseverance we shall place our country (State) on its high station, and we shall receive for it the blessings of posterity. I think your idea of a loan, and placing it on the sinking fund, an excellent one. We are safe in saying that another loan of sixty thousand dollars will place us beyond the risk of our needing to ask another dollar on that account."

Cabell wrote two days later, December 30th: "It gives me heartfelt pleasure to inform you that the intelligent members generally express the opinion that the institution should be finished. This confirms the propriety of the course we have taken." And again, January 9 (1823): "I am happy to inform you that our prospects are now very favorable. Everything is understood; everything is arranged. The report I am told, will have a very happy effect. The institution is gaining greatly in the South and to the East, and indeed everywhere. The prints of the University will be brought up rapidly." Mr. Jefferson wrote, January 13, 1823: "The local academies should be left to private enterprise, but primary schools might be looked after. Were it necessary to give up either the Primaries or the University, I would rather abandon

the last, because it is safer to have a whole people respectably enlightened, than a few in a high state of science, and the many in ignorance. This last is the most dangerous state in which a nation can be. The nations and governments of Europe are so many proofs of it."

Cabell replied, January 23rd: "Our most prudent course, at this time, is to neither enter into alliance or make war upon the academies and primary schools. Politeness to all, interference with none, and devotion to our object, constitute the policy that ought, in my opinion, to govern the course of the friends of the University."

Mr. Jefferson replied, January 28th: "Your letter has converted me entirely—we need take no part for or against either the academies or schools."

Cabell wrote, February 3rd: "There is now no doubt of the success of our Loan Bill. I earnestly hope that this loan will finish the buildings. We must never come here again for money to erect buildings. The Proctor's account has produced capital effect, as the Legislature was much pleased to see the public money so accurately accounted for, and so faithfully applied. I think also that your suggestion respecting the religious sects has had great influence. It is the Franklin that has drawn the lightning from the cloud of opposition." And again, February 5th: "I have now the satisfaction to enclose you a copy of the act concerning the University, which has this moment passed the Senate, and is now the law of the land. I am now casting about to see if we can cancel the bonds. The best interests of the institution require that we should come here no more for money for buildings; some say their patience is threadbare on the subject. The Hampden-Sidney interest was opposed to us, as was that of William and Mary, but the latter has sensibly diminished. We hear nothing of the Washington College interest." And again, February 26th: "A strong and general wish prevails that we should finish the buildings with the third loan. If we do this, I think all will ultimately succeed. I think the enemy is ready to strike his colors."

Mr. Jefferson wrote, March 12th: "The Proctor has been authorized to engage the work of the Rotunda, and have it commenced immediately. It will be completed as far as the

funds may go, and not delay the opening of the institution. The work will occupy three years." Cabell replied, March 24th: "I approve the engaging for the hull of the library. There is a powerful party in this State, with whom it is almost a passport to reputation to condemn the plan and management of the University. Perhaps this may be the natural result of old political conflicts (Federalists). When asked concerning books and apparatus, he had replied: that it would certainly be good policy in the Legislature to grant occasional aids toward those objects; but that the institution could go into operation and flourish without them. I think it would be both politic and proper to ask the Legislature to anticipate on a loan that portion of the tuition fees which was to be set aside for those objects."

Mr. Jefferson wrote Judge Johnson, June 12 (1823): "The original objects of the Federalists were: 1. To warp our government more to the form and principles of monarchy; 2. To weaken the barriers of the State Governments as co-ordinate powers. I have been blamed for saying that a prevalence of the doctrines of consolidation would one day call for reformation or revolution. I answer by asking, if a single State would have agreed to the constitution, had it given all powers to the General Government? If the whole opposition to it did not proceed from the jealousy and fear of every State, of being subjected to the other States in matters nearly its own? And if there is any reason to believe the States more disposed now than then, to acquiesce in this general surrender of all their rights and powers to consolidated government, one and undivided? The capital and leading object of the constitution was, to leave with the States all authorities which respected their own citizens only, and to transfer to the United States those which respected citizens of foreign or other States; to make us several as to ourselves, but one as to all others."

Upon the same subject he wrote Cartwright: "The one is the domestic, the other the foreign branch of the same government; neither having control over the other, but within its own department. If the two departments should claim each the same subjects of power, in cases of little importance or urgency the prudence of both parties will keep them aloof

from the questionable ground, but if it can neither be avoided or compromised, a convention of the States must be called, to ascribe the doubtful power to that department which they may think best. Our constitution is yet imperfect. I do not think one generation can bind another, and all others, in succession forever. The Creator has made the earth for the living, not the dead. Rights and powers can only belong to persons, not to things, not to mere matter, unendowed with will. The dead are not even things. The particles of matter which compose their bodies, make part now of the bodies of other animals, vegetables, or minerals, of a thousand forms. To what then are attached the rights and powers they held while in the form of man? A generation may bind itself as long as its majority continues in life; when that has disappeared, another majority is in place, holds all the rights and powers their predecessors once held, and may change their laws and institutions to suit themselves. Nothing then is unchangeable but inherent and unalienable rights of man."

The report of the Visitors, October 6, 1823, stated: That the library building was then ready for the roof, but it will be allowed to settle and dry until the ensuing season. All the other buildings are now in perfect readiness for putting the institution into operation, and this might be done at the close of the ensuing year, 1824, were its funds liberated from their present incumbrances, but these remove the epoch to a very distant time—as the loan could not be extinguished for twenty-five years.

Mr. Jefferson wrote Adams, October 12th: " Crippled wrists and fingers make writing slow and laborious. But while writing to you, I lose the sense of these things in the recollection of antient times, when youth and health made happiness out of everything. I forget for a while the hoary winter of age, when we can think of nothing but how to keep ourselves warm, and how to get rid of our heavy hours until the friendly hand of death shall rid us of all at once. Against this *tedium vitas,* however, I am fortunately mounted on a hobby, which, indeed, I should have better managed some thirty or forty years ago; but whose easy amble is still sufficient to give exercise and amusement to an octogenary rider. This is the establishment of a University, on a scale more comprehensive,

and in a country more healthy and central than our William and Mary, which these obstacles have long kept in a state of langor and inefficiency. But the tardiness with which such works proceed, may render it doubtful whether I shall live to see it go into action. It would be strange indeed, if, at our years, we were to go an age back to hunt up imaginary or forgotten facts, to disturb the repose of affections so sweetening to the evening of our lives. Be assured, my dear Sir, that I am incapable of receiving the slightest impression from the effort now made to plant thorns on the pillow of age, worth and wisdom, and to sow tares between friends who have been such for near half a century."

Mr. Jefferson a week later, October 24th, wrote President Monroe: "The question presented by the letters you have sent me, is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence. That made us a nation, this sets our compass and points our course. Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves with the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own"—Monroe Doctrine, but better, Jefferson-Monroe Doctrine. "Great Britain can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth, and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her we must cherish a cordial friendship. I candidly confess, that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States. I have been so long weaned from political subjects, and have so long ceased to take any interest in them, that I am sensible I am not qualified to offer opinions on them worthy of any attention. But this question involves consequences so lasting, and effects so decisive of our future destinies, as to re-kindle all the interest I have heretofore felt on such occasions, and to induce me to the hazard of opinions, which will prove only my wish to contribute still my mite towards anything which may be useful to our country."

Mr. Jefferson wrote Lafayette, November 4th: "Whether the state of society in Europe can bear a republican government, I doubted, you know, when with you, and I do now. A

limited hereditary chief, the right of war vested in the legislative body, a rigid economy of the public contributions, and absolute interdiction of all useless expenses, will go far towards keeping the government honest and unoppressive. But the only security of all, is in a free press. On the eclipse of Federalism with us, although not its extinction, its leaders got up the Missouri question (Compromise), under the false front of lessening slavery, but with the real view of producing a geographical division of parties, which might insure them the next President. However, the line of division now, is the preservation of State rights as reserved in the Constitution, or by strained constructions of that instrument, to merge all into a consolidated government. After much sickness, and the accident of a broken and disabled arm, I am again in tolerable health, but extremely debilitated, so as to be scarcely able to walk into my garden. The habitude of age, too, and extinguishment of interest in the things around me, are weaning me from them, and dispose me with cheerfulness to resign them to the existing generation, satisfied that the daily advance of science will enable them to administer the commonwealth with increased wisdom."

Cabell wrote, November 22 (1823), regretting his inability to go to Europe for Professors, as Mr. Jefferson wished—a mission afterwards filled by Francis W. Gilmer—but added, "I will continue my best endeavors to co-operate with you in the State, and for that purpose I hope I shall be able to remain in the Legislature." And again, December 3rd: "I am here (Richmond) to join the band of steadfast patriots engaged in the holy cause of the University. As far as I can learn, the public sentiment is decidedly in favor of removing the debt." And again, January 26, 1824: "The University Bill, liberating her funds from the charged incumbrances, is now before the Senate and will be acted on in a day or two. We gained a great victory. The bill is worth ten thousand and eight hundred dollars per annum to the University. We can get no more money for building this year."

Mr. Jefferson wrote Jared Sparks, February 4 (1824): "The article on the African colonization of the people of color, to whom you invite my attention, I have read with great consideration. To fulfil this object, the colony of Sierra Le-

University—West Lawn Arcade
(Looking northward)

CLEVELAND

one promises well, and that of Mesurado adds to our prospect of success. They now number one million and a half, and their estimated value as property (for actual property has been lawfully invested in that form, and who can lawfully take it from the possessors?), at two hundred dollars each, would be six hundred millions of dollars, and to this transportation, maintenance, industrial implements, etc., would amount to three hundred millions more, making thirty-six millions of dollars a year for twenty-five years. This with insurance of peace all that time, renders the question impractical. There is, I think, a way in which it can be done; that is, by emancipating the after born, leaving them, on due compensation, with their mothers, until their services are worth their maintenance, and then putting them to industrious occupations, until a proper age for deportation. This was the result of my reflections on the subject five and forty years ago, and I have never yet been able to conceive any other practical plan. The estimated value of the new-born infant is so low (twelve dollars and fifty cents), that it would probably be yielded by the owner gratis, thus reducing the initial cost to thirty-seven millions and a half, leaving only the expenses of nourishment while with the mother, and of transportation. In this way no violation of private rights is proposed. I do not go into all the details of the burthens and benefits of this operation. And who could estimate its blessed effects? I leave this to those who will live to see their accomplishment, and to enjoy a beatitude forbidden to my age. But I leave it with this admonition, to rise and be doing. A million and a half were within their control; but six millions (which a majority of those now living will see them attain), and one million of these fighting men, will say—*we will not go.*

Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson, February 19th: "That the House of Delegates had rechartered the Farmers' Bank without demanding a bonus, which I propose from the Senate shall be fifty thousand dollars—the amount we need for our library (books) and apparatus. As a fact we have been compelled to accept an equivalent out of the balance of the debt due from the Government. Never have I known so obstinate a struggle between the two Houses of Assembly. It is very important that we should succeed at Washington. We have

exhausted the favor of the Assembly, and we must not ask for a cent at the next session; if we do, we shall be turned off by a large majority. One line from yourself and Mr. Madison will do more than all the members of the Assembly could say on this subject." Cabell went to Washington and placed the cause, in a lucid letter, before the President, and while barren of immediate results it no doubt influenced the future action. Mr. Jefferson wrote Martin Van Buren, June 29 (1824): "I have to thank you for Mr. Pickering's elaborate philippic against Mr. Adams, Gerry, Smith and myself. I could not have believed that for so many years, and to such a period of advanced age, he could have nourished passions so vehement and viperous. As to myself, there never had been anything personal between us, nothing but the general opposition of party sentiment; and our personal intercourse had been that of urbanity, as himself says. He arraigns my actions, motives, such as the great majority of my fellow citizens have approved. The approbation of Mr. Pickering, and those who thought with him, I had no right to expect. My motives he ascribes to hypocrisy, to ambition, and a passion for popularity. Of these the world must judge between us. It is no office of his or mine. To that tribunal I have ever submitted my actions and motives, without ransacking the Union for certificates, letters, journals and gossiping tales, to justify myself and weary them. Nor shall I do this on the present occasion, but leave still to them these antionated party diatribes, now newly revamped and paraded, as if they had not been already a thousand times repeated, refuted, and adjudged against him, by the nation itself. If no action is to be deemed virtuous for which malice can imagine a sinister motive, then there never was a virtuous action, not even in the life of our Savior himself. But he has taught us to judge the tree by its fruit, and to leave motives to him who can alone see into them. Washington lived too short a time after, and too much withdrawn from information, to correct the views into which he had been deluded; and the continued assiduities of the party drew him into the vortex of their intemperate career; separated him still farther from his real friends, and excited him to actions and expressions of dissatisfaction, which grieves them, but could not loosen their affections for him. They would not

suffer the temporary aberration to weigh against the immeasurable merits of his life; and although they tumbled his seducers from their places, they preserved his memory embalmed, in entire oblivion of every temporary thing which might cloud the glories of his splendid life. It is vain then, for Mr. Pickering and his friends to endeavor to falsify his character, by representing him an enemy to republicans and republican principles, and exclusively the friend of those who were so; and had he lived longer, he would have returned to his antient and unbiassed opinions, would have replaced his confidence in those whom the people approved and supported, and would have seen that they were only restoring and acting on the principles of his own first administration."

At the next meeting of the Visitors, October 5 (1824), owing to insufficient funds it was determined to institute eight rather than ten professorships—ancient languages, modern languages, mathematics, natural philosophy, natural history, anatomy and medicine, moral philosophy, law—and the report mentioned the reason for seeking some of the professors from Europe, and that Francis W. Gilmer was already on his way across for that purpose, whose mission, if successful, would admit of the University opening February 1, 1825. Practically the buildings now were finished, and in readiness for the teaching equipment, professors and students, and presented, as an entirety, a most magnificent group—in our country the first evidence in college or university construction in keeping with harmonious architectural designs. These in the writer's day, so far as the central academic village was concerned, existed as though just from Mr. Jefferson's hands, for they had neither received nor taken to themselves anything except the necessary minor repairs incident to age and usage. It is true additions had been made to the University accommodations, but upon out-lying hills and points that in no way interfered with the sacredness of the originally constructed group. Professor Herbert B. Adams beautifully recounts his own sense of surprise and admiration of them in the following words: "A visitor, pacing slowly through those monastic colonnades extending along two sides of the great quadrangle campus of the University of Virginia will receive a strange variety of impressions from the extraordinary archi-

tectural combinations which greet his wandering eyes. The arcades themselves, from which open directly the single chambered rooms of the students, remind one of cloistered walks in some ancient monastery. These student-rooms are like monkish cells. But what wonderful façades are those which front the professors' houses or pavilions! They reproduce classic styles of architecture. The shadows of remote antiquity are cast upon those beautiful grassy lawns which form the campus, or, shall we say the *campo santo,* of the University of Virginia. From Mr. Jefferson's drawings we learn, what is now well-nigh forgotten, that these varying types of classic architecture were copied from well-known Roman buildings, pictured by A. Palladio, in his great work of four volumes, on architecture: Thus of the pavilions on West Lawn, the first (Gildersleeve's, Page's) typifies, The Doric of Diocletian's Baths—Chambray; the second (Harrison's)—Corinthian of Palladio; the third (Smith's)—Palladio's Ionic order with modillions; the fourth (Boeck's, N. K. Davis')—Doric of Palladio; the fifth (McGuffey's, Peters')—Ionic of Temple of Fortuna Virilis, while those on East Lawn, the first (Cabell's)—Ionic of Fortuna Virilis; the second (DeVere's)—Doric of Albano; the third (Holmes')—Ionic of the Theater of Marcellus; the fourth (J. S. Davis')—Corinthian, Diocletian's Baths; the fifth (Minor's)—Doric of the Theater of Marcellus. At the upper or northern end of the quadrangle, stands the Rotunda, a fac-simile of the Roman Pantheon, the temple of all the gods, reduced to one-third its original size, but still majestic and imposing. This building upon which Mr. Jefferson spent almost as much pains as Michael Angelo did upon the dome of St. Peters, comprises the library and various lecture halls. Young people dance merrily under that stately dome at the end of the academic year. The young monks thus escape from their cells into the modern social world. How charmingly old Rome, mediæval Europe, and modern America blend together before the very eyes of young Virginia! There is a manifest unity in Jefferson's institutional creation, and yet a reflecting student cannot fail to see that there is an interesting historical background to this beautiful picture. In the material structure of the University of Virginia there is much to remind the traveler of Old World forms, and in the documentary history

of the institution itself there are many indications of European influence upon the mind of Mr. Jefferson.

These things have greatly interested me, and they may not be unworthy of the attention of friends of American educational history, in which so little work has been done, especially in the Southern States. The formative influences which entered into the making of the University of Virginia are doubtless more numerous than those described in this monograph; but Mr. Jefferson was the master and controller of them all. It is no detraction from his individual power of origination to open the volume of his large experience in the world, and to point out here and there his connection with men and things that shaped his purpose to its noble end. Instead of evolving the University of Virginia entirely out of his own inner consciousness, Mr. Jefferson combined, in an original and independent creation, the result of academic training, philosophical culture, foreign travel, wide observation, and of an extensive correspondence with the most illustrious educators of his time. His intelligent study of Old World institutions prepared him to devise something new for Virginia and America. How the idea of one man became the sovereign will of the State, after a struggle of fifty years for the higher education, is an instructive study, affording grounds for encouragement in these modern days."

Had Mr. Jefferson only lived a few years longer he would have experienced a mingled feeling of pleasure and sorrow —at seeing the immense popularity of his favorite child overtaxing her capacity in supplying hungry youth of his beloved land with educational food. Indeed, it is curious to speculate upon what would have been his plans of extension—that which his immediate successors found a necessity in both dormitories and teaching equipment. But, under the wearying struggle for existence that had followed her very inception, action was deferred many years beyond the demand—until finally a spirit of growth was inaugurated that has been continuous with the years and this result: Public Hall (1851-53), Parsonage (1854-55), Monroe Hill (1854), Temperance Hall (1855-56), Infirmary (1857), Carr's Hill (1858), Dawson's Row—six buildings, known as "A," "B," "C," "D," "E," "F," each of two-story and eight rooms (1859), Professor Mallet's

Residence and Chemical Laboratory (1868-69), Lewis Brooks Museum (1875-77), Observatory (1882), University Chapel (1883-85), New Med Hall (1886), Dispensary (1892), Fayerweather Gymnasium (1892-93), Academic Building, Mechanical Laboratory, Rouss Physical Laboratory and Restored Rotunda (1896-98), Randall Dormitory (1899), Hospital (1900-05-08), Madison Hall (1905), Refectory (1907), President's Residence (1908).

Mr. Jefferson, December 22, 1824, informed Cabell of the safe arrival of Professors Blaetterman (modern languages) and Long (ancient languages), and three weeks later, January 11, 1825, wrote: "We are dreadfully non-plussed here by the non-arrival of our other three professors. We apprehend that the idea of our opening on February 1st, prevails so much abroad (although we have always mentioned it doubtfully), as that the students will assemble on that day without awaiting the further notice which was promised. In your letter, December 31st, you say my 'hand writing and letters have great effect there (Richmond). I am sensible, my dear Sir, of the kindness with which this encouragement is held up to me. But my views of their effect are very different. When I retired from the administration of public affairs, I thought I saw some evidence that I retired with a good degree of public favor, and that my conduct in office had been considered, by the one party, at least, with approbation, and with acquiescence by the other. But the attempt in which I have embarked so earnestly, to procure an improvement in the moral condition of my native State, although, perhaps, in other States it may have strengthened good disposition, it has assuredly weakened them within our own. The attempt ran foul of so many local interests, of so many personal views, and so much ignorance, and I have been considered as so particularly its promoter, that I see evidently a great change of sentiment towards myself. I cannot doubt its having dissatisfied with myself a respectable minority, if not a majority of the House of Delegates. I feel it deeply, and very discouragingly. Yet I shall not give way. I have ever found in my progress through life, that, acting for the public, if we do always what is right, the approbation denied in the beginning will surely follow us in the end. It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the services we are making for their service, of time, quiet and good will.

And I fear not the appeal. The multitude of fine young men whom we shall redeem from ignorance, who will feel that they owe to us the elevation of mind, of character and station they will be able to attain from the result of our efforts, will insure their remembering us with gratitude. We will not, then, be 'weary in well doing'—*Usque ad aras amicus tuus.*"

At this session of the Legislature many members favored the removal of William and Mary College to Richmond, but the friends of the University, realizing it might become a formidable rival when nearer and under organization, fought the scheme to its bitter death. In order to further antagonize this sentiment Cabell wrote, January 16th, requesting Mr. Jefferson to draw a bill in conformity with his previous suggestion —dividing the funds of the College—" and send it as quickly as possible by the mail."

Mr. Jefferson a week later, January 22nd, forwarded the requested bill " most hastily drawn," whose receipt Cabell acknowledged at once, saying: " It will be a powerful instrument in our hands." The bill, however, was never offered, as by February 7th, the scheme had lost nearly all of its supporters.

Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson, January 30th, expressing relief over the fact of the " Competitor," bearing the three English professors, was still at Plymouth on December 5th, thus relieving the apprehension of the delay being due to storms at sea and the possibility of all being lost. And again, February 18th, he wrote: " Professors Bonnycastle, Dunglison and Key have arrived, and will leave at once for Charlottesville."

During the few preceding months Mr. Jefferson and Cabell were much concerned about selecting the domestic professors —the latter writing the former: " Mr. Gilmer (Francis W.) has a third time declined the law chair, and it might be wise for you to inquire into the qualifications of Chancellor Tucker (Henry St. George)"—who finally accepted the position in 1840.

Mr. Jefferson thought the selection of text-books should be left to the professors, " but we are the best judges of the one branch—government—in which heresies may be taught of so interesting a character to our own State and Country as to make it our duty to lay down the principles to be taught. We

must guard against the dissemination of the principles of quondam federalism, now consolidation, among our youth, and the diffusion of that poison, by a previous prescription of the texts to be followed in their discussion." Even Madison objected to chaining up a professor to one set of books, preferring to secure an "orthodox man and give him free rein." But Mr. Jefferson insisted that the professor of Constitutional Law must be one wedded to republican principles, who would expound the Constitution according to its writer's (Madison) interpretation—that concurred in by the State Legislature and most Virginians. Cabell also shared this view, and in its observance, early in 1824, wrote Mr. Jefferson suggesting his nephew, Chancellor Carr, as the ideal professor of Law. To this Mr. Jefferson replied in a tone, from the standpoint of this generation, that may seem very remarkable: "In the course of my trusts I have exercised through life with powers of appointment, I can say with truth, and with unspeakable comfort, that I never did appoint a relation to office, and that merely because I never saw the case in which some one did not offer, or occur, better qualified; and I have the most unlimited confidence, that in the appointment of professors to our nursling institution, every individual of my associates will look with a single eye to the sublimation of its character, and adopt, as our sacred motto, *detur digniori.*' In this way it will honor us, and bless our country."

Late in February (1825) Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson: "It is now of the utmost importance that we should succeed at Washington, as by the rejection of the College measure we have added some very strong and active enemies to the opposition."

The University was opened, without special formality, March 7, 1825, having in attendance sixty-eight students, which increased to about one hundred during the year. Gilmer, much to the delight of all University friends, finally expressed a willingness to accept the chair of Law, and was appointed to the same, August 19th. Mr. Jefferson, owing to personal indisposition, invited the Visitors to meet, October 2-3rd, at his home, Monticello, where all business was transacted and afterwards attested *pro forma* by a ride to the University. This meeting gave rise to the first report after the opening of the

institution—the last written and submitted by Mr. Jefferson —and dealt largely with its opening together with the several initiative professors: Long (ancient languages), Blaetterman (modern languages), Key (mathematics), Bonnycastle (natural philosophy), Dunglison (anatomy and medicine), Tucker (moral philosophy) and Emmet (natural history), who was a couple weeks late in arriving. Gilmer (law) did not accept his position until August 1st, and owing to serious sickness and death never assumed duties, being succeeded by Lomax, who entered the Faculty shortly after the beginning of the second session.

On October 1st, the matriculants had increased to one hundred and sixteen, and at the beginning of the second session, February 1, 1826, all dormitory accommodations—two hundred and eighteen—were expected to be filled. The report also noted progress on the Rotunda and Anatomical Hall, commented upon student discipline and government, and, under Mr. Jefferson's signature, concluded thus: "We have thought it peculiarly requisite to leave to the civil magistrate the restraint and punishment of all offences which come within the ordinary cognizance of the laws. At the age of sixteen, the earliest period of admission into the University, habits of obedience to the laws become a proper part of education and practice; the minor provisions and irregularities alone, unnoticed by the laws of the land, are the peculiar subjects of academic authority. No system of these provisions has ever yet prevented all disorder. Those first provided by this Board were founded on the principles of avoiding too much government, of not multiplying occasions of coercion, by erecting indifferent actions into things of offense, and for leaving room to the student for habitually exercising his own discretion; but experience has already proved that stricter provisions are necessary for the preservation of order; that coercion must be resorted to where confidence has been disappointed. We have, accordingly, at the present session, considerably amended and enlarged the scope of our former system of regulations, and we shall proceed in the duties of tightening or relaxing the reins of government, as experience shall instruct us, in the progress of the institution; and we are not certain that the further aid of the Legislature itself will not be necessary to

enable the authorities of the institution to interpose, in some cases, with more promptitude, energy, and effect than is permitted by the laws as they stand at present."

Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson, December 7, 1825: "I think the character of the University has risen exceedingly in the public estimation since the new regulations were adopted. From the short and hasty view which I have taken of the scene of legislation, I am of the opinion that we may obtain, at this session, the money necessary to finish the buildings. If others will not ask for it, I will do it myself."

University—East Range
(Looking northward)

CHAPTER VII

THOMAS JEFFERSON—DEFENDER OF "EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL MEN"

Mr. Jefferson's letter to Giles; defense against letter in *Enquirer,* by "American Citizen"; letter to Madison concerning financial embarrassment; Cabell's continued efforts in the Legislature for education; Mr. Jefferson's letter to the President, John Quincy Adams; last visit to the University; letter to Weightman; final week, and death; Madison's letter of condolence; funeral and burial; Andrew K. Smith's letter recounting his student days and recollection of Mr. Jefferson's sickness and interment; reflections upon Mr. Jefferson's life and abilities.

MR. JEFFERSON wrote Giles, December 25, 1825: "Far advanced in my eighty-third year, worn down with infirmities which have confined me almost entirely to the house for seven or eight months past, it afflicts me much to receive appeals to my memory, now almost blank, for transactions so far back as that which is the subject of your letter. However, I remember well the interview with Mr. Adams; not, indeed, in the very words which passed between us, but in their substance, which was of a character too awful, too deeply engraved in my mind, and influencing too materially the course I had to pursue, ever to be forgotten. He called on me pending the embargo to further its appeal, stating that he had information, that certain citizens of the eastern States were in negotiation with agents of the British government, in order to effect an agreement that the New England States should take no further part in the war then going on; that without formally declaring their separation from the Union of the States, they should withdraw from all aid and obedience to them; that their navigation and commerce should be free from restraint and interruption by the British; that they should be considered and treated by them as neutrals, and as such might conduct themselves towards both parties; and at the close of the war, be at liberty to join the confederacy." And again on the following day he wrote Giles: "I see, as you do, and with the deepest affliction, the rapid strides with which the federal

branch of our Government is advancing towards the usurpation of all the rights reserved to the States, and the consolidation in itself of all powers, foreign and domestic; and that too, by constructions which, if legitimate, leave no limit to their power. Under the power to regulate commerce, they assume indefinitely that also over agriculture and manufactures, and call it regulation to take the earnings of one of these branches of industry, and that too, the most depressed, and put them into the pockets of the other, the most flourishing of all. And what is the resource for the preservation of the Constitution? Reason and argument? You might as well reason and argue with the marble columns encircling them. Are we then to stand to our arms, with the hot-headed Georgian? No. That must be the last resource, not to be thought of until much longer and greater suffering. We must have patience and longer endurance then with our brethren while under delusion; give them time for reflection and experience of consequences; keep ourselves in a situation to profit by the chapter of accidents; and separate from our companions only when the sole alternatives left, are the dissolution of our Union with them, or submission to a government without limitation of powers. But this opens with a vast accession of strength from their younger recruits, who, having nothing in them of the feelings or principles of '76, now look to a single and splendid government of an aristocracy, founded on banking institutions, and monied incorporations under the guise and cloak of their favored branches of manufactures, commerce and navigation, riding and ruling over the plundered ploughman and beggared yeomanry. This will be to them a next best blessing to the monarchy of their first aim, and perhaps the surest stepping stone to it. I learn with great satisfaction that your school is thriving well, and that you have at its head a truly classical scholar. He is one of three or four whom I can hear of in our State. We were obliged last year to receive shameful Latinists into the classical school of the University; such as we will certainly refuse as soon as we can get from better schools a sufficiency of those properly instructed to form a class. We must get rid of this Connecticut Latin, of the barbarous confusion of long and short syllables, which renders doubtful whether we are listening to a reader of Cherokee, Shawnee,

Iroquois, or what. Our University has been most fortunate in the five professors procured from England—a finer selection could not have been made. Besides their being of a grade of science which has left little superior behind, the correctness of their moral character, their accommodating dispositions, and zeal for the prosperity of the institution, leave us nothing more to wish. I verily believe that as high a degree of education can be obtained here as in the country they left. And a finer set of youths I never saw assembled for instruction. They committed some irregularities at first, until they learned the lawful length of their tether; since which it has never been transgressed in the smallest degree. A great proportion of them are severely devoted to study, and I fear not to say, that within twelve or fifteen years from this time, a majority of the rulers of our State will have been educated here. They shall carry hence the correct principles of our day, and you may count assuredly that they will exhibit their country in a degree of sound respectability it has never known, either in our day or those of our forefathers. I cannot live to see it. My joy must only be that of anticipation—you may see its full fruition, owing to the twenty years I am ahead of you in time."

Mr. Jefferson, February 7, 1826, wrote Cabell of his great mortification over the articles in the *Enquirer,* by "American Citizen," purporting a familiar talk at Monticello about his method of obtaining money from the Legislature—not in a lump sum, but in small amounts, and his jocose reply: "No one likes to have more than one hot potato at a time crammed down his throat. He makes me declare that I have intentionally proceeded in a course of dupery of our Legislature, teasing them, as he makes me say, for six or seven sessions for successive aids to the University, and asking a part only at a time, and intentionally concealing the ultimate cost, and gives an inexact statement of a story of Obrian. Now, our annual reports will show that we constantly gave full and candid accounts of the money expended, and statements of what might still be wanting, founded on the Proctor's estimates. No man ever heard me speak of the grants of the Legislature but with acknowledgments of their liberality, which I have always declared had gone far beyond what I could have expected in the beginning. Yet the letter writer has given to my expres-

sions an aspect disrespectful of the Legislature, and calculated to give them offence, which I do absolutely disavow."

In spite of this denial, the suggestion was so applicable, that many in a spirit of resentment, continued to hold it against Mr. Jefferson and the fortunes of the University—that which was very evident in the Legislature the remainder of that session. On February 17th, he wrote Madison: "Immediately on seeing the overwhelming vote of the House of Representatives against giving us another dollar, I rode to the University and desired Mr. Brockenbrough to engage in nothing new, to stop everything on hand which could be done without, and to employ all his force and funds in finishing the circular room for the books, and the Anatomical theater, both being indispensable. There have arrived twenty-five boxes of books from Paris, London and Germany, and must await until May their shelving. In the selection of our Law Professor, we must be rigorously attentive to his political principles. You will recollect, that before the Revolution, Coke Littleton was the universal elementary book of law students, and a sounder whig never wrote, nor of profounder learning in the orthodox doctrines of the British constitution, or in what were called English liberties. You remember also that our lawyers were then all whigs. But when his black-letter text, and uncouth but cunning learning got out of fashion, and the honied Mansfieldism of Blackstone became the students' hornbook, from that moment, that profession (the nursery of our Congress) began to slide into toryism, and nearly all the young brood of lawyers now are of that hue. They suppose themselves, indeed, to be whigs, because they no longer know what whigism or republicanism means. It is in our seminary that the vestal flame is to be kept alive; it is thence to be spread anew over our own and the sister States. If we are true and vigilant in our trust, within a dozen or twenty years a majority of our own legislature will be from our school, and many disciples will have carried its doctrines home with them in their several States, and will have leavened thus the whole mass.

"You will have seen in the newspapers some proceedings in the Legislature, which have cost me much mortification. My own debts had become considerable, but not beyond the effect

of some lopping of property, which would have been little felt, when our friend gave me the *coup de grace*. Ever since that I have been paying twelve hundred dollars a year interest on his debt, which, with my own, was absorbing so much of my annual income, as that the maintenance of my family was making deep and rapid inroads on my capital, and had already done it. Had crops and prices for several years been such as to maintain a steady competition of substantial bidders at market all would have been safe. If it is permitted in my case to sell my lands, etc., by lottery, those here alone will pay everything, and leave me Monticello and a farm free. If refused I must sell everything here, perhaps considerably in Bedford, move thither with my family, where I have not even a log hut to put my head into, and whether ground for burial, will depend on the depredations which under the form of sales, shall have been committed on my property. But why afflict you with these details? Indeed, I cannot tell, unless pains are lessened by communication with a friend. The friendship which has subsisted between us, now half a century, and the harmony of our political principles and pursuits, have been sources of constant happiness to me through that long period. And if I remove beyond the reach of attentions to the University, or beyond the bourne of life itself, as I soon must, it is a comfort to leave that institution under your care, and an assurance that it will not be wanting. It has also been a great solace to me, to believe that you are engaged in vindicating to posterity the course we have pursued for preserving to them, in all their purity, the blessings of self-government, which we had assisted too in acquiring for them. If ever the earth has beheld a system of administration conducted with a single and steadfast eye to the general interest and happiness of those committed to it, one which, protected by truth, can never know reproach, it is that to which our lives have been devoted. To myself you have been a pillar of support through life. Take care of me when dead, and be assured that I shall leave with you my last affections."

Cabell during the remainder of the legislative session (1825) was much interested in advancing Mr. Jefferson's bill of 1817-18, in so far as it pertained to intermediate education, or the establishment of nine Colleges. For these he thought the idea

of making the districts give the land very popular, "as then we can give twenty-five thousand dollars to the University, and a salary of five hundred dollars to each college. I like the idea of having one near the University, as a preparatory school."

All of this Mr. Jefferson heartily favored, writing, February 14th: "Wait not a moment, but drive at once the nail which you find will go." A week later, February 20th, Cabell wrote Mr. Jefferson, that the bill granting a lottery for the disposal of his property had passed, and that he himself had prepared an amendatory act relative to the Colleges, which he feared would not pass owing to the lateness of the session.

Mr. Jefferson, March 30th, wrote the President—John Quincy Adams: "I am thankful for the very interesting message and documents of which you have been so kind as to send me a copy, and will state my recollections as to the particular passage of the message to which you ask my attention. The stipulations making part of these instructions, which respected privateering, blockades, contraband, and freedom of the fisheries, were not original conceptions of mine, but of Dr. Franklin. I happened only to have been the inserter of them in the first public act which gave the formal sanction of a public authority. We accordingly proposed our treaties, containing these stipulations, to the principal governments of Europe."

Mr. Jefferson's last circular, April 21st, informed the Visitors that Mr. William Wert had declined the Presidency of the University, as well as the Professorship of Law, but that Mr. Lomax had accepted the latter and would begin instruction on July 1st.

From the issuance of this circular Mr. Jefferson only lived two and a half months, but, in spite of infirmities of age and sickness, he continued his frequent rides to the University, to within a few weeks of his death, in order to keep in touch with all matters, to see the professors, the proctor, the librarian, and the progress made on the Rotunda. The exterior of this was about completed, except its beautiful front portico, and upon this workmen were engaged actively all during the summer, so that when he made his final trip he slowly ascended the winding steps to the library floor, where he stood and

gazed through the center window—that which many of us students often repeated, after hearing from Mr. Wertenbaker the episode. It was here that Mr. Wertenbaker observed him watching the various mechanics and hastened to him from the library room with a chair which he accepted for nearly an hour, during which he witnessed the first marble capital lifted to the top of its pillar on the southwest corner. That accomplished, he journeyed home in contentment little conscious that he would never return. But the child was well-born, healthy, of the right material, and could thrive without its parent. He had nurtured it near unto maturity and had an abiding faith of it thriving in others' hands—bringing to himself abundant reward, to itself unbounded credit, and to the world imperishable light.

Mr. Jefferson wrote his last published letter, June 24th, to Mr. Weightman: "The kind invitation I received from you, on the part of the citizens of the city of Washington, to be present with them at their celebration on the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, as one of the surviving signers of that instrument pregnant with our own, and the fate of the world, is most flattering to myself, and heightened by the honorable accompaniment proposed for the comfort of such a journey. It adds sensibly to the sufferings of sickness, to be deprived by it of a personal participation in the rejoicings of that day. I would have been delighted to have met the remnant of that host of worthies, who joined with us on that day, in the bold and doubtful election we were to make for our country, between submission or the sword and to have enjoyed with them the consolatory fact, that our fellow citizens, after half a century of experience and prosperity, continue to approve the choice we made. May it be to the world, what I believe it will be (to some parts sooner, to others later, but finally to all), the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government. That form which we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with

saddles on their backs nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."

Mr. Jefferson passed away, Tuesday, July 4th, at 12.50 o'ck. P. M., having retained, until two hours previous, perfect consciousness. During the last few days he spoke freely of his approaching death, discussed and arranged as best he could all private affairs, and expressed anxiety for the prosperity of the University, which, however, he believed absolutely safe in the hands of Mr. Madison and the other Visitors. Pathetically he spoke of Mr. Madison's virtue, purity, wisdom, learning, and great abilities, and then stretching his head back on the pillow, with a sigh, exclaimed: "But oh! he could never in his life stand up against strenuous opposition." From youth on, they had resided in close proximity, visited frequently, consulted and advised each other, and enjoyed an unbroken friendship kindred to love. Several days after the sad event, Mr. Madison wrote a member of Mr. Jefferson's family: "But we are more than consoled by the assurance that he lives and will live in the memory and gratitude of the wise and good, as a luminary of science, as a votary of liberty, as a model of patriotism, and as a benefactor of the human kind. In these characters I have known him, and not less in the virtues and charms of social life, for a period of fifty years, during which there was not an interruption or diminution of mutual confidence and cordial friendship for a single moment in a single instance."

Mr. Jefferson was buried in the family graveyard between his wife and daughter Mary, while the eldest daughter, Martha, was placed ten years later at the head of these three graves.

Professor Tucker in his life of Mr. Jefferson states that: "The funeral was modest and unpretending as he had directed. It took place on the afternoon of the 5th. The day was rainy, and many from distant parts of the country, who might have been disposed to pay this last tribute of respect, were thereby prevented. The number, however, who did attend, was considerable."

An account of much greater detail came to my notice while a student, in the fall of 1875, shortly after the death of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, which I then took from *The Chronicle* (Charlottesville)—a paper I saw in those days

University—West Range Arcade
(Looking southward)

every week, and continued to subscribe to years afterwards. The article is headed, JEFFERSON, and is in part: "Mr. Andrew K. Smith, of the General Land Office, having noticed the death of Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, sends the *Washington Republican* the following interesting personal remembrances of the deceased and of Jefferson. They constitute a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day.

I well remember the last time I saw him, in the summer of 1826. He was then a tall, fine-looking person, about thirty-five years of age. It was at Monticello, the residence of his grandfather, the immortal Thomas Jefferson, and the singular circumstances attending the funeral of the latter is fresh in my memory. Nearly fifty years have elapsed since then, and the greater portion of those present at the burial having passed to their reward, I have thought I would give you and the readers of your valuable paper the benefit of the recollections of my younger days, should you think them worthy of publication. Mr. Jefferson had been for some time confined to his house, and about the 1st. of July, 1826, the sad news was brought to Charlottesville and the University of Virginia that Dr. Dunglison, professor of medicine at the University and Mr. Jefferson's family physician, had pronounced his case a hopeless one. You may imagine the grief of his old friends about Charlottesville who had known him from youth to old age, and of the students of the University, who truly admired and respected him as the Rector of their Alma Mater. On the 3rd of that month the doctor, having stated that his illustrious patient was calmly yet fast sinking, was importuned to try his skill to prolong his life at least until the next day, that he might see the sun rise upon the fiftieth anniversary of the day when he framed the Declaration of Independence. All was done that care and skill could do, but about 1 o'ck, P. M., on the 4th, while the cannons were booming around us, we were notified by the tolling of the courthouse bell, that the spirit of the author of the Declaration of Independence had taken its flight from its tenement of clay. The time for the funeral was fixed for 5 o'ck, P. M. 6th, and it was arranged that the procession should form on the courthouse square at 4 o'ck, but a difference of opinion arose as to

whether the citizens or the students were entitled to the right of the procession, and much time was lost, and several of us, becoming tired of the discussion, turned our horses' heads to the mountain. On arriving at the cemetery, we found that the coffin had been removed from the house and was resting on narrow planks placed across the grave, with a view of enabling the greater number expected to have a better opportunity of seeing it. Ex-Governor Thomas Mann Randolph, son-in-law of the deceased, stood at the head of the grave, and his son, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, at the foot. Soon after the Rev. Mr. Hatch, of the Episcopal Church, made his appearance, and, supposing they were waiting him, as is customary with the usage of that church, commenced the service at the gate of the cemetery, reading as he walked to the grave. Mr. Randolph, Sr. (who was not on good terms with Mr. Jefferson) thought it the duty of his son to inform the clergyman that they were awaiting the arrival of the citizens, professors, and students, and his son deeming it the duty of the father to do so, kept silent, and the services went on to the close of the same. The grave was filled up, and the thirty or forty persons who witnessed the interment started for home, and met the procession, numbering about fifteen hundred persons, coming up the mountain. They were sorely disappointed, and, in some cases angered at the report we made, and were only satisfied when the explanation was made the next day in the *Charlottesville Advocate*. Among the students present at the funeral, I recollect seeing Edgar Allan Poe, a high minded and honorable young man, though easily persuaded to his wrong; also Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, and Colonel John S. Preston, of South Carolina. I believe the last two persons are still alive."

Although this sketch of Mr. Jefferson is intended simply to outline the chief activities of his long and eventful life, especially emphasizing his connection with education and the University of Virginia, yet a few supplementary thoughts concerning his principles, his position, and his power upon mankind may even here be pardonable. For forty years he was in public service, measuring up beyond reasonable criticism to every expected duty, so that whether in the house of burgesses, continental congress, congress, executive mansion of

his State, minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, or President, the same concordant expression was universal, " well done, thou good and faithful servant." During this tenure of office he was in a continued process of evolution from one position to another—resigning some, declining others, always acting, as he conceived, for the best interest of his country and his people. Certainly he lived in the most crucial period of the Nation's history—its formative age—when wisdom, judgment, knowledge, foresight and hindsight were all needed, indeed imperative, for launching safely the new empire; when ignorance, superstition, intolerance, disorganization and dissatisfaction were at their height—from which happily we have ever since gradually and safely been drifting; when willing and capable hands were rare, and honorable purposes and enactments so likely to be perverted by the low and mercenary.

At every opportunity he strongly asserted himself for right, irrespective of those it hit or missed—sacrificing if necessary, though often with bitter pangs, friend and foe alike, that the general good might be served. He had pronounced views and convictions, those formed usually upon careful thought, reading, observation and comparison, but in spite of this he was neither dogmatic nor arrogant in opinion and action, as he was ready always to entertain, weigh-well and profit by the wisdom of others. Once convinced, however, he seldom changed —simply held quietly and firmly to his thoroughly digested conclusions. As such, he was ripe for the times and the times ripe for him, consequently he arose to be one of the strongest advocates for knowledge, religious harmony and toleration, universal supremacy of organization, reason, sense and justice, and in doing that, without any personal preference, became the leading champion of certain principles, and therefore the great target for those with whom he differed. By his acts and doctrines, both his defenders and defamers have endeavored seemingly to justify their relative positions; for his, like all systems of philosophy, contained slight ambiguities, sufficient to create in the willing mis-conceptions and mis-interpretations. It has been a century since he controlled the pulse of this great Republic, the period of his strongest influence—years that have carried poorly in sacred memory many of

the then reigning satellites—but as we look at him through this long vista little of his individuality seems to have been lost—"Thomas Jefferson still lives."

Why this lasting impress or perpetuity? Is it because he was a simple minded and ingenuous demagogue, with a superficial learning and philosophy, lacking sincereness and truthfulness, possessing a pusillanimous and morbid terror of popular censure and an insatiable thirst for popular praise? For all of these and much more his traducers have affirmed many times against him. "Be sure your sins will find you out," would never have missed an application to him, had he possessed the many claimed. As one of his worthy successors wisely said: "You can fool some people all the time, all the people some time, but never all the people all the time." Had he been the demon his enemies alleged, would not in life his popularity have waned rather than increased, and in death the plaudits of the intelligent world been withheld? Against his enemies he only said: "I have not considered them as abusing me: they have never known me. They have created an imaginary being clothed with odious attributes, to whom they have given my name; and it is against that creature of their imagination they have levelled their anathemas." Surely his recognition and following came not through an invincible tongue—he was no Demosthenes or Webster—for oratory was not his gift; he even could not make an effective speech, long or short, and never did; he was no loud talker, proclaiming his knowledge and dogmas whenever opportunity presented; nor was he a witty, facetious conversationalist that appeals to most persons. On the contrary he was serious, reserved and retiring, the very last of all to force opinions where and when unsought; nor was he imperious, self-centered, haughty or conceited—qualities that frequently count for something. He even neglected to accept all the honors due him, preferring to direct others discreetly in things he might easily have accomplished himself, thus permitting them to share the entire reward. Was he shrewd, smart, clever and bright in the sense we to-day usually apply those attributes, making good all in one's composition tending towards material profit? Did he live alone for self and the present, bending everything for his individual advantage and his immediate generation's

gain? Oh no! He was a man far removed from this, and, whatever may have been in the past, no careful and liberal student of to-day, in the light of accessible facts, can reach other than the one conclusion—that he was a man of exceptional learning and greatness, whose power and influence during our Nation's formative period stood second only to Washington's, whose will and word later in life took the first position, dominating absolutely political sentiment and principles, and whose creeds now, generations after death, furnish the most acceptable doctrines to the great majority, who gladly extol him as the greatest prophet of national government and wisest expounder of human rights the world has ever known.

But this was simply his political side, that through which the millions reckon his chief worth and merit—a side Mr. Jefferson never thought he possessed, for he did not consider himself a politician, but only an expounder and advocate of right and justice to all alike, preference and favor to none. Beyond this, however, stands in exceptional brightness his life-work for the general "diffusion of knowledge and religious toleration" throughout the land. Himself a free and liberal thinker, he felt it a humane duty to enlighten others to become likewise; himself educated, he desired all others to share the inestimable blessing, according to individual capacity and need, believing this latter the only key for unlocking the former. Thus he wrote, February 15, 1821: "Nobody can doubt my zeal for the general instruction of the people. Who first started that idea? I may surely say, myself. Turn to the bill, in the revised code, which I drew more than forty years ago, before which the idea of a plan for the education of the people, generally, had never been suggested in the State, and there you will see developed the first rudiments of the whole system of general education we are now urging and acting on."

Only think of the then prevailing indifference to the subject—that he should have labored passively for forty years to enlighten his people, with little or no effect, and actively another ten before, happily, he saw the dawn. And yet he was reconciled and satisfied in delay—for he had at last founded what he believed destined to become a great educational center—his cherished University.

Mr. Jefferson like most martyrs to a cause or creed—hoped against hope. Too sadly and seriously he realized the world's complement of conspirators, fools, hypocrites and knaves; that human nature was not exempt from duplicity, selfishness, ingratitude, vanity and treachery in their manifold forms and disguises; that even the sanctity of the church was perverted frequently in a service for individual gain; and that while our mental endowments indicate the highest type of God's creation—a likeness unto himself—yet our appetites, propensities and passions often remove us but slightly from the brute and lower animal forms. His only hope for a partial redemption of his people from these weaknesses, lay in education, religious and political freedom, and the domestic serenity of agricultural pursuits—aloof from congested multitudes, where vice, evil and immoral purposes have best opportunity to thrive. Thus he said: "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God." Our country, as well as others, seemingly at present inclines to move in the opposite direction—away from farm life to that of the city, to concentrate and combine in every line of industry, to make the small minority financial kings, the great majority indigent artisans and peasants, but in spite of this tendency the world is said to be growing better—certainly an anomaly, if Mr. Jefferson's doctrine be true. The fact is that his beliefs, hopes and predictions have not all been realized or verified, nor, it may be said with equal truth, have they had fair chance and trial. Thus he thought that twenty-four years of continuous Republican supremacy—administrations of himself, Madison and Monroe—and others most likely to follow in course of time, with their self-apparent benefits, would eclipse, and possibly destroy finally, the seeds of Federalism, provided the people, plain and otherwise, could through education—hence one of his great objects therefor—be made to understand and appreciate the ultimate and universal advantage centered in his political doctrines. From no fault of his, as history was his teacher, he failed to gauge our country aright, never conceiving the enormous strides it was destined to take within a single century—that only expected of a dozen or more. Nor had he the slightest conception that emigration would develop to any great proportions; or that

so many States would soon follow Virginia's example, only with increased liberality, in establishing each its own University; or that the wealth and resources of our country would quickly become so enormous as to justify many individuals endowing and creating private institutions with untold millions, only to prove formidable competitors of his own favorite child, teaching the very principles that enabled the accumulation of these fortunes, therefore their own existence—policies he so thoroughly detested and strove hard to combat.

No one can predict accurately the future of our country—whether its permanency, and the preservation of the spirit, "the greatest good to the greatest number," would have better been assured by moving slowly along conservative lines, in keeping with the past, present, and likely future of foreign nations known to Mr. Jefferson, from which he caught much of his inspiration and thought, or to have advanced rapidly and radically, as certainly we have, beyond the bounds of all precedent. Time alone will reveal and then only problematically. But "Thomas Jefferson still lives," in spite of some unpopular doctrines and erring judgment, and why? Chiefly because he was a great man, accomplished something for the benefit of mankind, and always endeavored intelligently to do right. Surely he possessed the highest manly attributes—ability, conviction, firmness, generosity, gentleness, honor, honesty, knowledge, kindness and sincereness; he championed a cause relentlessly whether the monetary consideration be for or against him personally; he devoted the very best energies of his entire life to the betterment of his country and people, whether under or out of salary, and in order that his undivided talents might aid in solving the most serious questions—those he considered infinitely of more importance than individual problems—he neglected personal affairs and consumed a private fortune, thus beginning rich and dying poor. A noble ambition and precept—one that in his case, as usual, produced a final aching void, but that seemingly with which he was perfectly satisfied, judging from his own words: "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices we are making for their service of time, quiet and good will, and I fear not the appeal." Is it more than the desert of every faithful and conscientious worker, having spent

a life in strengthening others and weakening one's self, to expect, nay crave, some slight recognition and gratitude in death, if not in life, from those directly and indirectly served? Is it surprising that, "having fought the good fight," he should say in his declining days: "Tranquility is the greatest good of life, and the strongest of our desires, that of dying in the good will of all mankind." These are only natural sentiments, by most persons concealed, sadly without realization—by Mr. Jefferson willingly expressed, gloriously realized.

With all of his virtues and greatness he, like the rest of frail humanity, fell in some instances under the bane of just criticism—indeed possessed faults—but his strength overshadowed his weakness as does the mountain the molecule. The author and champion of a political school, the rank and file looked upon him as their chief apostle from whom advice and opinions were sought by endless thousands, resulting in an enormous correspondence that enslaved and shortened his declining years. But the disciple of his people, he did their bidding as though a public servant—but without compensation and with a kindness prompted by genuine love. This in the light of the present-day business world might be considered his greatest besetting sin. He detested the abridgement or curtailment of any man's liberty and rights, seemingly forgetful that it is human nature when given an ell to take a mile —to violate the Golden Rule, thereby necessitating laws for protection and restriction. It is a beautiful dream to see man accountable alone to himself and his Maker, acting with equal justice to all alike, considering self no more than others, but in practice it is so often violated. Thus Mr. Jefferson had too great confidence and trust in mankind. This was another of his shortcomings—accepting human nature as it ought to be and not as it is.

But in this generation these trivial weaknesses are forgotten—he remains a tower of strength for parents to honor their children with his name, while associations, cities, colleges, companies, counties, corporations, hotels, institutions, schools, towns and townships will ever keep it familiar to an unforgetting people. Thus physically dead, spiritually he goes marching on—still breathing his crest motto as a benedic-

tion upon oppressed humanity wherever found: *Ab eo libertas a quo spiritus*—From Him (is) liberty from Whom (is) life. We cannot improve upon Donaldson's conclusion: "The bibliography of Jefferson is now some six hundred volumes and incidentally reaches thousands more. From the records, from the testimony of his fellows and family, from the results of his public acts and private virtues he stands in the front line of American immortals. He was useful to his period, and his life and deeds are valuable as an example to posterity; he was the chief founder of the Republic of the United States. Lovers of liberty and the rights of man are partial to the name and fame of Thomas Jefferson; in our Republic he is the sweetest flower that blossoms in liberty's garden. The man at the wheel several times in periods of National danger, he always brought the ship of State into port with banners flying. In public matters he kept his temper; he pushed onward for the liberty and rights of mankind, and he never failed to succeed. He made more notches on the column of progress of human rights in the years of his political life and power than any other five American statesmen—Thomas Jefferson, the publicist; the forceful man in the formative period of our Republic; the statesman and leader, was always in the forefront of the battle for humanity, giving and taking blows. This great man of affairs was as humane and lovable as a woman. This man who reached the highest possible altitude of human glory was one of the softest by nature in private life, and beloved of children and brutes. He walks through history in public matters as the iconoclast. In his family and domestic life he was as gentle as the Master, and his presence as sweet as the voice of a loving song.

"Along in the eighties it was my privilege and honor to be a guest at the house of the last person living who was with Mr. Jefferson at his death. Stately, with Jefferson's features, even to his nose and his reddish-brown hair; queenly in manner and with a memory for family matters and events, as tenacious and retentive as that of a gossipy society woman on personal scandals. This granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson (Mrs. Septima Randolph Meikleham, nee Septima Ann Carey Randolph) was a link connecting one epoch in our nationality

with the other. Fourteen years of age at his death, she recalled vividly events that had happened eight years prior to that event. She recalled the home life at Monticello, and the habits and manners of her grandfather. She was born at Monticello; she saw James Madison, James Monroe and the Marquis De Lafayette sit at table with Mr. Jefferson. In her presence they chatted revolutionary events so that she seemed almost a part of that period. General Washington and other heroes, by reason of this table chat, seemed to her to be friends and almost at hand. She had unbounded affection for her grandfather, and recalled him as a gentle loving person, without temper, attentive to the poor, kindly to the lowly, and the equal of any man who ever lived. Their long rides in the country about Monticello; their journeys to Mr. Madison's and Mr. Monroe's homes in the vicinage; the noonday halt, with lunch at a roadside spring, half-way on the journey from Monticello to Mr. Madison's at Montpelier she loved to talk about. She vividly recalled and described 'Eagle,' Mr. Jefferson's favorite saddle horse; she had often been placed upon him for a ride by Mr. Jefferson himself. She recalled the day when Mr. Jefferson was thrown from 'Eagle's' back and his wrist broken. She sat day after day and heard Mr. Jefferson play the violin; one which he had made himself, and so constructed that he could place it in his trunk when he traveled; and she recounted his efforts at carpentering. Visitors overran them at Monticello. She pictured to me a delightful old man whose chief aim was to make everybody about him happy. Never a harsh word, never a growl—patience and forbearance instead. Of course, she never knew how great her grandfather was until after his death, and even then recalling his mildness she would for herself wonderingly measure the grandeur of his acts. The simplicity of his character, in his later life, seemed to preclude greatness—and she used to say 'and he wrote the Declaration of Independence.' And then her description of his death. Of the long days of patient waiting; of his calling the members of his household to him and saying good-bye to each; of the awful grief of her mother, and of the vast assemblage of citizens who came to lay him away. 'I peeped over the gallery in the hall at Monticello (women and small children did not then go to the grave at funerals in

University—Serpentine Walls
(Connecting West Lawn and West Range)

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Virginia) as I heard the men coming in to carry my poor old grandfather out, and then I saw the bearers lift him, and as they went through the doorway it seemed that my heart and life and the sunlight went with them. As they disappeared I fancied I could hear his sweet voice of but three days before (I was the last person who spoke to him) as I said, "Good morning, grandfather, do you know me?" and as he moved his hand a bit I thought he said, "Yes, dear." And now, after more than fifty years, when I recall that hot July morning in 1826, and think I see that tall pure figure waiting for the touch of the angel, I can still hear faintly those sweet words, "Yes, dear."'"

CHAPTER VIII

Conditions Dominating the Selection of the University

Luther M. Reynolds—academic and professional education—Professors Allen, Horsford, Norton, Porter; his trip to Pennsylvania and Kentucky, where he frequently saw and heard Henry Clay make impressive speeches; other experiences related and personages encountered that enthused my youthful mind; his high appreciation of college training, and estimate of various institutions, including the University of Virginia; factors that led me to select that University, etc.

My uncle, Luther M. Reynolds, a Delawarean by birth, a Marylander by adoption, enjoyed a divided collegiate course—the first half within his native State, at Delaware College, where, entering in 1844, he came under the guidance, as was often his delight to relate, of four young but afterwards noted educational characters: George Allen, Eben Norton Horsford, William Augustus Norton, and John Addison Porter, a quartet not long together, being a few years later drawn into broader and more useful fields. Professor Allen was called to the chair of Ancient Languages in the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Horsford to the Rumford chair of Applied Science in Harvard University, where he encouraged Mr. Abbott Lawrence to found the Lawrence Scientific School, and originated the world renowned *acid phosphate* and *baking powder;* Professor Norton to the Sheffield Scientific School, where he taught for thirty-one years, becoming the author of popular works on astronomy and natural philosophy; Professor Porter to the chair of Chemistry in Yale College, where he married the daughter of Mr. Joseph E. Sheffield, whom he influenced in making the liberal donation that founded the scientific school bearing his name.

Mr. Reynolds, owing to circumstances to be related, completed his academic training at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1847. Two years later, June 1849, at the age of twenty-five, he graduated

from Yale Law School, and while there, near the end of his course, had determined for himself by a chance method his future scene of activity. A number of companion students one day, according to usual custom, were resting carelessly in chairs and on tables in the law library, when stoically the subject of their prospective careers was introduced. Some had fathers already well-established in legal practice, to whom the problem was of easy solution; others were close to members of the Bench and Bar, or to statesmen of acknowledged power and influence, while Reynolds was simply the son of a well-to-do farmer, with little following to aid advancement in a professional line. On this day he made no secret to these associates of his future, just then, being without plan or purpose, so that all, interested in his welfare, made suggestions—some indeed worthy of serious consideration. In the "confusion of tongues," he arose to the occasion in rather a self-assertive manner, proclaiming his ability to settle the matter thus: "I will stick my knife at random between the leaves of this law directory and write to the man whose name is nearest the edge of the blade to take me in his office." Suiting action to the words revealed the name of Samuel Tyler, Frederick, Maryland. Then and there, in presence of the multitude, a letter was written and mailed, which in due time brought a courteous reply from Mr. Tyler to the effect, that at the then present his office had sufficient force, but within the year he expected a vacancy, which, if agreeable, he would reserve gladly for his new correspondent.

Leaving Yale, Mr. Reynolds returned to his home, Golden Ridge, a farm near Willow Grove, Delaware, from which during the early autumn he entered the law office of Mr. Martin W. Bates, at Dover, nine miles distant, where he remained a year—then accepted the position that had materialized with Mr. Tyler. Upon reaching Frederick he was received kindly by his new preceptor, taken to his home and there domiciled. A few days' intercourse convinced Mr. Tyler that the ambitious young man already was well-equipped for the Bar, requiring chiefly a familiarity with the Maryland "Code"—a fact gladly realized, as he was having issued then from the press a legal work, "Tyler's Practice," and needed some one to aid in proof-reading. This labor Mr. Reynolds willingly shared, in spite

of the great desire to make rapid progress in his legal studies, and although serving two masters that half year he was admitted to the Maryland Bar by Judge Purviance, February 19, 1851. This accomplished, the road would seem to have been clear, but in those days, as now, opportunities had to be created by the great majority, and where these could best be realized was problematic. Young Reynolds' friends in Frederick, and they were many, with one accord would listen to no other selection than Maryland's accepted metropolis, Baltimore, and to that end they armed him with letters to her most eminent judges and lawyers. These he visited, and the welcoming hands were so sincere and cordial that without hesitation he decided to make Baltimore his permanent home, where he lived for more than fifty years, enjoying a lucrative practice, and ever loyal to her people and best interests, yet never losing perceptibly the fondness for his native State and place of birth. He loved his parents, brothers and sisters, possibly "passing understanding," and his ter-annual visits to homeland continued until death, December 12, 1901, with unabated pleasure to both the visitor and the visited. His own home was always most hospitable, sheltering in and out of season all relatives, near and remote alike, and turning aside no worthy Delawarean, though perhaps a positive stranger. He was well-conversant with the genealogy of his State, taking unusual pride in locating doubtful members of his own and other families, and holding out to all the comforting friendship, of there being for them in the Monumental City only one stopping place—his residence. The longer and more frequent the visits of those near to him the greater was he pleased, and he thoroughly recognized that towards him all relatives bore a reciprocal feeling. With such an "open sesame" the writer was no small boy when first aware that hotels were needed in cities, especially Baltimore—believing that all visitors thereto enjoyed similar favorable privileges—and now looks back with surprise at the freedom, second not even to possession, always extended and realized by that delightful fireside.

Although uncle's Christmas visit to Delaware was by rail and usually hurried, those in the spring and autumn were more deliberate and made invariably with his private team—a necessity for the greatest comfort in calling on those of his

direct line and a few congenial friends scattered over considerable territory. His horses, a source of great pride, were of high order, becoming wherever seen objects of comment and admiration; his carriage, a Brewster or Rogers, was commodious, attractive and easy, far excelling the prevailing styles of that community, and his driver, of the colonial colored type, now sadly almost extinct, was trusted and tried, having served the family far beyond a generation. As a rule uncle was accompanied by his wife, and sometimes his very congenial mother-in-law, making a companionship of three or four extremely happy souls. The route was either by Chester River to Rolph's Wharf, or by Choptank and Tred Avon Rivers to Easton or Oxford, thence driving the twenty or thirty miles to their destination. So long as his parents lived their home was his headquarters, and to them the coming was always a joyful event, as, indeed, it was to the entire family circle. Reunion dinners were given every day either at the paternal abode or those of his brothers' and sisters', and abundant good cheer pervaded every one's nature until the parting farewell was given. The younger generation—nieces and nephews—was not slow in catching the pleasure contagion incident to these occasions, for they meant a substantial remembrance in some form or another and contributed much delight to an otherwise dull and monotonous rural life. After the death of his parents (1874) these visits were continued just the same, restricted, however to brothers and sisters, and a cousin bearing his father's name, for whom he entertained the strongest affection.

It was during his autumn visit of 1871, when spending a night or two with my parents that in my presence he inquired of mother (his sister) concerning the progress I was making at school and contemplated educational plans. He expressed himself earnestly in favor of college training, enumerated many potent reasons therefor, and related a number of school-boy experiences, for which he possessed an unusually retentive memory, and I an appreciative as well as receptive mind. One of these at least deserves preservation, as it not only concerns several public characters, but reveals some extraordinary realizations—the kind that served then to have a decided influence for good upon a callow youth just beginning to see the light:

"In the summer of 1845 I returned home from Delaware College complaining with a pain in my side, which the doctor pronounced the result of liver complication, but readily amenable to treatment. Father, however, concluded that a trip might do more good than medicine, and quickly arranged for me a visit to his cousins, John, Thomas and George Reynolds —three brothers living at Jefferson, Pennsylvania. My old teacher in Smyrna, Mr. Morgan, for whom I had unbounded respect and admiration, had moved to Clarksburg, West Virginia, and I determined it would be opportune to look in upon him *en route*. I left home early one morning by stage for Smyrna Landing, thence by boat to New Castle, by train to Frenchtown, by steamer and train to Baltimore, reaching the latter point, President Street Station, at 8 o'ck, P. M. Mother advised me to patronize always the best hotels, so Barnum's was selected for the night. Next morning I continued my journey, purchasing a ticket to Paw Paw, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and in course reached Martinsburg for dinner—this being announced by a waiter beating vigorously a large triangle. Upon arrival at Paw Paw I took the Paw Paw and Parkersburg stage-line to Clarksburg, some ninety miles east of Parkersburg, where I remained a week, seeing much of my former teacher and riding around the various mountains on horseback—trailing chiefly along partly overgrown footpaths, there being no roads for vehicles save the Parkersburg pike. One day I strayed to Beverly, a distance of fifty miles, stopping often at the little farm houses along the way to talk with the occupants, who, as a rule inclined at first to be unfriendly. But as our conversation progressed, and I announced myself a stranger to that section, a resident of Delaware, their attitude quickly changed, since they all were descendants of Revolutionary soldiers of the Delaware line—their ancestors having taken that land, a contribution by the State of Virginia, as a pension. None, however, seemed to know from what part of Delaware they came originally. After this delightful rest I proceeded to Geneva, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, where I spent a Sabbath, putting up at a hotel kept by Mr. Everhardt. This was a Dutch town, but in conversation with the proprietor soon learned that he was from Delaware, as were the Davenports, who

owned the store and dwelling opposite. As the store was open I went over in a short while and had a talk with Mr. Davenport, who, becoming interested, called his wife from the rear, where they lived, to join in our already pleasantly begun chat of Delaware and her people. This good woman was disinclined to credit my representations until I introduced incidently the old Welsh graveyard near Newark with the strikingly peculiar inscriptions on many of the tombstones. Of these she knew something and desired to learn more, as some of her relatives lay buried there. Fortunately, having attended college at Newark, I was equipped with much suitable information and its imparting led to me being invited for dinner and to spend with them the entire day. In the afternoon I gave an account of my college work and expressed the intention of teaching somewhere the coming year—a fact that caused Mrs. Davenport to mention their school being closed, teacher gone, and the universal delight it would give to have it reopened. It was a select school, each scholar paying four dollars per quarter, and the well-to-do families, in turn, boarding the teacher. I decided then and there to accept the position for a term, and began with about twenty-five scholars, among them two daughters each of Messrs. Everhardt and Gans, the reputed wealthiest citizens of the town—the latter receiving me into his own family circle. I had not been in traces more than a week or two, when, to great surprise and annoyance, I found myself with a parasitic skin disease, scabies, contracted from some of the students, and upon inquiry ascertained that all knew of its prevalence, but attached little importance to its seriousness, as they could guarantee a cure within a week. Mr. Gans affirmed that the best doctor around was a graduate of medicine living across the Monongahela River, but that there resided in town one (quack) especially successful in treating minor ailments. I saw this quack doctor, who gave me a white salve to rub between my fingers and knee joints, and as promised the cure was like magic—simply drying up the disease within forty-eight hours. During the three months' stay at Geneva I paid several visits to my father's cousins—the Reynolds brothers, at Jefferson—the first being on a bright Sunday morning astride of Mr. Gans' favorite trotter, when the distance was covered by 10:30 o'ck. After

hitching the horse I rapped at the front door, but found all away except Mrs. Reynolds, to whom I revealed my identity and the fact that her husband had only seen me once—when a baby in my mother's arms. As her husband's return was expected by noon she suggested me remaining in the parlor so that he could have an abrupt chance at guessing my personality. When told of a stranger's presence he immediately came into the room, extended pleasant salutations, and after standing a few moments facing me, smiled and said: Why, you are my cousin Robert W. Reynolds' son, Luther, whose home I visited for a week when you were an infant. This gentleman was Thomas Reynolds, seemingly the most prosperous of the three brothers, who kept the main hotel of the town and managed other industries—being fine looking with ruddy complexion, six feet high and weighing two hundred pounds. After talking a while he went out and invited his two brothers, George and John, to dine with him, so we all together spent several very pleasant hours. He insisted that I remain longer than had been planned, an impossibility, and that I repeat my visit often—so difficult as only to be availed of on one other occasion. Another day, however, I rode in a different direction and called on their two sisters, whom I found large, healthy and good-looking women, much beloved by their neighbors—the one who married Mr. Randolph appearing the more intelligent and expressing her intention of visiting Delaware some time.

"My sojourn at Geneva came at an end one pleasant Sunday afternoon, when I departed for Brownsville, a town some twenty miles down the river, with a population of four or five thousand, on the National pike at the head of slack-water of the Monongahela. Soon after arriving I walked down to the wharf to take for Pittsburg the boat, which, to my great surprise, bore the name of 'Louis McLane,' a fact that made me feel not so far from home as other conditions would indicate. It was now Monday afternoon when we pulled away from Brownsville, and upon reaching Pittsburg some hours later I sought a hotel with good accommodations, as I proposed to remain at least a week and explore the city thoroughly, in order to learn its advantages, if any, over eastern rivals.

" One of my colleagues at Delaware College, Mr. Armstrong, had accepted a position at Lexington, Kentucky, as an assistant teacher in his brother-in-law's female seminary, and for him I still retained a friendly attachment. As I yet had considerable money from my Geneva teaching, the thought of a trip to Lexington to see him and her greater citizen, Henry Clay, suggested itself, consequently after staying the allotted time in Pittsburg, I took a steamer, one beautiful morning, running between that city and New Orleans. The first night on board I noticed a great deal of gambling among the fast set, which, however, did not begin until about 11 o'ck, after the less worldly passengers had retired to the sleep of the just. These gamblers I observed slept during the day, and had a banker whom they called Levi, who awoke them at any desired hour and furnished wine, money, etc. In due time Louisville was reached, and as I stood on the ' quay ' with my trunk, my eye, glancing up one of the streets, saw in the distance the sign—Ohio Hotel—towards which I immediately set pace, having a colored man to follow with my trunk, thinking all the time of my father's cousins who lived somewhere in that city. Their name was Forsythe, so next morning I started out to hunt them up, having previously consulted the directory and several persons. This task shortly came to a happy conclusion, as they were found easily and convinced quickly that I was no impostor. They soon inquired my hotel, and when I replied, adding mother's injunction—always stop at the best— they laughed heartily, saying: Well, you certainly missed it this time; you must change to the Gault House—an advice accepted the following morning. Mr. Forsythe, the senior, had one son and two daughters; the former was studying medicine then, became prominent in his profession—a surgeon in the Confederate service—and married the widow of General A. P. Hill, she being a sister of General John Morgan; one of the daughters, Emma, married Mr. Crockwell, and is the mother of Miss Lillian, who frequently spends weeks at my home; the other daughter married Mr. Sterling, and is the mother of Mrs. Scott, who also visits us occasionally. Their father reminded me very much of my father in manners, affability, florid complexion, Adam's apple, etc., and not only he but his entire household were extremely

kind to me—that which in later years I have endeavored to reciprocate.

"I only remained in Louisville half of the week, and then set out for Lexington by stage, which ran to Frankfort some fifty miles distant, where I tarried several days, taking in the beautiful suburban country. From here the rest of the trip was by railroad, the only one west of the Alleghany mountains, which was then financially embarrassed owing to its defaulting treasurer, a man from New Castle County, Delaware, of whose whereabouts the authorities were anxious to learn. Some thought him secreted in New York or Philadelphia, but I heard in after years that his father-in-law, Mr. William (Billy) Hurlock, had given him refuge within his own home, near Saint George's, Delaware, where he remained a long time to the mystification of the public. I reached Lexington one Monday after dark and was recommended to the Phœnix Hotel, where registering, dining, and feeling fatigued I soon sought my room for sleep. After a comfortable night's rest I arose early, as was my custom, and finding a colored man washing the pavement, inquired of him the way to Ashland, the home of Mr. Clay, only to receive the quick and polite reply: 'Right straight out dat road dere Boss.' This road was Main Street, and the direction eastward, so I began to walk the route suggested, reaching Ashland, one and a half miles, in a very short time. I readily recognized the place from the pictures already seen, which at that time were well-scattered over the country, as were those of Mr. Clay—he having just been a Presidential candidate. It was the great popularity and esteem enjoyed by Mr. Clay that stimulated me to get a glimpse of him if possible, and as I neared the house, standing about two hundred yards from the pike, I noticed several gentlemen in the side field looking at some colts, one of which party persisted in walking towards the animals while suddenly making a rattling noise with his hand on the inside of his silk hat, thereby giving fright and causing them to prance around at a lively gait. I had never seen that trick practiced before and as it was effective considered it a good one. I passed beyond the house, and upon turning around to retrace steps townward noticed in the same field with the colts a colored man on the road side taking down the old post and

University—Carr's Hill, with Students' Mess Hall

rail fence, and a little further on another colored man with a white gentleman setting new posts in new holes—the old posts having been removed. I asked the first individual, if Mr. Clay had gone to his office, when he pointed ahead to the two engaged at post setting and said: 'Dat dare yonder is Moss Henry.' I then walked slowly towards that spot and sure enough it was Mr. Clay, plainly recognized from his various pictures. In passing I never took my eyes off of him, as he was intent upon the work in hand and little conscious of the intruder, and hurriedly returned to the hotel for breakfast. The same day I called upon my friend, Mr. Armstrong, and among other things told him of my favorable impression of the country, climate, town, and the looks of things in general, adding that should he hear of an opportunity for teaching, kindly put me in the way of it, as I would like to remain in Lexington, at least during the winter. He at once spoke of the school at Walnut Hill, six miles from town, likely to be in need of a teacher very soon, and as this was on the pike running from Lexington, the county-seat of Fayette County, to Richmond, the county-seat of Madison County, the next day found me on foot seeking the school. This I readily recognized by Mr. Armstrong's description—building small and by the side of a church—and upon rapping at the door the teacher soon appeared, when I introduced myself and made known my business. He seemed pleased at this possible turn in affairs, stated that he was from Maine where the winters were too severe for his weak lungs, consequently had sought Lexington as a southern point, expecting it to meet all requirements, but this it did not do last winter, so he thought it wise to spend from November to March in Florida—that which he would do, if he could get a suitable substitute for that period willing to hand over the charge upon his return. I told him of my willingness to accept the school under those terms, and that he need apprehend no trouble in resuming duties at any time he might specify. We at once arranged matters, going so far as to discuss a suitable boarding place and to ask one of the little scholars, Levi Rhoads, if he thought I, their new teacher, could get accommodations at his house. To this he replied: 'I don't know, sir, but if you will go home with me we can soon find out from my mother.' After school

I accompanied Levi to his father's, Colonel Rhoads, and remained on the porch while the lad searched for his parents. It was a beautiful afternoon and while sitting there in the enjoyment of quiet meditation, Mrs. Rhoads appeared, who, after the usual formalities of strangers meeting, made the assurance that they would be pleased to have me with them. This young lad, Levi Todd Rhoads, was a grandson of Levi Todd, a lieutenant in the battle of Blue Licks, whose brother John, the hero of that engagement, exhibited such foolhardy bravery, as did Major McGary, as to lose the battle along with his life. The Kentuckians were pursuing the Indians, and, as related in the life of Daniel Boone, had reached the Licking River, when a council of war was held to consider the advisability of awaiting reinforcements or crossing the river in further pursuit. Boone opposed the latter alternative, but Major McGary and Colonel Todd, before a decision had been reached, wildly rushed into the river exclaiming: 'Brave men will follow me, cowards will remain behind,' whereupon all fell in line. Upon ascending the opposite shore and proceeding about a mile they encountered an ambuscade of Indians—just where two ravines, one on either side of the ridge, so conformed as to conceal an enemy that might assail them in front and flank before realizing the slightest danger. It was this that happened, giving to the Indians the famous victory of Blue Licks, in which many officers and men sacrificed their lives. Colonel Todd owned about three thousand acres of highly cultivated land around Walnut Hill, divided into three farms, one for each of his daughters—wives of Colonel Rhoads, Major Bullock, and Major Carr. It was here these families resided, while Robert Todd, a brother of the three ladies, conducted a store in Lexington, and became the father of several children, two of whom it was my pleasure to know well—one a boy, Bob, about fourteen years of age, the other a young lady, Ann, some years older. This lady frequently came out to visit her aunt, Mrs. Rhoads, so that enjoying the same home, we naturally gravitated into good friendship, in spite of her never appealing to me owing to aggressive smart mannerisms. One day, however, she took me aside to recount the shortcomings of her brother, Bob, whom she described as incorrigible and a menace to the happiness of all his former

teachers—insisting that I take him under my special care in conformity with her parents' wishes, since they, knowing me, believed I could do something for the boy's good. I readily consented to the appeal, so within a few days the young fellow was sent out to his aunt's, Mrs. Rhoads, to board and become my pupil—a contact that gave me not the slightest trouble, as he soon became studious and attentive to all duties. Mrs. Bullock had a son who was a lawyer in Lexington, a partner of John Cabell Breckinridge, whose sister he married.

"The regular teacher failed to return the last of March, as had been his intention, owing to the unusually severe winter in Florida as well as Kentucky, consequently I retained my teaching until early June, that which was very acceptable to me, as it neared the completion of the scholastic year and allowed him a few weeks for examinations and closing the school according to his own liking.

"Several days before leaving for home, preparatory to reentering Delaware College, Mrs. Rhoads thought so well of me as to extend the compliment of a parting supper, at which the following personages were seated: Mr. and Mrs. Rhoads, Levi Rhoads, their son, Bob Todd, the bad boy, Ann Todd, the aggressive sister, Mr. Bullock, John C. Breckinridge, and myself. While at the table the subject of my going was discussed, as well as college course yet to be completed. Mr. Breckinridge seemed especially interested, and insisted that I change from Delaware College to Jefferson College, of which his uncle, Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, was president—a gentleman possessing many friends around Lexington, having been born and reared there, but for many years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Baltimore. I promised the assembled guests to stop over at Jefferson College, whereupon Mr. John C. Breckinridge at once penned a letter of introduction to Dr. Breckinridge, to which all present affixed their names.

"I left Lexington on the appointed afternoon, taking the stage for Maysville on the Ohio River, and when about fifteen miles on the road we met a lady desiring passage to our destination, but as every seat was filled it was impossible to give her accommodation unless some gentleman consented to vacate and ride on top with the driver. The appeal was made and I alone responded, giving her my seat and riding the rest of the

night high above their heads under a beautiful starry canopy. While it was rather cool, protection by blankets and an iron guard-rail made sleep safe and refreshing. About midnight we stopped at a large hotel where an orchestra discoursed sweet music to which manly and maidenly feet kept pace in the rhythmic dance. This was the Blue Lick Springs Hotel brightly illuminated and in the midst of an overcrowded hop, but the prevailing sulphurous emanations were so strong that I was right glad when we sped again our onward way. We arrived at Maysville next morning and there took a boat for Pittsburg, where I caught a stage for Cannonsburg, eighteen miles distant. Shortly after reaching there and getting located at the hotel, I visited Dr. Breckinridge, and presented my much signed letter, which upon reading caused a greeting of more than ordinary cordiality, emphasized by calling all the family to meet the young gentleman direct from Lexington. Dr. Breckinridge had two sons, Robert and William, also several daughters, one then grown. A granddaughter afterwards became a Mrs. Handy, the wife of a Presbyterian minister on the eastern shore of Maryland, and to them children were born, one son having served Delaware as Congressman.

"I remained at Jefferson College until graduated, June, 1847, having as classmates, John H. Handy, John P. Pennington, William McDonald, etc., but left for home immediately after Commencement, going by boat and stage to Brownsville, canal boat to Cumberland, cars to Baltimore and home. While at the hotel in Lexington, several days before taking charge of Walnut Hill School, when eating breakfast one morning I noticed a gentleman, Mr. Horeine, finish the meal, get up and go out, and to be followed by a Mr. Shelby, son of Colonel John Shelby. Getting through shortly thereafter, I walked out of the dining room just in time to see the latter fire and kill the former. Shelby was brought to trial and I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Clay's great speech in the defence. I came to reside in Baltimore, February, 1851, boarding opposite *The Sun* office, Baltimore Street near North, and soon found that some gamblers were very near by being brought several times in close legal relation with one, who frequently spoke of his manager—the identical Levi that was on the steamer when I went down the Ohio River to Louisville, whom I saw in our

city many times thereafter. After an absence of twenty-five years I revisited Lexington this summer, reaching there at night and only to spend twenty-four hours, as my chief interest lay in Frankfort. Next morning I thought I would look around the town to see what changes time had wrought. Of course Mr. Clay was dead, as I had seen his body lay-in-state in the Rotunda of our Baltimore City Hall, but I walked out to Ashland, which I found looking as it did a quarter-century before, and strange to relate the old fence was being replaced by a new one. I talked with the colored men engaged at the work, when one remarked that, "Moss Henry helped to put up the old fence," to which I replied: Yes, that is true, for I can testify to having seen him with my own eyes right here thus engaged. I inquired of the hotel clerk concerning various old friends, including Bob Bullock, whom the clerk said was then the county sheriff, and had an office just opposite. In a short while I called on him and asked if he knew who I was? He replied: 'I cannot tell your name, but you were a captain in my Regiment during the war, or a member of my Regiment, or so and so of Colonel Henderson's Regiment.' Finding he was not a very good guesser, I revealed my identity, when, remembering me distinctly, we entered pleasantly into conversation concerning former times and persons somewhat dear to us both. I inquired after the Todds, who were his cousins, especially Bob and Ann, when he jumped up from his chair and loudly exclaimed: 'You don't mean to tell me that you lived for eight years within forty miles of them and knew nothing of either!' I replied: 'I do mean to say so, whereupon he quietly continued: 'My cousin Ann resided at the White House with her sister, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, while her brother, Bob, was the keeper of Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia.'"

Mother and I seemed to enter so thoroughly into the spirit of Uncle's morning talk that thereafter he felt warranted in making some suggestions concerning my future, at least such as he considered important at that time. As a fact, however, he was not unlike other eldest children, as he never hesitated to counsel brothers and sisters to their advantage in matters of significance, and although not a father he advised freely concerning children of his blood and those in whom he took interest, expressing opinions in no mistaken language upon their

acts done and proposed; he allowed nothing to go unnoticed and unchallenged savoring of the slightest deception or indirectness, and while liking his advice followed he never held against one its non-acceptance. On that morning he continued: "You know 'Sal' (for that was the name he used in speaking to her, but "my sister Sarah" when speaking of her), if I were in your place I would see that David receives more than a seminary training, for he seems studious and receptive of knowledge, and it would be a shame to deny him opportunities or curtail any ambition he might possess and develop in that direction. I freely confess that some men of my acquaintance are great in the absence of collegiate education, but with it I contend they would have been far greater; while on the other hand I know some men who are fools in spite of their college course, but I honestly believe that without it they would have been even greater fools. Although it may be true 'that all men are created equal,' so far as the 'rights of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness' are concerned, yet this does not hold good when applied to natural inheritance and endowments. Truly I recognize that there is no special reason why your son should be more favorably gifted than his several companions, and as most of them will have to be contented with moderate schooling, should David be allowed to follow their example, we can expect his future only similar to that predicted for them. But if he will apply himself diligently, making more than ordinary advancement in his studies, then there is hope for a career of greater promise than fighting for a mere existence. Granting, that with an education he makes simply a living, then I contend he will have a broader and deeper life—one more resplendent in self-satisfaction. It is true I appreciate the fact that there is more in education than books, institutions and diplomas, as there is more in religion than creeds, churches and sermons; even knowledge may not be education, but the two are related closely, since the former is the food of the latter, consequently a person may have much knowledge and little education, or much education and little knowledge. I consider education to be—developed mind, thinking power, the mind trained and equipped to do that for which it was intended—and when a mind can do this it is educated, whether it has encountered the

college process or not, but if it cannot do this it is not educated, although backed by many diplomas and crammed to overflowing with important facts. Such a development I would like to see wrought in David, but even if that be impossible we owe it to ourselves to make the endeavor at having him become an honorable and intelligent citizen through mind training. In order that he may have good opportunities and advantages it is important to be careful in the selection of a college, and personally I have no special one to recommend. Of course there are three kinds—good, better, best—and yet at any one a decided amount of knowledge can be gained, much depending directly upon the individual himself. You may lead a horse to water but all power on earth cannot compel him to drink unless he feels so inclined.

" At every college there is the greatest abundance of knowledge held on tap for willing recipients—that the sloth and laggard secures only a small quantity is no evidence against the atmosphere he breathes being overcharged with it. As you well know, from the beginning to the end, I attended three —Delaware, Jefferson, Yale—and in a way each possessed merit. I was all along a close student, deriving untold benefit from each year's work, and there were plenty of my companions that equalled, possibly excelled me. I never saw a week in those days when I considered myself not having about all I desired to stand up to in comfort, and yet I am not wedded to these institutions for David. On the other hand our brother Thomas is very decided in his likes and dislikes of educational institutions, and never hesitates to express his great admiration for the work done at the University of Virginia. Thomas, you recall, attended Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and upon leaving there went direct to Virginia to teach others some of that which had been taught him, and during those two years of pedagogic experience came in contact with a number of University of Virginia men—those loyal to truth and in sounding her praise—consequently he believes that not only is the scholarship offered and gained there of an unusual high order, but that the dignified personnel of the student-body has few equals, and cannot be excelled."

Even though all of this conversation was directed chiefly to my mother, yet personally I was paying strict attention—to

that which ultimately was to have positive effect. I had already passed through the first grade public school, having had the guidance of two unusually fine teachers, and had spent one year at Felton Seminary, Delaware, to which I was about returning for a second year. The expression of this solicitous feeling in my behalf, on the part of "Uncle Luther," was by no means the first awakening impulse to my mother's aspirations, for she had followed closely her only offspring from his very infancy, waiting and hoping that each succeeding year would reveal a substantial evidence of something more than child-like precocity—that which every one admitted to be possessed in no little degree. She, in and out of my presence, had often talked over with father the advisability of giving me a well-rounded education, and he was in perfect accord of letting it include a college or university training. His schooling had been limited—restricted to the public schools—and he was unwilling that his son's should be likewise, for no one realized more keenly than he what the absence of higher advantages signified. I have so often heard him lament the poor opportunities afforded him for gaining knowledge, and reasonably predict what more he might have made of himself had the earlier years been turned to a different account. Most prominent men of his acquaintance, in professions and business, enjoyed a liberal education, and he sincerely thought that it was this alone that had brought them to positions of honor and trust. It is true, as he commented, he had seen a few college men reach untimely drunkard's graves, but he considered such as poor unfortunates—attributing their downfall rather to personal weakness than to the evil of worldly associates formed away from parental restraint and influence. He further believed that with a good education no one need be a financial failure, and that with it every one easily secured unto himself a life of far greater comfort and satisfaction. My course at the Seminary continued to be Latin, Greek, mathematics, and music—the latter mother contending essential to drive dull care away in after life, that which no one seems entirely able to escape. During the early spring of that session (1871-72), without consulting my parents—considering that unnecessary—I wrote to several institutions, including the University of Virginia, for catalogues, all being received in due time.

That of the University was accompanied by excerpts therefrom, bound separately, of the three professional schools—Law, Medicine, Agriculture—supplemented by a very friendly personally written letter, signed, Charles S. Venable, Chairman. As time permitted these were read with adequate care and interest to become familiar with essentials, without deciding what to do in the coming autumn. Seminary boys of the industrious sort have little time for thoughts outside of preparing daily recitations and assigned duties, consequently in these tasks I had questions to settle quite "sufficient unto the day thereof." It is true we discussed together occasionally our preferences for colleges, and for particular ones some students from the start had arranged their studies, thereby avoiding any concern in that direction on the home stretch, but most of us talked little and thought less concerning the near or remote future.

One day late in April I picked up in the reading room among the newer magazines, a copy of *Harper's Monthly* for May, which I found to contain an article, entitled, "Mr. Jefferson's Pet," in reality a ten or twelve page history of the University of Virginia, beautifully written and attractively illustrated with five good-sized wood cuts: Statue of Mr. Jefferson, by Galt; Western aspect of the University; Southern view of the Lawn; The Rotunda, and School of Athens, in the Public Hall. Of course I was much interested in its reading, and confess to it impressing me strongly with the institution's greatness, as up to that time I had seen little or nothing published in the more reputable household journals concerning our colleges or universities, and that *Harper's* would devote such space to other than the higher I knew to be impossible. Thus my Uncle's conversation, Professor Venable's friendly and explanatory letter, and the article in *Harper's* influenced, indeed confirmed the selection so far as I personally was concerned, consequently thereafter my parents' approval was the only thing needed.

My record at the Seminary for the year had been highly satisfactory—nothing below ninety, and from that up to ninety-five, ninety-six and one hundred, so with such a creditable report there was neither shame or remorse attached to my return home the middle of June—a fact I hastened to manifest by

showing these results and explaining my already determined plans supported as best I could with intelligent arguments. Mother from the first seemed thoroughly pleased, so expressing herself, while father was not adverse, since he had sided with the Confederacy, proclaiming boldly in and out of season his fervent devotion to that cause. He had endeavored to escape into the Southern line, but was intercepted after getting many miles from home; owing to his outspoken sentiments the Federal forces, by which we absolutely were surrounded, kept close vigil over his goings and comings—once with arrestment subjecting him during the incarceration to numerous indignities, and on several other occasions used direful threats in order to curb his irritating tongue. A positive character like his, and that he was in those days for all the words imply, quite naturally chafed in no little degree under such impending authority, and could not well at that slightly later period be reconciled to the fact of there existing anything good north of "Mason and Dixon's Line." He was, therefore, not slow in deciding against all northern institutions and in favor of my selection, consequently as he controlled largely the purse I felt that an early realization of cherished hopes was assured. During vacation several letters passed between Professor Venable and myself pertaining to entrance, necessary arrangements, etc., and in one of these he advised my reaching the University a few days before the session opened, in order to get located suitably by the time work began in earnest—a suggestion gladly followed.

University—Medical Hall
(Erected 1825, restored 1886)

University—Infirmary
(Erected 1857)

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER IX

Maiden Trip to Washington and Virginia

Leaving home for the University; visit in Baltimore at my uncle's; short stop in Washington; first inspection of the Capitol; view of the White House, Arlington; made a friend of the brakeman; Alexandria—its seeming antiquated appearance; Orange and Alexandria Railroad; Henry Knox, the courteous and obliging brakeman; Fairfax, Bull Run, Manassas—Confederate cemetery—Bristoe, Catletts, Warrenton Junction (Calverton), Bealeton, Rappahannock, Brandy, Culpeper, Rapidan, Mitchell, Cedar Mountain, Orange, Madison (Montpelier), Gordonsville, etc.

The morning of Thursday, September 26, 1872, broke in with beautiful sunshine, such as soon mellowed the early bracing temperature into that which brought discomfort to every exposed man and beast. I donned my best, a trifle heavy, breakfasted hurriedly, and now was to be the saddest duty—saying farewell to mother—for whom I recognized the parting painful, as by nature she could repress poorly, womanly emotions, while for me a sharer of that weakness, if weakness it be, I felt it absolutely impossible to refrain the tear that moments before had so boldly been defied. To her my going meant so much—the breaking of a hitherto continuous companionship, the unmistakable separation by a long distance, the likely escape from maternal domination, the possible disregard of pious teachings, and the probable beginning of the end of paternal home life. To me it implied equal concern—few ever had stronger attachment for home or parents, and now both measurably were to be sacrificed in going to a strange land. Besides it marked the beginning of the self-reliant stage, when for every turn one's own head had to be taken and held responsible—true a condition some natures crave and court, but from which my own then recoiled and shrank. I was entering upon a new and all-important drama of life, which properly played would lead certainly to a desirable reward, but poorly, to discouragement and disappointment. The going away to college centers upon one at least some slight

attention from acquaintances and friends, and I fully realized that from then on they occasionally might cast an eye in my direction—looking for the good or bad developments—that henceforth my doings were expected to count for something. None of this was incident to the more youthful years at the Seminary, for there I was among my people—" a prophet without honor "—within easy driving distance of home, where each Sunday was spent, while standing and results in studies had little effect outside of self and family. I frankly confess to having even at that age an ambition for becoming something beyond the ordinary, and an intuition that a few others had for me bright hopes and expectations, so it was not strange that those separative moments claimed thoughts most serious —far from idle and frivolous. And yet a vein of pleasure, indeed satisfaction, pervaded the hour through confidence in this outward step into the world being the only proper one to take.

Father drove me one mile to the nearest railroad station, for the 7:25 A. M. train, which soon arrived giving only time for checking trunk, and bidding him and the several local well-wishers a hearty good-bye. No ticket was needed as I enjoyed complimentary privileges on that portion of the road —a fact causing me to cover the route often, to know well the train's crew, and to be considered by father just a trifle careless and risky. Indeed his last counselling words were: " Be careful on trains, take care of yourself, and be a good boy "—possibly not an unusual admonition to sons first departing from home. The journey to Baltimore was without special feature, as it had frequently been taken with the same dual changes, Clayton, Delaware Junction, and could not be expected to offer any unforeseen complications. All I could hope for was to pass acceptably the hours in transit through reading a morning paper, viewing familiar scenes, and reverting occasionally to the just enacted sad home-parting. Our train reached President Street Station at 1:05 P. M., where I found awaiting me the trusted coachman of my Uncle, to whose residence I soon was conveyed, only to receive from all a most hearty welcome. That night I accompanied Uncle and Aunt to the theater—surely a pleasant treat, and one in which I felt not the slightest ill-at-ease, in spite of my semi-puritanic

training suggesting a corrupt influence of the stage. Twelve hours only had passed since turning in the direction of an education, which I was not slow in realizing had to be made up of many elements, so that the coming of an opportunity to enjoy a healthy comedy for three hours, which to peruse in book required that many days, even with less permanent effect, I accepted as a very helpful beginning. Next morning I sat for a photograph, that my youthful identity upon entering the University might be preserved, and also made numerous purchases to complete my necessary outfit. We all had finished dinner when Uncle came in from his office—an occurrence more the rule than exception, as he preferred one session at business and dinner alone at 3.30 P. M., to eating earlier with the family and returning thereafter. According to custom he soon came up in the library where most of us sat reading, and after an exchange of some pleasantry he addressed me thus: "David, I made it convenient this morning to call on one of my brother lawyers, whom I knew to be a University of Virginia graduate, in order to ask him, if he would not give my nephew a letter of introduction to some member of her Faculty? He seemed delighted at the opportunity, and penned this while I waited, which may be of some service to you." I thanked him as best I knew for his trouble, interest and thoughtfulness, and with natural curiosity proceeded to read the contents, it being unsealed, which I found well-worded, somewhat difficult to decipher, but bearing the assurance of friendship—the creation of at least one friend in the newer field towards which I was drifting. That evening was passed pleasantly with music and family talk, and upon retiring I bade them all good-bye as well as good-night. I was called next morning at 3 o'ck, and after a hurried breakfast—for be the hour what it may, Uncle would never allow any one to go hungry from his home—the trusted coachman called for me in time to take the 4:20 A. M. train from Camden Station. The gates guarding the entrance to trains in those days, especially at such an early hour, were open alike to attendant and passenger, consequently we both passed to the car where he saw me seated comfortably for what I considered then a long ride.

Our train soon moved slowly out of the station, leaving him watching after me, to whom I waved parting farewells receiv-

ing acknowledgment in return. I was determined to be of good cheer, knowing upon his return the family would inquire the details of departure. So far there was nothing to occasion the least despondency, indeed, I had scarcely left home, as kind relatives had been taking the place of fond parents and a tumultuous city that of the quiet country. But now I was gliding over hitherto untraveled space, and as the train rushed along madly in the darkness, swerving ungracefully to the accommodation of short and frequent curves, I could not refrain the passing thought—any moment may bring me to eternity, a rapid race for an education. Shortly after leaving Baltimore I witnessed a very familiar farm-boy scene—the break of day, so that upon reaching the depot at Washington faces could be recognized with accuracy. A wait here of over an hour gave opportunity for a cup of coffee, a walk around the Capitol, and a view of our making-up southern train, consisting of a baggage, mail, and two day coaches with the " Orange, Alexandria and Manassas Railroad " lettering and occupying a track on the elevated street in front (west) of the depot. The through express, arriving at 6.30 o'ck, brought for us two additional cars, one a sleeper, which were detoured around and up the incline—the bed of tracks in the rear (east) of the depot building being at least ten feet below its front street level—by a number of able-bodied horses. This higher street track was the only connecting link between the two systems, both then being practically under the Garrett management, as the " Baltimore and Potomac Railroad " had only just been completed and the " Pennsylvania Railroad " had not yet shown its strong hand. A few months later, however, its power began to be felt, when, having secured control of the " long bridge " and the short line of railroad to Alexandria, all amicable relations ceased between the two systems, causing thereafter through cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Company to be detoured around Washington to the river-front, Quontico, thence by large transfer-boats to Alexandria to make the southern connection—a condition I found existing when returning home for Christmas vacation. In September, however, the track on the elevated street fronting the " Baltimore and Ohio Depot " soon took an almost right-angle course westward, along a street apparently paralleling Pennsylvania Avenue, and over this

route our six cars, in two sections, were drawn slowly by horses to a point half across the city, where coming to a halt of several minutes, an engine was attached for more rapid and permanent progress.

The White House from its southern exposure soon came in view along with its beautiful landscape and floral grounds, truly a handsome mansion of English Renaissance style, with an imposing semicircular projecting bay, nestled at the summit of a slight incline. To me it had existed only in picture, as had the Capitol and the rest of Washington, but even this had impressed so indelibly the true outlines as to defy mistaking the veritable object. As we moved slowly to its several angles of advantage I could but recall, that of all the homes of various countries' rulers this one had sheltered possibly those having most discordant opinions, and that only a few of these had enjoyed there peaceful days unalloyed. Its corner-stone had been laid by General Washington and it had been occupied first in 1800 by President John Adams, who the following year, March 4th, was succeeded by his bitter partisan adversary, Thomas Jefferson, and thereafter by a list of intermittent party presidents. General Grant was now its host, and again was before the country for re-election in the coming November. With repressed speed we curved upon the "long bridge" (Potomac), about a mile long and of requisite width to accommodate a single railroad track and separate ways for teams and pedestrians. Its open construction readily afforded unobstructed views of the river in various directions, but that to my right claimed first and last an unconquerable fascination. We had left Washington slightly behind time, the schedule being 7.15 o'ck, and now it was an hour later. A more perfect autumn day never dawned, as the bright morning sunlight cast its golden rays strongly upon the river's southern bank, which in places gradually lifted itself from the water's edge, seemingly in the north to rise in more abrupt cliffs and still higher rolling elevations in the distant background. But far to the front towered in bold relief what appeared almost a living, speaking sentinel—Arlington—in fawn-like colors, adorned by majestic columns in white, once the home of the great Confederate chieftain, Lee, now the resting place of the brave Federal dead. As the brilliant rays played upon the many win-

dows, as likewise upon that silvery sheet of placid water, and as an occasional passing cloud cast irregular shadows upon the surrounding hills and dales clothed in verdant garb, Arlington revealed itself that morning an actual temple of gold. Indeed, one could have exclaimed justly: Is this nature I see or a canvas highly tinted? But " will of the wisp-like " the scene soon faded in the distance to be followed in quick succession by others having at least an interest in common if not in degree. Contrast convinced me that the one so inspiring was not a dream creation—it was real and ever lives in sweet memory. This to me became a true retrospective moment, indeed, the initiative to an endless sequence of historic thought and Civil War reminiscences from which I was inseparable the entire day.

The keen relish for this journey was occasioned by no trivial or passing fancy, for it had a beginning quite a score of years before, when as a mere child I not only saw hundreds of Union soldiers mobilized and mustered into service for what in many instances proved their deadly march to Richmond, but also heard read and thoroughly discussed at and from home the numerous startling newspaper accounts of each and every encounter between the contending armies. Even at that youthful age opportunity was never lost in conversing with soldiers home from the front on furlough or leave due to physical disability and I had frequently been thrilled near unto paroxysms by the pathetic and startling experiences of those engaged at first Manassas, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and on the Merrimac. Indeed, our teacher's announcement one morning of an additional study—History of the United States—to be assumed in the near future met with trite opposition from me, for no one could have accepted the increased duty with greater satisfaction, nay delight. In the home I had often glanced over Lossing's History of the Revolution, and Brook's Narrative of the War with Mexico, while there had appeared already several well-illustrated works on the Civil War—the last then being " The War Between the States," by Stephens—which I had carefully read and partly remembered. Was it at all surprising, therefore, that I could scarcely make myself realize the dawning of that auspicious day when for the first time I was to enter Virginia's historic domain, and that along the very route used a few years before by Generals McDowell

and Pope in leading their unsuccessful but restless forces, enthused by the war-cry, "On to Richmond?"

It was true that seven years had passed since the Appomattox surrender, but these were as one long drawn out—pregnant with horrible reconstruction scenes and political agitations. In substance the war was still on; bitter partisan feelings had not subsided in the least; internecine strife yet prevailed to an alarming extent in some of the States; uniforms, especially overcoats, were still in daily winter use by the heroes who had worn them in active service; conversation fell largely along the lines of warfare, while our National legislation seemed daft upon a reconstructive policy more calculated to keep open than heal the wounds already inflicted. Every one was thoroughly conversant with, in fact thought he knew the most truthful account of, many war incidents, and enthusiastically discussed them, while personal experiences, risks, exploits, sufferings and sensations received first consideration. Then scarcely to a minor degree the greatness of preferred leaders in peace and war gave rise to much contention, and their conduct on various fields, on the rostrum, in State and National councils caused many expressions of approval and disapproval according to individual sentiment and admiration. "The War" seemed the latest and most absorbing topic, consequently all things else faded into insignificance as to impression and magnitude; surely the bitter struggle was not ended, for every American continued fighting as in the yesterday; certainly slavery had been abolished but not settled, for nothing is settled until settled right, and therein centered "the bone of contention," just where at the present day it continues to rest.

Our train to me was one of strangers, and the necessary refrain seemed beyond endurance. Frequent travel over homeland roads had made me friendly with conductors and brakemen, whom I invariably found courteous and communicative, and of all times I now felt their need most. The idea of railroading in some form as a future pursuit had more than once suggested itself to me, as it often does to others somewhere in life's early stage—the result no doubt of a fancied conception in youth that one should follow whatever is most accessible and inviting, without duly allowing for puerile imagination and inexperience. At any rate my opportunities had been such as to

efface all timidity in approaching those in charge of trains, and the brakeman assigned to our two cars had a good face and appeared kindly disposed. Until we cleared the "long bridge" he was a very busy body, for in those days, when compressed air was a rare service, brakemen were true to the name, as at every proper signal they had to jump to the wheel for a severe test of strength and judgment. In a short time, however, he loitered in the rear of the car, near my seat, when I inquired: "How long have you been running this route?" He replied, "About three years." "Then you are familiar with the points of interest!" To which he answered—"I ought to be." The formality over, I continued a fusilade of questions, which he answered promptly, pleasantly and satisfactorily. He was strong in patience, and more generous with time and knowledge than I had reason to expect, for he dare neglect his many duties. The distance to Alexandria, although only eight miles, appeared that morning far greater, as I had taken in so many new and unusual sights, and as we had lost nearly half an hour waiting a train at a junction near the canal several miles north of the city.

As we pulled into Alexandria I was impressed forcibly with the many crude frame hovels lining either side of the track—seemingly a district of squalid poverty—whose open doorways and steps were filled with colored women and children, sparsely clothed but laughing and vieing with each other in giddy delight over the approach of our well-laden train. The majority of buildings appeared extremely plain, many, both brick and wood, regaled in fresh or faded whitewash, evidence at least of cleanliness and neatness, while a few of modern design loomed up at commanding points, apparently not exceeding four or five stories. The depot was a composite structure, brick and frame portions, one and two stories with a train shed in front (westward) extending over several tracks and the length of three or four cars. The roofs were pointed and the entire building wore a coat of either grayish-blue paint, calcimine or whitewash, according to its various sections; the main portion, brick, contained waiting rooms for men and women, divided by ticket and telegraph offices. On the same side (east) and a little southward stood a moderate-sized roundhouse, where the engines of the road were housed and given

necessary attention. For these natural conditions I thought none the less of Alexandria, as I had never seen a railroad pass through a desirable section of any city—such that would leave a favorable impression upon the passer-by.

The friendly brakeman in going out with some paraphernalia remarked—"The train has a new make-up here and for that ten minutes are required." As we came to a standstill I jumped off my car and walked over to the depot, for a better view of the crowd and surroundings, and while there saw our engine steam away and replaced by another, which stood belching forth, in hatefully loud accents, steam and smoke, as it was being oiled and looked over finally by its master. It seemed so self-conscious and solicitous of notice that I gave it more than passing glance—sufficient to observe that it was built at Paterson, New Jersey, a wood consumer, with large flaring smoke-stack, high and heavy fly-wheels, and the general appearance of newness, thereby assuring speed, strength and durability. During the wait each car wheel went through a process of tapping or sounding; ice and water were supplied the coolers; considerable baggage was taken on, and a number of passengers joined us, among them several well-dressed young men whom I reckoned students having possibly a destination in common with myself. Shortly after 9 o'ck, our train was again in motion, and still I seemed a "stranger in a strange land"—the more unfortunate from me recognizing that here was the true beginning of the "Orange and Alexandria Railroad," and that the next four hours could speak much of history if I only had an intelligent interpreter to associate narratives with places of enactment. The new conductor in a short time came around, and tore from my ticket a coupon giving in lieu thereof a small piece of yellow cardboard having printed on one side the names and distances of stations, and on the other a small advertisement with directions to this effect: Washington City, Virginia Midland and Great Southern R. R.—put this on your hat and avoid the frequent call of "Ticket Sir!" In addition it bore a picture of a silk hat and a sentence limiting stop-over privileges, signed by J. F. Peyton, Conductor. The new brakeman to our car appeared in a few minutes, and looked at the smoldering fire, ventilators and such incidentals coming under his care. He wore the air

of experience and possessed a face of equal kindness to the one met and parted with the hour before, so I determined to address him at first convenience. Fortunately not long thereafter he took a seat in the rear of the car near me, and at once I passed him my Baltimore paper, *The Sun,* which he accepted with thanks. In a short while I inquired the length of his service on the road, if he were a Virginian, where he lived, etc., only to receive acceptable answers and an inclination to prolong the conversation. He related some personal experiences at second Manassas and other turbulent fields towards which we were hastening; his father Henry Knox, whose name he bore, had been killed at Chancellorsville the afternoon before "Stonewall" Jackson received his fatal wound; an older brother had experienced the fortunes—misfortunes—of the Army of Northern Virginia from beginning to finish, while he himself had joined the ranks (Longstreet's Division) in early August, 1863, as it returned to Culpeper from the battle of Gettysburg, and remained therein until the Appomattox surrender. He had lived on a farm near Warrenton prior to the war and enlistment, and told his story with such rural simplicity and earnestness as to cause no doubt of its truthfulness, while his two visible scars—one on the forehead, another on the left hand—needed no verification by words. He was pleased with my interest and the seeming familiarity with which I handled dates, contests and personalities of the war period, the more so from my residence having been outside of the belligerent district, but his surprise abated somewhat when I revealed my objective point, and that I had so been absorbed in war records as to have written after puerile fashion quite a history. Henceforth we were very loquacious, and for the rest of the journey I never lost his companionship and explanations save when duties compelled his absence. He had been on the road five years, making three round-trips per week from Alexandria to Lynchburg, and knew well every historic acre through which it ran, impressing the fact that it played a most significant part in bellum days; while I had so often seen in print the words "Orange and Alexandria," as it connected the two places eighty miles apart, that I fancied it the greatest southern outlet, deserving comparison with the magnificent trunk lines of our country. But

University—Hospital, Rear View
(Erected 1900–05–08)

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

how did I find it on that memorable day? As much time was spent at the rear car window and in standing on the platform, catching every opportunity offered for inspection, and being better acquainted with the Pennsylvania system than any other, a comparison with it became natural but strikingly sad. Here grass often occurred between the tracks almost to their concealment, and at times we ran so slow as to reveal portions of track badly worn—from my viewpoint absolutely unsafe. My companion affirmed that much of the road-bed was still in its war-time form—the same light iron rails, ties and bridges serving yet wherever thought possible, the only replacement occurring in places of total destruction by the armies or age—and in spite of that the controlling powers manifested confidence in its secureness and safety. Curves were almost innumerable, seldom a mile without one or more, which in rounding, owing to imperfect curvature and joints, produced a screeching, binding noise—a chattering song positively alarming to the quietly disposed or nervous passenger. I could not but exclaim: What a road! And yet I then realized as never before that no other had ever experienced commensurate vicissitudes—carrying as it did burdens heavy and light alike for the one or other army according to that in control, serving simultaneously often the Confederates with its southern portion, the Federals with its more northern, suffering at times partial destruction from either forces in the effort to render abortive the emergent or matured plans of the advancing or retreating foe. Time and again various sections had been torn up for miles, ties burned and rails diverted to other uses; important bridges had frequently been destroyed only to occasion excessive expense and delay, and yet that was the expected fate of war—a bridge was praised for the safe passage of its present load, and there all gratitude ceased—it could not serve another. We had now covered about twenty miles and were nearing Fairfax Station, several miles south of the Court House bearing that name, around which considerable skirmishing took place in the advance on Bull Run. The next four miles brought us to Clifton (Union Mills), and as my informant made ready for the stop he remarked: The stream just beyond this station is the famous Bull Run. The country now entered was of irregular surface with many hills, dales

and streams of varying size; the soil exposed was brownish-red sand and clay permeated with rocks and stones of all dimensions, and woods were plentiful, consisting of many kinds of trees, saplings and undergrowth, bearing autumnal foliage. The railroad spanning Bull Run had been destroyed by General Beauregard at first Manassas, in order to prevent an advantage to General McDowell in case of Southern defeat, and also met a similar fate at the hands of General Jackson in his raid around General Pope, thereby severing the latter's communication with Washington and rendering Confederate success more certain at second Manassas. As we came upon the bridge I felt somewhat apprehensive, but it proved secure and afforded a fine view of the stream below having a good volume of reddish-yellow water noisily hurrying its way to the Potomac. Its banks were fringed with timber, more or less rocky, especially the northern, giving often an unbroken range southward. The distance from this stream to Manassas Junction, four miles, was covered at creditable speed, but in spite of that the remaining trenches and mounded works could easily be seen—those having timely sheltered so many brave and loyal hearts. These with their many grass-covered portions, were of irregular outline and showed marked signs of denudation by natural elements and the husbandman's hand, as fields, near and far, gave evidence of a moderate spirit of industry at the then seeding season. The railroad coursed through numerous deep and shallow cuts of characteristic reddish-brown soil, but in the clear was revealed gently sloping hills and plateaux, furrowed by ravines of varying length and direction, and studded with clumps of undergrowth —chiefly pine and oak. Assured that the stop at Manassas would be several minutes, I alighted and walked the station platform in order to secure various view-points of surroundings, which in a degree were disappointing from revealing simply well-defined country on every side. The village, of not more than five or six hundred, lay mostly to right (west), a number of frame dwellings of modest design and size, also a few stores being visible. To the southward on the same side could be seen a well-filled cemetery of Confederate dead, and around in close proximity to our train many colored women and children grouped themselves. There was a generous

sprinkling of white adults, a few without arm or leg, various crude vehicles, some with a single or pair of steers, or a carelessly groomed horse, while a number of those with saddles stood hitched in the background intently grazing upon the sprigs of grass in the fence-locks and on the roadside. I could but be impressed with the serenity and stillness of the spot, and made to lament the aching hearts its name revived at many firesides—for within a radius of three miles thousands of patriotic souls had sacrificed an earthly existence in defending conceived rights or wrongs. It was here that on July 21, 1861, General McDowell (Sherman, Burnside, etc.) on the one side, and General Beauregard (Ewell, Longstreet, Early, Johnston, Jackson, etc.) on the other began the dreadful conflict that lasted four weary years; that Mr. Davis and Generals Beauregard and Johnston had their memorable conference which checked the then foremost southern ambition of following up Confederate success by "On to Washington;" that a year later, August 29-30, 1862, General Pope (McDowell, Hooker, Siegel, Porter, Banks, Kearney, etc.) met a foe worthy of his steel in General Lee (Jackson, Longstreet, Hill, Stuart, etc.); that owing to railroad connections, the convergence of several common roads, and emergency conditions, either one or the other army at various times located the quartermaster's commissary and ordnance stores; and that General Jackson fell upon such a desirable prize belonging to General Pope, thereby well resuscitating his hungry and poorly clothed soldiers. Those were truly days of carnage, strife, unrest, and for the moment I could not refrain from drawing the contrast between peace and war—now a reign of perfect silence, and only a few visible reminders of the not remote stormy past. In revery I boarded my train, and as we slowly sped along viewed intently the cemetery and a single track road branching westward, at right angles from our own—that which the brakeman affirmed to be the Manassas Gap Division, running to Fort Royal in the Shenandoah Valley, first through the Thoroughfare Gap of the Bull Run Mountains, then the Manassas Gap of the Blue Ridge, both of whose outlines could readily be seen in the near and distant background. It was over thirty-four miles of this road, Piedmont to Manassas Junction, that General Johnston, July 20, 1861, conveyed his army of nine

thousand men to join General Beauregard, thereby making possible a Confederate victory of first Manassas. This same Thoroughfare Gap was used by General Jackson (Longstreet, Hood, etc.) in his raid around General Pope that culminated in success at second Manassas; also by the opposing forces under General McClellan, November 5, 1862; and finally by General Longstreet in his advance and retreat from Gettysburg, thus causing its high and precipitous sides to reverberate often the fearful din and clatter of moving artillery and infantry *en route* to havoc and destruction. Four miles brought us to Bristoe (Bristow), even less pretentious than Manassas, and sufficiently removed to be used with safety at both battles for field hospitals. Here General Jackson, August 26, 1862, ran upon a portion of General Pope's supplies, capturing two heavily laden trains, while on the following day General Hooker's division engaged General Ewell's division of General Jackson's corps, to the latter's detriment, during which the railroad to the south (west) of the station was torn up in several places and many important bridges burned, only to be repaired in a few days later by General Banks, so that the portion of store-trains to the south, saved from General Jackson's raid, could be sent northward towards Manassas. Here also General Hill's corps, October 14, 1863, engaged General Warren, while later in the same month General Lee, in pursuing General Meade towards Manassas, again destroyed the railroad, but retreating, General Meade pressed him closely making necessary restoration.

Several miles more brought us to Catlett's, an insignificant station, but around which the contending armies often marched and countermarched. Here General Lee, returning from Gettysburg, encamped one of his divisions for a while, thence moved to Culpeper, tearing up the railroad the entire distance. Three miles and we were at Warrenton Junction (Calverton), a small station nine miles east of Warrenton, where the Army of the Potomac, under Generals Sumner, Hooker, Franklin, etc., encamped in the autumn of 1862. Here General Grant, April, 1864, came near being taken prisoner by Colonel Mosby. The General during that spring made weekly trips to Washington from Culpeper, his headquarters, using special trains, and it was on one of these return trips that the special and

Colonel Mosby happened at this point a few moments apart. The regular train had passed and as everything around the station seemed deathly quiet, the Colonel and his command made only a short pause, crossed the track and pushed slowly westward, only when a mile distant, and in perfect view, to hear and see the special arrive, stop, and hurriedly depart. As a fact upon learning of the Colonel's proximity the General hastened his escape, thereby preventing the capture of valuable booty. It was at this point that General Pope ordered General Porter, though nine miles away, to join him on the night of August 27, 1862, when his tardiness in obeying as well as his indifference at second Manassas led to him being court-martialed and cashiered.

Six and ten miles brought us respectively to Bealeton and Rappahannock (Remington), both simple railroad stations of a few scattered houses and stores, but thoroughly rich in war associations—the former a seat of battle, January 14, 1864, the latter an encampment of General Pope and his numerous forces, August, 1862. Just beyond Rappahannock we crossed at considerable elevation a good-sized yellowish-brown stream, Rappahannock River, flowing southeasterly and joined later by the Rapidan River, before entering the James. It was along the south (west) side of the Rappahannock River, during the summer of 1862, before and after the battle of Antietam, that General Lee encamped his two corps under Generals Longstreet and Jackson, whence they marched to engage in the battle of Fredericksburg; while it was to the north (east) side of the same stream that General McClellan advanced after his famous Antietam experience. The contending armies also accepted these banks for winter-quarters, January-March, 1863, gladly considering the location a veritable haven from the overtaxing duties of the year. To thousands of those heroes deserving rest the ripple of that stream seemed sweet music, and although its waters had mingled with the blood of their many comrades, it now served simply as a narrow amicable dividing line. It was the Army of the Potomac (Generals Burnside, Hooker, etc.) on the north bank, and the Army of Northern Virginia (Generals Lee, Jackson, etc.) on the south bank, that during those severe months, lion and lamb like, determined to lie down together.

Indeed, by a welcomed comity no firing was countenanced on either side, and any one could parade the shores out of harm's way—opposing pickets enjoyed frequent communication, gladly hailing all opportunities for friendly exchange of thoughts and commodities, the Confederates sending across little rafts ladened with tobacco, the Federals returning them filled with coffee, salt, etc.

Our next station, Brandy, was five miles southward and a stop of two minutes revealed a few commonplace houses, having in the background a rich fertile soil apparently well-cultivated. Here General Lee, June 8, 1863, reviewed Stuart's brigade; W. H. F. Lee received a severe wound; General Stuart had a severe cavalry encounter with General Pleasonton, proving the excellent mettle of the contending forces; General Ewell encamped, June 10, 1863; General Sedgwick sought as an objective point to engage General Lee, October, 1863, only to find him in an entirely different location than supposed; and General Meade had headquarters, November, 1863, until General Grant's visit, March 10, 1864.

Our next stop, six miles distant, was Culpeper, where several minutes were spent on the sidewalk which paralleled and separated the track and store fronts. Besides the eager multitude of all classes standing around to witness the day's great event—coming of the Washington train—there appeared in greater evidence that which hitherto I had never encountered—the famed colored venders of tempting eatables, as fried chicken, hard-boiled eggs, sandwiches, cakes and apples. These men and maidens paraded the sidewalk several times the entire length of our coaches, supporting on their heads and in their arms well-proportioned platters heavily ladened with these tastefully arranged viands, whose qualities they loudly sang. The appearance, odor and advertising expressions appealed to many, myself included, purchasing several yellowish-green apples, which I found as represented—much better than they looked—succulent, firm and fine grained, bearing the name "Albemarle Pippin," a variety I had never seen, but by the brakeman claimed to have no superior in the South. Culpeper was several times a disputed possession of the contending armies, being the scene of cavalry engagements, September 13, October 12-13, 1863; where General Lee entrenched after

the battles of Antietam (September, 1862) and Gettysburg (July, 1863), from which latter field the Army of the Potomac under General Meade, followed and encamped for the winter; where General Grant set out from on his Wilderness campaign, and where to the left lay hundreds of Federal dead in a well-kept National Cemetery.

The run to Rapidan (Rapid Ann) was twelve miles and only one stop had to be made at Mitchell, the midway point. The country through which we glided compared favorably with that just left behind, of which it was a continuation, and while all directions were inviting from an agricultural standpoint, the trainman suggested that I direct most attention to the left (east and southeast), for said he: We are passing now through the southern portion of Culpeper County and shortly will enter Orange, but these counties are bounded on the east by one of even greater celebrity, Spotsylvania, in which Fredericksburg is located some thirty miles away. There General Burnside (Hooker, Franklin, Sumner, etc.) to his great mortification and sacrifice of reputation engaged General Lee (Jackson, Longstreet, etc.), December 13, 1862, while ten miles nearer is Chancellorsville, where General Hooker (Meade, Hancock, Sickles, Sedgwick, Howard, Reynolds, Couch, Miles, Slocum, etc.) encountered General Lee (Jackson, Hill, Longstreet, Ewell, Stuart, McLaws, etc.) May 2-3, 1863, fighting that ever memorable battle during which the invincible "Stonewall" Jackson lost his life, as did my poor father. Then still five miles nearer but in the same direction and county is the historic "Wilderness," where the Army of the Potomac, General Grant (Meade, Hancock, Warren, Sedgwick, Burnside, etc.) met in deadly combat the Army of Northern Virginia, General Lee (Longstreet, Ewell, Hill, Early, Rhodes, etc.) May 5-6, 1864, while one week later, May 12, these armies again tried strength at the county-seat giving to the world the battle of Spotsylvania (Court House). When leaving Mitchell, a modest station, the trainman called my attention to a small mountain in the near distance on our right, Cedar Mountain, around whose eastern base and over the few intervening miles was fought, August 9, 1862, that short but conspicuous battle of the same name between Generals Jackson and Pope.

As we passed in rapid succession hill, dale, woodland and stream, often repeated in and out of the order, I could almost fancy myself going to the front, for the war seemed no longer of the past but a real present active conflict. Mental emotion became more and more acute from the interesting portrayal of busy scenes and daring deeds performed at every step of our advance in more turbulent days, but in this moment of reverie my guide, for that he was, exclaimed: We now are crossing the Rapidan (River). A glance revealed the railroad bridge considerably elevated above the rapidly flowing stream, which appeared fully a hundred feet wide and to contain a good volume of yellowish-red water. The outlook was unobstructed, the banks gradually inclined at points while at others became rolling and precipitous; the flow was eastward and ultimately joined the Rappahannock some ten miles this side of Fredericksburg. Near the railroad bridge the Army of the Potomac, General Meade, encamped, September 1863, taking absolute control of the stream for miles, but early in the following spring it retired to the north bank, when the Army of Northern Virginia, General Lee (Ewell, etc.) advanced to occupy the south bank. We soon reached Rapidan station, not unlike many stopping places encountered that day, being extremely simple and small, but rich in wartime experiences. To this point General Lee returned after the battle of Gettysburg, July 1863, General Meade remaining at Culpeper, and the opposing cavalry had active engagements here, September 14, October 10, while to the left, at Martin's Ford, the two forces came to bitter conflict. We now had only six miles to Orange (Court House) through a succession of well-cultivated farms of irregular undulating surface with visible running streams. I accepted the few minutes' stop in walking the length of the platform seeking various viewpoints of the quaint town, in appearance of good size and not unlike Culpeper in general activity about the station, as here was also to be encountered a variety of quiet onlookers and more active venders proclaiming loudly the quality and prices of tempting edibles. One fancied he could see at every turn traces of the war, since intervening time had apparently brought no recovery from drains then made—for she as conspicuously as any other point had kept life, to her own depletion, in the contend-

University—Chemical Laboratory
(Erected 1868–69)

University—Mechanical Laboratory
(Erected 1896–98)

ing armies. It was the county-seat of a rich agricultural district, and the few modern buildings presented happy contrast with the prevailing plain and uniform structures. General Lee, spring of 1864, had headquarters about two miles northeast of the town, and various divisions of his army had often stacked arms temporarily in the Main Street seeking needed rest.

The distance to Gordonsville was nine miles with one stop about midway, Madison, named after the President and not far from his former home, Montpelier. Upon leaving Orange we at once passed on our right the base of the largest hill so far encountered, but these now continued to grow in frequency and size until the end of our journey. The land no longer seemed so well adapted for best agricultural results, nor was it so highly cultivated and treated as around Culpeper, Rapidan and Orange—farmers being less careful of outbuildings, dividing fences, ravine banks, and homes, which were of less expensive style and type. Gordonsville itself apparently possessed nothing to attract a stranger, as only a good-sized whitewashed hotel paralleled the tracks and a platform beyond ordinary dimensions accommodated traffic. While a few stores and numerous small whitewashed houses indicated the town, yet it did possess more than ordinary significance as the point of intersection of our railroad (Orange and Alexandria) with the Central (Chesapeake and Ohio). For years the former road only extended to Orange, but a connecting link of nine miles was built, in order to use conjointly, by traffic arrangements, the Central's track for the next twenty-one miles—Gordonsville to Charlottesville—whence its own trunk line continued southward to Lynchburg. Thus a junction of two important railroads Gordonsville was protected amply during the war as it was of great strategic value to the Army of Northern Virginia. Various divisions were passing and repassing almost continuously; General Lee spent there August, 1862, and later accepted headquarters for the winter, while General Longstreet followed the example during the winter and spring of 1864; General Jackson was not an infrequent visitor, and indeed a considerable battle was fought nearby, December 28, 1864. Apart from its former activity it seemed yet a busy place, for within the hour of our arrival

four trains, when on schedule time reached that point causing many persons to loiter around the station. Among these not a few were young students shaking hands with one another, filled with kindly expressions over renewed association. With some the meeting evidently was by accident, with others by arrangement, presenting altogether a veritable love-feast—a happy exchange of radiant smiles and fraternity grips. Who they were and whither bound found ready answer in casually observing the frank and audible conversation in no wise intended for themselves alone. The Richmond train, bearing its contingent of old and new University students, had arrived a few minutes before our Washington train, causing that youthful multitude to be grouped together here and there on the platform awaiting those we brought along—so it was the reunion of familiar forms and faces from various sections of Virginia that occasioned the excessive hilarity with its outside notice. It was then for the first time that I sadly realized what it was to be a freshman—unknown in an unknown land—barred, as I then erroneously thought, by a code of college ethics from making advances to upper classmen. Above all merriment and sober reflection, however, came the ever distracting element of humanity—the noisy and by this time less tolerant food venders—even more numerous and active than at previous places, owing to the lateness of the hour, after midday, and the first stop on the Central that furnished supplies to the weary and hungry traveler, that which made the demand and consumption somewhat phenomenal. A piece of fried chicken and bread in one hand, an egg and salt in the other, with more or less greasy mouth and fingers, seemed the rule rather than exception. My Albemarle pippins were of the past, and that ever ready organ, stomach, for that it was in those days, carried a craving for all visible goodies, so, following the prevailing fashion, I invested in the Virginia fowl. As I now revert to that occasion and investment it brings a certain sense of delight—the satisfaction of having filled the aching void with the true non-flying bird. Yes, no one need wish for better than that prepared in that day and place by the elder generation of faithful colored cooks.

CHAPTER X

Arrival at the University—Mr. Jefferson's Child and Pet

Last twenty-one miles—Gordonsville to Charlottesville; Lindseys, Keswick, Rivanna River, Shadwell—Mr. Jefferson's birthplace—Monticello, his home and place of burial; Charlottesville—friendly greeting of students; arrival at the University; meeting the Proctor, Major Peyton, and the Chairman, Colonel Venable, with whom I dined; letter from Colonel Charles Marshall; selecting room; passing of the first few days; first letter home; University work selected and begun—its character; meeting students; mass meeting in the Court House, etc.

After a restless stop of ten minutes at Gordonsville we found ourselves curving slowly with screeching noise upon the "Chesapeake and Ohio" track, to be increased shortly beyond our accustomed speed, as the roadbed was evidently of higher order than that already passed over, while the rails seemed heavier and firmer—indeed, made of steel and of English importation according to my informant. This reconciled me to the quicker service now enjoyed, that which would have made acceptable a greater distance than the twenty-one miles yet to be covered, including the three stops—Lindseys (Cobham), Keswick and Shadwell, six, fourteen and eighteen miles respectively. The road now entered a more rugged and hilly territory with scarcely a half mile curveless, some short and on grade, while the land gave evidence of richness, but the kind farmers care little to cultivate save in the absence of less rough and rocky. Lindseys, a small station around which the hand of industry appeared active, came shortly in sight, as did within the next fifteen minutes a larger village, Keswick, nestled even in a more thriving neighborhood, where pretentious homes crowned the surrounding hilltops and inclines. Our route lay at the base and between slopes of a hundred or more feet, then in the open or through deep artificial cuts of solid rocks concealing in passing our train from landscape

views, and contributing a disagreeable weird resonance from which one is always glad to make escape. A glimpse of an occasional cascade, entire or part, following abrupt declivities could be caught in shade and sunlight, while a rapidly running stream often added picturesqueness to the scene. Suddenly we came to hug for a mile or two the north (east) bank of the Rivanna River, when every moment brought us nearer to a mountain base on our left, whose lofty altitude continued to overshadow more and more our onward path. The stop at Shadwell of a minute sufficed to give those on the alert an idea of Mr. Jefferson's birth-place—the estate inherited from his father, which gradually lifted itself in irregular nodules of gently declining sides to the north (east) of the station and stream, whose rapid flow towards the James through hills and valleys afforded in the distance a panorama of an immense rolling plain relieved by a fading yellow line. Slightly to the southwest towered above us some six hundred feet the graceful little mountain, Monticello, carrying upon its summit in clear outline the majestic home built by the immortal Jefferson, while just opposite the waving crests in the northwest ascended even higher to vanish in the distance from the bluish horizon. Onward we sped encountering the mountain sides studded with stately trees and dense foliage, with scarcely diminished size and quantity towards the apex, immense overhanging boulders projecting their rugged faces partly covered with moss and indigenous ferns, persistent autumnal leaves assuming beautiful variegated tints, the brilliant shining sun diffusing its caloric rays from the western quarter causing shadows to fall now and then at various angles as the train tortuously " drew its slow length along." A moment we were in the clear, then lost to all save noise and a mountainous passage. Surely these last few miles afforded a succession of picturesque surroundings in joyous contrast with anything encountered during the day, while none was quite as impressive as that, after hugging the river's northern bank, of grading above the water-level nearly a hundred feet to pass over the stream by a long substantial unobstructed iron bridge. Thus suspended apparently amid air, the view of the river northward was somewhat unique, revealing in the foreground a high dam across the entire width, over which rolled in

lively fashion a large volume of reddish-yellow opaque water, while above (northward), until broken by a right divergence, appeared a smooth continuous golden sheet. Below (southward) the river-bed revealed many rocky boulders of varying size, around which turbulent waters rushed and spouted—for the autumn equinox had spent itself only a few days before, giving mountain streams excessive volume and swiftness, thereby causing the Rivanna to betray its ordinary form and habit. At the western terminus of the "long bridge" loomed up on our left a large factory building, Charlottesville Woolen Mills, whose running power was supplied mostly by the waters beyond the retaining dam. We were now approaching our last milestone, and for that distance I stood at the rear car door in order to gaze at Monticello from the best exposed position. Often the deep cuts broke the level view only to reveal in the clear the entire landscape to be a continuous table-land composed of highly cultivated fields of an irregular rolling surface, ornamented here and there with pleasant arbored homes. It was the Piedmont Valley unfolding itself in beautiful panorama.

One long shrill blast from the engine, the passing of outlying buildings, and the retarding speed brought a recognition of my approaching destination, confirmed in a few moments by the brakeman swinging open the doors and loudly calling out several times, "Charlottesville." We were entering the town at a very slow pace, with engine bell rhythmically pealing its note of warning and the car-wheels accenting the friction of hand-applied brakes. But above all could be heard distinctly the penetrating sound of a gong, which I soon saw to be of good size and manipulated vigorously by a stalwart man of color, wearing highly polished brass insignia in front of his cap and on the lapel of his coat. Added to this unwelcome noise came that of many voices uttering names and expressions to me thoroughly unfamiliar—"Central Hotel;" "Farish House;" "Monticello Hotel;" "Hack, Sir;" "Buss, Boss;" "Right up to the University," etc. Amid such confusion and pandemonium our train came to a standstill, my car's forward platform just edging up to the east flagging of the Central Hotel, whose sign I easily read from the car platform with grip and umbrella in hand, but lost sight of in descending to the

pavement, since then the din appeared to grow stronger and I found myself surrounded by all shades of drivers and hotel solicitors. The depot building was brick, one story, many years old, on the west side of the track, but south side of Main Street, and along the entire width together with considerable street space westward stood a line of various styled vehicles awaiting patronage. I quickly scanned the array—apparently belonging to a different period than that in which " we lived, moved and had our being." While to have singled out the special one used by Mr. Jefferson, or the driver that had served him at Monticello, fifty years before, was more than an ordinary task, yet the majority looked equal to that service. Indeed, all these so styled hacks were heavy, unwieldy, old and dilapidated, having experienced many years of constant use as well as abuse, while the occupants of the boxes possessed silvered heads—having grown decrepit in faithful bondage. One of these from polite salutation and urgent solicitations appealed especially to me, and to him I passed over my traps and baggage check, never a moment questioning integrity or trustfulness. In a few minutes, however, with my identification, he produced the trunk, which, by a knack familiar to those of his craft, was landed from the shoulder to a place high up in front near where he was to sit and drive. In the wait I saw at least a hundred students, some who had journeyed along with me, others who, having arrived at earlier hours, were there to greet the return of fellow classmates. On every side unusual rejoicing prevailed as friendly faces renewed their quondam smile and hands their secret grasp. Cheery laughter rang out on every side, frenzying the atmosphere with the best social qualities of youth, and impressing the stranger that above all things the most loyal friendship pervaded those attending the University. The hacks were soon filled, leaving a large walking contingent, chiefly from choice, as riding proved a rare indulgence by the old and thoroughly familiar students.

Our procession headed westward up a short easy grade, curving slightly leftward to follow in a straight line the Main Street for a half mile, then veered leftward up a short ascent, Vinegar Hill (*Collis Acetum*), along a roadbed elevated thirty feet above the street level in the town, at first southwest for

a hundred or more yards, thence to the right, westward, for a mile, at which distance the buildings, trees and outlying grounds of the University could plainly be seen. This much traveled boulevard was practically level and straight, although just before reaching the railroad crossing near the entrance to the University precinct it made a slight divergence to the right—northwest. After engaging at the depot the carriage and placing therein my hand effects, I aided the driver somewhat in designating my trunk among the many, and upon returning to take my seat found sitting within a lady dressed in black. Her hair was arranged neatly, but severely plain, curving from a distinct middle part to slightly cover a decidedly intelligent forehead; the face was kind and expressive, but to me a trifle sad—as though she carried years of weighty responsibility. Having thrown carelessly my light luggage upon the rear seat, she was occupying the front one until I insisted on an exchange—a suggestion readily accepted with an avowed apology for trespassing knowingly in a pre-engaged vehicle, but in the dilemma of none other, " necessity knew no law." Thereafter we shared the rear seat, and she soon brightened into conversation upon University matters to my benefit and pleasure. My prospective course, preparation, day's journey and even family came in as agreeable topics, and in spite of the rattling conveyance giving annoyance as it bounded heedlessly over cobbles of various size, the end of the ride came too quickly. As the driver made his first right-angle turn leftward at Wash. Hall he came to a stop, when the lady remarked: I leave you here. At once I alighted, held open the door, assisted her to the pavement, and expressed my good fortune in having had her as a companion and the desire for her name, she being the first lady with whom I had enjoyed a conversation in Virginia. She withdrew smilingly and said: " I am Mrs. Davis, wife of one of the professors " (Dr. John Staige Davis).

I re-entered the carriage only for a few hundred feet, Proctor's office, midway this (east) range of buildings that paralleled the driveway. The door stood open, indicative of the mild temperature without, the hospitable sentiment within, and on the pavement in front were several trunks to which my own was added. Upon entering the office I saw, seated behind

a long table covered with green baize, a handsome middle-aged gentleman with florid complexion and tall figure, Major Green Peyton, surrounded by a half dozen students, who in turn were arranging for rooms and tuition. While waiting I observed the doings of those ahead and followed their example by introducing myself and explaining my wants. I spoke of my correspondence with the Chairman, to whose office I wished to be directed, and expressed the desire for a quietly located room, and although other students in this time had joined our ranks, standing around impatiently, he in an affable, obliging and deliberate manner supplied every possible detail. Assured of my trunk's safety I followed his directions to the Chairman's office, by turning left outside of the door, proceeding up the range a hundred or more feet, swinging left at right angle along a gradual incline of several hundred feet to the rear of a parallel row of buildings at a higher elevation—reaching their front by a ten-foot opening flanked by a dozen steps, thereby coming for the first time upon the "Lawn." Here I turned right, ascended a half dozen stone steps, and continued forward a hundred yards to room No. 8, whose location I prejudged in the distance from the line of young men filed out on the pavement. I found, as at the Proctor's office, the door wide open revealing a moderate-sized desk backed against the north wall, with an ordinary large office chair in front occupied by a middle-aged gentleman inclined to be fleshy. As he sat there one could readily catch his back and side view, and when turning occasionally his head towards the door the strong facial features became distinctly visible and impressive. At least ten students were ahead of me, and feeling no hurry in taking position in line until several others were about to join, I passed some minutes viewing the beautiful terraced Lawn adorned with its imposing pantheonic Rotunda, towering white columns and long colonnades. One by one the numbers faded until I myself faced the Chairman, who spoke to me, as I observed he had to the others, with a kindly smile and a deliberate deep-toned voice: "Well, it is your turn next." To which I replied: "Yes Sir, I believe so"—at the same time reaching in my side pocket for the letter of introduction my Uncle had given me the afternoon before and placing it in his hand. Being un-

sealed and bearing his name he quickly unfolded it to reveal the contents:

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, Sept. 27th, 1872.

My dear Col. Venable:

On behalf of my personal friend, Mr. Luther M. Reynolds, a leading member of our Baltimore Bar, I take great pleasure in introducing to you his nephew, David M. R. Culbreth, the bearer of this letter, who is about to enter the University. I bespeak for this young man while with you, your kind consideration, assuring you that any courtesies extended will be appreciated highly by him, his uncle and your sincere friend.

CHARLES MARSHALL,
N. E. Cor. St. Paul and Saratoga Sts.

Although I had read the letter several times, neither the contents nor the attached names conveyed to me any special significance beyond a friendly indorsement and a happy medium of making acquainted two strangers from a social standpoint. It was written on small-sized letter paper, in a legible open hand with letters carelessly formed, and from its boldness covered nearly two pages. As Colonel Venable glanced at the chirography I noticed a facial brightness—though something pleasant had half taken possession of his mind—and upon reading only a few lines turned the page suddenly to catch the name evidently anticipated—a revelation that brought him to his feet and caused him to take me most cordially by the hand nearly forgetting my name. He then adapted the following words to his heartfelt action: "My dear young man, I am delighted to see you, and equally glad to have a line from my true and tried friend, Colonel Marshall. I shall ask you to be seated here by the window until I finish with these young men, when I shall be free and will want you to go dine with me." I thanked him, stating that my Gordonsville lunch had been quite substantial. But he replied: "I am sure you have room for something more."

Within a half-hour the last student bid good afternoon, when the Colonel, after arranging a few papers, again picked up the letter I had given him, re-read it and remarked: "I scarcely know which affords me more pleasure, to greet a new student or receive a letter from Colonel Marshall, for, as possibly you know, we were associated together in the war on General Lee's staff, and have had in common many trying and exciting experiences." He referred to the several letters which had passed between us during the past few months, and

expressed regret that Delaware had sent so few students to the University in recent years—indeed only two, Messrs. Mitchell and Martin. The key of the office door turned and we were soon off for his home, Monroe Hill, possibly a sixth of a mile distant, when he remarked: "As we go along some of the room doors will be open, and, although they are either occupied or engaged, you can catch a glimpse of their general condition and arrangement. I want to see you well and suitably located, so after dinner we will consult Major Peyton as to the best available rooms." I then handed him the list the Major had given me an hour before, but after looking it over he seemed to think we together might do something better. Our route was a trifle circuitous—down East Lawn colonnade to the base of the first terrace, across to West Lawn, to the last pavilion, Dr. McGuffey's, turning right through a narrow opening in the building, down a few stone steps, then on the level several hundred feet by the side of a serpentine wall to West Range, at whose southern terminus descending a number of stone steps, crossing the public road and following its west side by a narrow gravel walk, having a board fence on the right but unprotected on the left from the roadbed that lay several feet below. Within a hundred yards we turned abruptly to the right and approached his home over a gradually rising lawn, during which he remarked: "This house possesses at least one point of historic interest, in that it was for some time the office and home of Ex-President James Monroe—the years he practiced law in Charlottesville and the adjoining courts." The main front building was brick covered with yellowish-gray plaster, two stories, with a frontage of forty feet, a depth of thirty, and a slightly pointed tin roof. The entrance door was central, approached by several wooden steps attached to a small uncovered railless platform of similar material. We entered a good-sized hallway, thence a parlor on the right (north), plainly but attractively furnished with square piano, sofa, table, chairs and a number of family portraits, including General Lee's. The floors were without rugs or carpets—simply stained dark with dull finish. The colored butler, middle-aged, compactly built, quiet and respectful, soon announced dinner, which was served in the dining-room, just opposite to (south) and a counterpart of the parlor. The

University—Rouss Physical Laboratory
(Erected 1896-98)

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

table was about four and a half feet square and we sat facing each other, he south and I north, while the dinner consisted of a fine broiler, corn cut from the cob and cooked in a dish with egg—to which I made my first acquaintance—sweet potatoes and Lima beans. A bottle of red wine stood loosely corked, which I declined when offered, only to cause him to explain its lightness and agreeable taste. I, however, was positive, stating that my training had been entirely without stimulants, had no desire for them, and at that stage of my career thought it wise not to indulge their use for fear of possible abuse. He expressed some surprise, commended my firmness, and drank none himself. I ate heartily of the substantials, as everything was cooked and served to a turn, consequently the delicious looking grapes and pears that followed, apparently the very best, suffered little by their presence. Thus it happened, that my first meal in Virginia was with the Chairman of her University, a former aide-de-camp to General Lee and in the house once the home of President Monroe.

Shortly after dinner Colonel Venable suggested the proposed visit to the Proctor's office, which we made and thereafter inspected rooms on West Lawn, Dawson's Row and Monroe Hill—the latter location appearing to please him most owing to its perfect quietness and freedom from various distractions. I so well remember him pacing the floor of the corner room forming the right-angle of that group, and claiming for it the three best requisites—abundant space, light and air—but when I spoke of the outlook west on to the Blue Ridge, though beautiful, being so bleak and cheerless in winter, he concluded I was determined to have something with a southern or eastern exposure. He positively discountenanced the Lawn from the constant tread of passers-by and possible interlopers, although I expressed the likelihood of one becoming accustomed to that and commented upon the favorable point—nearness to recitation rooms—not to be despised in bad weather. We retraced our steps to the Proctor's, talked matters over, and selected Dawson's Row, House "B," first floor, front east room, and at once matriculated paying in currency two hundred and thirty dollars and fifty cents. A colored man was called to take charge of my trunk, and to see that the room was made ready for immediate occupancy, conse-

quently 6 o'ck. found me landed bag and baggage in my new quarters, which I at once began to make a little homelike by properly arranging the few things brought along for that purpose. Owing to the many attempts at eating during the day, my late dinner, and some tempting eatables in my trunk, I determined to cut out supper in order to get thoroughly unpacked and settled. It was truly fortunate that hunger proved no contending element that night, as none of the University boarding houses (mess halls) were open, nor would be until the following Tuesday, and for me, a stranger, to have been compelled to grope in darkness along unknown rugged paths in search of town or nearby hotel would have meant considerable annoyance and consumption of time.

The keeping of a diary was a great fad at the Seminary where I had seen and read frequently those of others, and although this familiarity served rather to condemn than commend the custom, especially among those absorbed in more serious matters, as the usual contents were commonplace and circumscribed by a monotonous student life, barren of historic incidents and personages, yet this day had been so resourceful and memorable that I concluded its last two hours should be spent in summarizing my chief experiences, and in reducing the same to writing in a small volume purchased several months before for the purpose—a practice continued daily until the following spring when studies so crowded my time that thereafter its continuance was with great irregularity. The strain of the first day in Virginia was far beyond the usual, so that in spite of the narrow springless couch that carried my outstretched aching form, sweet sleep soon came and continued into the brightness of the morrow. The next day, Sunday, was ushered in with dampness and fog, so while dressing I concluded sorrowfully the outcome to be rain—that in a strange place I was to be denied my only cheering friend, sunshine, then, of all times, most needed and desired. Happily I was a poor weather-prophet in mountainous districts, as by noon the mist lifted and the sun shone forth with more than usual power and brilliancy.

It was something after 7 o'ck, when, having made inquiry of my room attendant concerning available places for table board and direction thereto, I heard a rap at my door, which

upon opening I found to be a fellow student well and neatly dressed bearing a pleasant word and smile. After friendly salutations he inquired my plans for breakfast, and, finding these undecided, at once suggested our going together, for said he: "I have already made a happy selection—McKennie's—in spite of me being right hard to please." Surely this kind messenger was Godgiven and timely, as he dispelled foreboding clouds and brought untold comfort to a callow youth hundreds of miles from familiar scenes, faces and names—for the first time in touch with the cold and austere world. He was my next-door neighbor and the first student with whom I exchanged a word—a fact causing me to hold him ever since in grateful remembrance. His opportunities, advantages and experiences had been far in advance of mine, and he no longer possessed a youthful appearance, although it was his initial year at the University. He was manly with heavy moustache, had enjoyed extensive travel at home and abroad; had been reared in a large city giving him pronounced social characteristics distinctive of the "Smart Set," and able to grace with perfect ease and confidence that phase of society in which his life had been ordered. To approach a stranger was absolutely to his liking, while to pilot and encourage the inexperienced were pleasurable ambitions. Unfortunately in one sense his department was medicine, which, having little in common with my own, accounted for us gradually drifting apart. But beyond that his social nature occasioned a neglect of study—to enjoy functions more congenial, those in which I was unable to join from a lack of time and inclination. Sadly enough nature is prone to follow lines of least resistance, or to accept in the daily walks of life that which affords the most immediate comfort and pleasure, and to this law of inheritance the University student finds himself no exception. Often he falls victim of the tempter—self-indulgence—sometimes to the utter disregard of class work, which persisted in, usually brings its measure of sorrow, but corresponding joy when desisted from, through solicitations of fellow classmates or self-assertive power aroused by a conceived duty to parents or others having in him bright hopes and cordial interests. The beginning of a University course may be thoroughly congenial and highly satisfactory in every respect,

since the amount of material covered by each lecture does not seem for a while beyond reason and comprehension. To keep up for a few months is not found overtaxing, but as the lectures follow each other in quick succession month after month, unless most of the available moments have been turned to proper account, one is caught bewildered in the enormous maze of the unknown, resulting often in discouragement, even a disinclination to hold up his end of the line. It was, therefore, no great surprise when I learned that my friend, in spite of his creditable record early in the session, had given away to positive indifference. But the going wrong of a companion, beyond passing regret, figures little as a rule to those possessing tenacious ambition and the quality of acquiring close friendships, as it is a very brief spell at any institution wherein an honest and capable worker has only one friend.

First Home-letter, Sunday night, September 29, 1872. My dear Mother: I reached here safely yesterday afternoon, and was fortunate enough to secure a room without much trouble having two windows—one east, the other south—which will give delightful sunlight in winter and southern breezes in summer. The bare floor and white walls look very cheerless compared with home, but a few pieces of furniture and a carpet I intend to purchase during the week will add much to the comfort. While a student is supposed to need little else than books he must have accustomed surroundings for best work. . . . This morning I attended the Episcopal Church in Charlottesville—a building of many years, with gallery on two sides and end, and usual roomy chancel. My seat was far in the rear, so failed to catch the minister's connected theme. Will go further forward next time, where you know my inclination always prompts, but this time gave way to older heads and paid the penalty. Some people seem contented to have anything, anyway. What a misfortune not to desire and strive for the best attainable! . . . I have seen so much during the last few days, new to me, yet very old to others, that it would be useless to make an effort, in my feeble way, at description—that which can only be given *viva voce*. . . . My trip to Baltimore, stay at Uncle's, bird's-eye view of Washington, Capitol, White House, Potomac River, Arlington, Alexandria, Bull Run, Manassas with its breastworks and cemetery, Rappahannock, Culpeper, Orange, Cedar Mountain, Shadwell and Monticello, has left an unfading picture, always to be carried in pleasant memory. . . . In passing through the war district I made friends with the brakeman, my weakness you know, who, being intelligent and communicative, gave much information that was interesting and startling, so I know much more of the great conflict than a week ago. After leaving Alexandria the country soon began getting more hilly and rugged, while on our right a range of mountains, Blue Ridge—a beautiful blue color—could be seen most of the way, but in the far distance. Streams of water were numerous, most with rapid motion and all with reddish-yellow water, so different from any of ours, which under all conditions are clear and limpid. . . . It is too early for judging the University

and my impression of it, but I trust it will measure up to expectations. So far everything has been strange, but at breakfast, dinner and supper met a number of students and several ladies—Mrs. McKennie and two daughters—where I am boarding temporarily, until the University hotels open on Tuesday. Nothing familiar has come within range, even the colored men, women and children seem different from those at home—more respectful, better mannered and dressed—as those noticed show humility to whites when occasion offers. . . . I must give you a list of expenses so far, which I trust will not exceed your or father's expectation. Any way rest assured I shall be as economical as possible, knowing well how difficult it is to make that which I am spending. . . .

Indeed, I found that the first few weeks sufficed to develop among the majority of us very cordial relations, since the going together to and from classes, the promiscuous sitting by one and then another, the class recitations with success and failure (curl or cork), the commingling for a short while after dinner at the postoffice, or just before each meal in front of the boarding house, awaiting the door of the dining room (mess hall) to be opened, the general table talk indulged and enjoyed, all tended to break quickly the thin frigid film so manifest at the start. Soon we were comparing notes and thoughts, discussing lectures, taking afternoon walks into the undulating country for exercise, or leisurely strolling towards the town (city) to gaze upon beauty in the form of lads and lassies out on dress parade—all simple within themselves, yet sufficient to create mutual esteem, nay more, strong attachment and love, attributes that sooner or later tended towards fraternal propinquity, that when established assuring much in harmony with a genial soul. It was true that the satisfactory passing of the first days entailed most effort, flavored as they were with a degree of *"mal du pays,"* owing to the utter strangeness and the absence of work, but happily an abundance of the latter was soon forthcoming, giving food for study and reflection, and establishing an interest to the disappearance of all signs of unrest. Then again those glorious autumnal days of bright sunshine, known alone to such a clime, recurred with that regular periodicity of darkness succeeding light—each with a cloudless sky, and tempered with mildness so congenial to all nature, especially her human beings. Surely did such an atmosphere contribute a stimulating breath of life, that which created in one an ambition for the higher ideals, manly virtues, and the evolution of the best

and rarer gifts—all that stood for improving and ennobling character. It was a little but a busy world, apparently all to ourselves, so that the thoughtful, reflective and strenuous student found no cause or reason for homesickness. The Rotunda bell pealed in accents loud each changing hour; professors either in slow meditative mood or with quick elastic step sought posts of duty in advance of schedule time; students like martial soldiers were ever on the rapid tread; action was everywhere as impelled by mechanical power—making time most precious and not to exist for loitering on the wayside. Towards the oneness of purpose all visible signs indicated work, work, work, so for the thoughtless and indolent what an unfortunate spot! A few were there poorly prepared, apparently without energy, definite object or purpose—adrift upon a fomenting sea of knowledge—but how fortunate that such were rare, and that one session usually sufficed to see their finish, thus preventing serious results from ingrafting pernicious and desultory habits.

During the early part of the session when meeting students by introduction several stereotyped questions invariably were interchanged, as: Your State, studies and class, and if an old student happened in the party he usually volunteered some real or fancied knowledge of your tickets selected, as well as characteristics of the professors having same in charge—the less your informant really knew the more ominous of evil he portrayed your future. Thus the "green ticket" (Latin, Greek, Math.), that for which I was prepared best, evoked, as a rule, a derisive smile from the more experienced, and in fact caused me, after a few lectures, to postpone Greek until my second year in favor of Natural Philosophy. It was, however, some weeks before I realized the significance of their exclamations and surprise—when I faced the thoroughness with which everything was taught and had to be learned. Each language carried not only an assigned tri-weekly task in translation with syntactic interpretation—reasons for every construction and why the author had not used other forms—but a knowledge of its history, geography, literature, rhythm, meters, accents, etc., while greater importance yet was centered in the weekly exercise (composition), each consisting of about two hundred English words, mostly in idiomatic forms, to be rendered cor-

rectly into the respective tongues. In this one phase an average throughout the session of more than three to five errors was considered so ordinary as scarcely to justify an attempt at graduation. Then again private reading, *parallel,* was assigned, consisting of several hundred pages from various styled authors, which was to be mastered by one's self in the quietness of the room, since from it a portion of the examinations were taken, the remainder coming from sources unknown and presumably hitherto unseen. In mathematics beyond the text problems quite a half dozen deductive or inferential corollaries, *riders,* were given each day to be worked out by one's self privately, and these mostly constituted the recitations. Rarely, indeed, was a student called to the blackboard and asked to demonstrate any problem explained fully in the text, unless getting at the same time some possibility growing therefrom, and on examinations he never encountered the direct theorems as set in the books. Some of these *riders* at various steps were susceptible of several solutions, adding not only to the interest but demanding often many thoughtful efforts.

I had only been at the University three weeks when several of us decided to take our usual afternoon walk—this time westward along the Staunton pike—and in nearing the first crossing with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad we noticed a man tacking to a large tree what turned out to be a campaign poster. As he drove away rapidly we approached slowly and read the announcement of a Grand Republican Mass Meeting, to be held in the Court House, Charlottesville, Saturday, October 26th, 3 o'ck, P. M., at which the Hon. Henry Wilson, the Vice-Presidential candidate, was to be the attraction.

Thus far I had seen and met several governors, senators and congressmen, but nothing of a stronger national character, and at once decided to shape studies to attend the meeting. Upon reaching the Court House shortly before the hour I found it so filled as only to be entered by patient effort, but, gradually maneuvering forward, I secured standing position in easy range of the judge's rostrum, from which was to be the speaking. The audience was largely colored (male and female), very noisy, and enlivened now and then by threatened difficulties and melees, owing to the wild hurrahing of a thoughtless few in the background having political sentiments adverse to the

rank and file present. The characteristic African aroma strongly asserted itself, which together with the personnel made me feel decidedly ill at ease, but recognizing I was there for a commendable purpose resolved that the discomforting elements should have no deterring influence. During the waiting stage quite a sprinkling of students, filled to overflowing with youthful buoyancy and antagonistic political enthusiasm, reinforced the already congested number, apparently delighting in inflaming the assemblage "by word and act," thus keeping it in a continued state of fever. A delay tended to make "hope deferred," by prolonging the commotion, but about 3.30 o'ck, word was passed that the speakers and accompanying dignitaries were entering the building, so in the immediate expectancy quietness reigned, only in a few moments to burst forth in wildness at their veritable presence. Of course all eyes seemed centered on Mr. Wilson, who for quite a while was kept busy smiling and bowing in recognition of the frequent loud calling of his name. When the initial éclat had subsided, Mr. Lawton in a very happy mood, and with his characteristic deep stentorian voice, affirmed great delight at the honor of presenting Mr. Wilson to his Albemarle constituents, etc. As Mr. Wilson arose and stood there he appeared six feet high and to weigh two hundred pounds. He was dressed becomingly in black—long frock coat, widely open standing collar, polished silk hat, which he rested on the desk in front; face of the roundish type, florid and smoothly shaven; hair blackish, of more than ordinary length and quantity for his supposed years; nature seemingly kind, paternal and magnetic—above that represented then by the opposing party papers and speakers throughout the land. He spoke an hour, saying some things distasteful to the Democratic portion of his hearers, who had not the slightest hesitation in showing disapproval by hisses, groans, and other disrespectful audible punctuations. The student element especially was antagonistic, going so far as to plan giving him eggs—that which happily was averted by more sober reflection—and disorder grew fierce whenever the colored contingent showed signs of resentment by trying to reach the rear, the incendiary spot of dissension. I was puzzled as to the outcome, but, being well up towards the speaker and tightly wedged in a sweltering mass of humanity, recognized

there to be no escape, let come what might, consequently resigned myself to the dose. Fortunately for all present, Mr. Wilson, although halted and interrupted several times in order to restore quietness, brought his speech to a close without serious trouble or bloodshed, for which I personally was very thankful. As he took his seat the hall became partially cleared, so I began edging myself towards the door encountering several angered student acquaintances, whom I counseled to be charitable for the opinions of others and to tolerate even those of our opponents on occasions like this, only to become the target of many uncomplimentary expressions. I certainly was glad to make safe retreat to the University, with the firm resolve, religiously kept, of never attending another Republican mass meeting in Charlottesville. At the time I did not consider Mr. Wilson as saying much deserving criticism, since he began by stating he had come South to talk over calmly and kindly that which the Administration proposed to do in case of re-election; that the war being over it was his hope and ambition to adjust satisfactorily all unsettled issues; that we must look towards making our country's future brighter and greater, forgetting as much as possible the bitterness of the past. He extolled General Grant's magnanimity in the field, his determination to see the Government live up to the Appomattox surrender, verbal and written, his kindness manifested towards the South in the past four years, which he faithfully promised to continue if re-elected President, etc. As I now revert to that occasion, despite the youthful curiosity to see and hear such a loyal personage, it would have been equally well had I remained at my post of duty out of harm's way, leaving to a more favorable time, which afterwards came, the realization of individual contact.

CHAPTER XI

First Visit to Monticello—Mr. Jefferson's Home and Grave

Monticello—visit to Lawrenceville and Princeton; Aaron Burr's grave and tomb contrasted with those of Mr. Jefferson; pilgrim students journeying on foot to his home and tomb; description and dilapidation of both; now happily restored—the one by Jefferson M. Levy, the other by act of Congress; his tomb inscription, also that of Dabney Carr; home-letter to grandmother; secret fraternities; literary societies—Jeff and Wash; method of electing officers, etc.

In early September, 1902, I made my first visit to Princeton, an institution, in spite of Mr. Jefferson's known prejudices—its teachings in those primitive days being elementary and denominational, characteristics he so thoroughly detested—I always held in high esteem. Each and every journey North and to the upper Jersey coast resorts had brought me past the Junction, revealing in the distance the beautiful outlines of town and college (university) buildings, which served to create an interest as well as a determination to take time some day for a tour of inspection. Indeed every thoughtful college-trained man possesses abundant milk of human kindness for all educational institutions, and, although usually a graduate of only one, finds in after years his criminations and discriminations against the many becoming less and less acute. While most of us during student life may have had strong preferences for the institution we attended—standing for it ever loyal—yet our sense of justice was never so obtunded as not to accord to some others equal if not superior advantages. Certainly a visit to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, or even Vassar, at that early age would have been hailed by every collegian with keen delight. Along with others it was my good fortune to be on several occasions a delegate to my Fraternity's Grand Chapter Annual Convention held at one or another college, and that contact not only increased acquaintance and strengthened friendship, but gave an insight to what was doing elsewhere—provided more liberal views and a broader conception

University—Academic Building
(Erected 1896-98)

of the true educational life. Most persons enjoy travel and a visit to the unseen, likewise nearly all believers in learning have a natural curiosity, nay inspiration—beginning early and not ceasing with years—to see the leading educational centers of our land. From Princeton some relatives and many friends had graduated, which served as a stimulus for realizing an unfading hope, and now a nephew, for whom I had more than ordinary ambition, was nearing the college period—that which I preferred should be taken in Virginia, but knew would be otherwise, as his family entertained strong Federalistic sentiments. He was then at a preparatory school—far from best—and we had talked over time and again Lawrenceville, thinking the course there ideal, and that the stay of several years in such close proximity to Princeton might incline towards finally accepting her advantages. Enjoying mutual friends in Trenton we happened one day in their presence to mention these schools and a desire to visit them, when one of the gentlemen quickly affirmed a willingness to accompany us at our convenience. It was a golden opportunity readily and gladly accepted—as the proffered escort was born and reared in that city, had graduated from Princeton, following the good example of his elder brothers, and carried a social entrée that was most delightful. His father was a man of large affairs—prominent in the counsels of State—but it was rather early to prejudge the son's career. He met myself and nephew on the appointed morning at the Trenton depot (Pennsylvania Railroad), where we took the trolley to the center of the city and there transferred to a larger and more commodious electric car running the suburban route desired. After a half hour's run over a well-equipped road through six miles of slightly rolling agricultural land we reached, laying to our right, the campus of the Lawrenceville School with its inviting open entrance. Just within the grounds to the right of the first road stood a well-proportioned and well-planned brick cottage, partly overvined and faced with a small porch upon which stood a gentleman of middle years, with seeming intelligence and affability. Only a few steps and we faced him, when I introduced ourselves and asked the privilege of inspecting the institution. He greeted us cordially, stated he was the headmaster, Dr. McPherson, and would be only too glad to go

with us through the grounds and such buildings as might interest the stranger. I found him to be a Scotchman by birth, well-informed, of strong personality and executive ability—a strict disciplinarian, positive yet kind, evidently an ideal character to fashion manly boys. I never was impressed more favorably with any preparatory school, as its magnitude and equipment left little to be desired—far excelling in my judgment many of our American Colleges. The hour and a half together was spent most delightfully, as Dr. McPherson not only gave lucid descriptions of the buildings—Foundation House, Memorial Hall, Memorial Chapel, Upper House, Gymnasium, etc.—and methods of teaching used, but was friendly enough to discuss freely several educational topics in accordance with his decidedly pronounced opinions. I there saw what I had never before—dozens of mahogany desks in service six or eight years without the slightest evidence of knife or other vandalic marks—only an occasional ink stain preventing their acceptance as absolutely new. There seemed little else to Lawrenceville beyond the school, which, with tennis courts, buildings, athletic grounds, golf links, baseball and football fields, extended a full half mile on the right of the one (Main) street, whose center was the bed of our electric road, while on the left the Burser's office, post-office, a few stores and many comfortable residences with attractive grounds, shrubbery and flowers occupied an equal distance. Certainly it gave the one impression—simply an institutional town without commercialism and distracting forces, perfect qualities for the student.

Resuming our trolley ride, another six miles through fields of growing corn and grazing herds, traversed now and then by large, sluggish streams, brought us to our destination, Princeton—very near the railroad station. To our companion I referred several times *en route* to Aaron Burr, expressing a great desire to see his grave, and always received the courteous reply: "I shall most assuredly show you that." After passing a couple of hours in going through various buildings and haunting grounds, and beginning to realize fatigue, hunger and the approaching end of sight-seeing, I reminded him again of Burr's grave, only to bring forth the reply: "That is now very near." We were then about finishing

the Dynamo, Engineering and Chemical buildings, and immediately proceeded to the extreme east of the campus, along Washington Street southward to the Infirmary and that beautiful boulevard, Prospect Avenue, whose level sides were graced with students' club-houses and professors' homes—all in well-arranged floral plots and verdant grounds. Just before reaching this latter street we came to a standstill under a good-sized tree, with extensive foliage canopying a solitary neglected grave, modestly enclosed by small cedars or arbor vitæ, and marked by ordinary much-discolored and mutilated white marble slabs, the foot one being almost invisible. The head was westward and carried by far the larger vertical slab—about three feet six inches high, two feet wide and two inches thick—bearing upon its eastern face this epitaph: "The remains of Catherine Bullock, daughter of Joseph and Esther Bullock, of Philadelphia, who, after a tedious illness which she suffered with exemplary resignation, died June 7, 1794, aged 22 years." As we approached the spot our companion with confidence and emphasis ejaculated: "This is the grave of Burr." My great surprise can well be imagined upon finding it the resting place of another—that in which our friend shared to the extent of positive embarrassment. After a ruminative period we concluded that Burr must lay in the town cemetery, often called "America's Westminster," where a later hour was arranged to be spent, and where on June 26th (1908) was laid at rest our much revered ex-President, Grover Cleveland. We next visited his club-house (Colonial) and the Infirmary, then accepted an hour for dinner (Nassau Inn—the Princeton Inn being closed and under repairs—), after which a team conveyed us to the more remote points—Bayard Lane homes (Mr. Cleveland's, Dr. Van Dyke's, etc.), Theological Seminary, Moses Taylor Pyne's, Athletic grounds, Cemetery, etc. To this latter entrance was gained by a small gate on Witherspoon Street, and once within no difficulty was experienced in finding along the south boundary graves of many distinguished dead—those who had held with signal ability most important positions in the College, Seminary, town, county and State. Near the corner of Wiggins Street was one of the oldest treasures—the discolored and almost illegible tomb of Dr. Thomas Wiggins—"many years a dis-

tinguished and faithful physician in the town." Close by and eastward was the Stockton lot containing graves of Commodore Richard Stockton and members of that noted family. But the one adjoining—College lot—was of most interest, as there rested so many of her illustrious presidents and their intimate associates. The west boundary was marked by a row of fourteen graves, each two or three feet apart and covered almost uniformly with full length horizontal white marble slabs upon marble coping, or brick covered with cement, about two feet high. The most northward was that of the elder Aaron Burr, followed by those of Jonathan Edwards, Samuelis Davies, Samuelis Finley, Joannis Witherspoon, Samuelis Stanhope Smith, Walter Minto, Ashbel Green, Mary—wife of James Carnahan, Jacobi Carnahan, Joannis Maclean, Johannis Maclean, M. D., Mrs Phebe Maclean, William Bainbridge Maclean. Many of the epitaphs were entirely Latin, some so lengthy as to fill completely the slab, but those of Aaron Burr and Jonathan Edwards seemed most difficult to decipher owing to greater discoloration and mutilation. At the foot of these two graves, nearly centering the continuous four-foot inter-space, but slightly nearer Jonathan Edwards, stood the vertical tombstone of Aaron Burr's son, Aaron—once our vice-president—consisting of a white marble slab four feet high, twenty-one inches wide, and eight inches thick, with edges channeled, set into a slightly broader block of similar marble—two feet wide, ten inches thick and high—which in turn rested upon a granite slab three feet long, twenty-two inches deep and eight inches high. Near the top the eastward face bore this inscription: "Aaron Burr, Born Feb. 6, 1756. Died Sept. 14, 1836. A Colonel in the Army of the Revolution. Vice-President of the United States, from 1801 to 1805." It is said that some lady admirer erected this monument *incognito* two years after his death, it being conveyed to the cemetery and mounted in the stillness of night without even the knowledge of residents or town authorities. Just opposite a few feet—northeast corner of the lot—stood by far the most imposing tomb—granite monument—bearing upon its westward face the inscription: "James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., D. S. Born Ayrshire, Scotland, April 1, 1811. Died Princeton, New Jer-

sey, Nov. 16, 1894. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temples." In strolling over towards the entrance driveway we noticed to our left what was possibly the graveyard's most imposing monument, having on its summit a life size statue in frock-coat and skull-cap, and on one face the inscription: "Paul Tulane, 1801-1887. Founder of the Tulane University of New Orleans." Near here we encountered several colored men busily improving the appearance of various lots, and of one I inquired the direction of Professor Guyot's tomb, only to provoke considerable hesitation, but finally the exclamatory reply: "Oh, yes, it is over yonder"—pointing somewhat northward. He soon desired to know why I asked for that gentleman, as in his memory I was the first so to do. I could not suppress my regret that the man and name, Arnold Guyot, for thirty years a Princeton professor, and a world-renowned naturalist, ranking possibly next to Agassiz in their day, should have left in this land of adoption such a fading memory.

I have related this experience to show that it is possible for an intelligent young man to spend four years at Princeton, to graduate, to pass by the supposed grave of a great man several times daily without the interest or curiosity to verify an impression, to keep all that time without the cemetery walls, and to know not where rest, at least, some of her noted dead. And here I wish to draw a happy contrast—that in contact with my fellow students I never encountered one who admitted having been drawn to the University of Virginia alone by its reputation as a teaching institution, knowing nothing previously of Mr. Jefferson's identity with it. Not only this, but they realized with considerable pride, that on the crest of the near-by towering peak to the east, Monticello, he lived, died and rested. Nearly every school history of that day gave, if not an illustration, some reference to Monticello, the home of Jefferson, while the two names at Charlottesville and the University were linked so inseparably that we students somehow imbibed very early the Jeffersonian spirit—that which still pervaded thoroughly the atmosphere, causing us to consider their palmy days not remote and of the greatest historic interest.

At Princeton it seemed very different with Mr. Burr and his resting place—a man certainly to whom the institution

and students owed indirectly not a little—for his father, Aaron Burr the elder, had been the College's second president and had rescued it from its predecessor, Jonathan Dickinson, just in time to save it from possible extinction and to assure it thereafter a substantial existence—that which it had never enjoyed. Therefore, if not its founder he was its life saving spirit, and, upon meeting an untimely death, was succeeded by his renowned father-in-law, the saintly Jonathan Edwards, who aided in making the family connection and dependence all the stronger. Beyond that the younger Aaron Burr was a graduate of the College and became distinguished in politics —strangely enough a contemporaneous party rival of Mr. Jefferson—the two running together, 1800, on the National ticket for President and Vice-President, the one securing simply the larger electoral vote to occupy the higher office. It is true then came the tie vote contest occasioning the House of Representatives to make a decision, by only one plurality in favor of Mr. Jefferson being President and Mr. Burr the Vice-President, a result in exact conformity with the peoples' wishes; that Mr. Burr was accused at that time of chicanery and trickery to thwart public will in his behalf, and that later he had headed a conspiracy against his country, but the fact remained—that at one time they both had about an equal hold upon the confidence of their countrymen. Although it is easy to draw between these two noted characters a kind of parallelism in some respects, yet to-day all recognize them to have been widely different—one living nobly and solely for others, the other, Aaron Burr the scoundrel as Fiske puts it, intriguingly and strictly for self.

No one, therefore, need be surprised that even at Princeton the name and deeds of Mr. Burr count for little, while in Virginia those of Mr. Jefferson still remain near the hearts of his people, old and young—worshiped by many, praised by all, condemned by none—and that one of the earliest ambitions of first year students at the University was to make during the pleasant autumn weather a journey to his home and tomb. The distance by road was considered four miles, but a little less by foot when passing in a straight line over fields, fences and ravines. As a rule youth has no aversion to long and rugged walks—those recognized advantageous to health and development. Indeed, the more difficult the pas-

sage the more tempting the undertaking, space figuring little, as each boasts himself capable of walking the entire day without serious inconvenience from fatigue. Inasmuch as every week-day carried its full quota of work, the Sabbath alone was left for such a required absence and diversion, so that during the week small parties arranged for these Sunday trips, weather permitting—a clear, bright day being preferred, as only then we chanced to see the smoke of Richmond, nearly a hundred miles away, and the dim outline of the slightly nearer " Peaks of Otter," the highest point of the Blue Ridge in Virginia (southwest). Several of us made plans for the fourth Sunday in October (27th), but the early morning rain rendered roads muddy and walking heavy, so we postponed the trip a week later, November 3rd, which proved all that could be desired. I take from my diary notes of that date, important facts which I have thought wise to revise and amplify: Burrus and I started for Monticello at 11.30 o'ck.; stopped at Ambroselli's for oysters and waffles, knowing we would miss regular dinner; left restaurant an hour later and journeyed the usual route to Charlottesville, thence out by the depot, the only one in those days over the railroad tracks by the private road, on the crest, through Mr. Ficklin's two farms, thence up hill and down dale to intersect the regular winding road around the base and in the notch between the higher Carter's Mountain on the south and Monticello, reaching the latter's summit by a tortuous road over its southwestern slope. Our pace was rather rapid until nearing the mountain's base we encountered an unexpected obstacle—a good-sized stream without bridge or foot-log. This vehicles easily forded, but none of these was in sight, nor likely to be on the holy day—a time not justifying much passing to and from the town. While deliberating our troubles two students joined us having in common the same destination, so we four proceeded up the stream until a point was reached with many bed-rocks protruding above the running water and sufficiently close together to be reached by forced effort in jumping. This enabled our safe passage and the entrance shortly thereafter upon the ascent of the mountain side covered densely with a growth of small and larger trees. Hill climbing at best requires the expenditure of much energy—means work—but to pull one's self up that narrow, poorly made and kept rocky,

precipitous road, taking cross-cuts whenever possible, suggested early the nature of our impending task and the wish that the summit be less remote. After tugging quite an hour we came upon the graveyard, laying near to and on the right (east) of the road, an area of more than a hundred feet square enclosed by a brick wall of at least eight feet high. An iron gate slightly higher than the wall and about ten feet wide, constructed of three horizontal and many vertical rods four inches apart, guarded the entrance on the roadside (northwest), which was locked securely. We stood a while gazing through these wide meshes, and except in the immediate front the view was that of a neglected wilderness—thoroughly covered with an undergrowth of grass, small and large bushes and a few stately trees. In the foreground several feet from the gate and about its median line stood a modest monument, obelisk, eight feet high, with square base three feet broad and two feet high, surmounted by a tapering rectangular shaft with base two feet and apex ten to twelve inches, the latter beveled on all four sides to form an obtuse point. To our left could easily be seen several graves covered with full-sized horizontal marble and slate slabs, and in the rear wall one or two disintegrated crumbling spots, by which we concluded an entrance might be effected without risk or injury—a surmise well-founded as in a few minutes we faced the lettered side (east) of the monument. On the granite base could partly be made out in three lines:

Born April 2d.
1743, O. S.
Died July 4th, 1826.

In the main shaft above was an indentation, into which was fastened originally a white marble plate or slab bearing the following inscription—that which Mr. Jefferson during life purposely wrote and placed in a certain private drawer along with various souvenirs, including an ink sketch of the monument he desired:

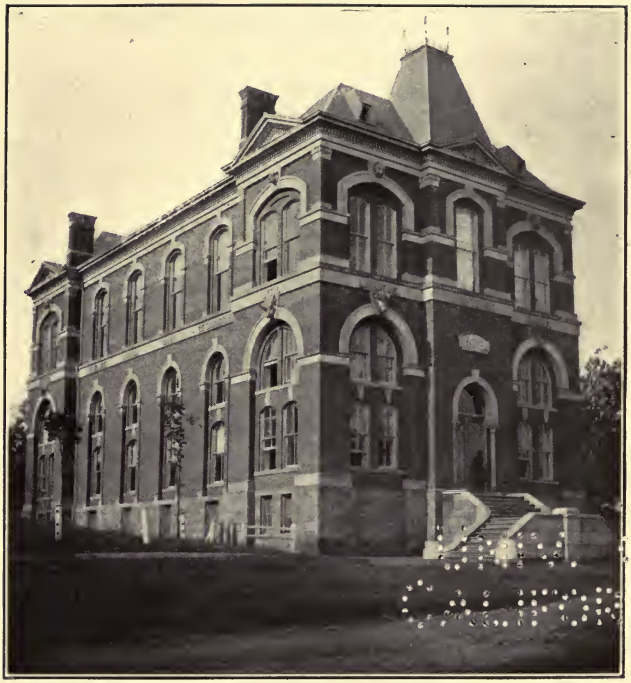
Here was buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of American Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

There was not a vestige left of this inlaid slab, but it must have conformed in outline to the full tapering face of the shaft,

nearly two feet wide, and have been that high, as the visible recession extended from within three inches of the base to the shaft's median line. Of course the marble slab, soft compared with the rest of the monument, had been broken and chipped off by the relic hunters, whose ruthless hands ceased not even there, but had made disfiguring inroads upon all four of the square corners, these being irregularly broken their entire length. Seeing what others had done—set a vulgar example—encouraged me to possess a similar memento of my visit, so with various pieces of rocks lying around I attempted to break off small fragments, but in vain as the harder granite sternly resisted the violence applied. I did, however, find within twenty feet of the grave a straight growing scion, which I cut, had ferruled and capped, to serve me many years as a curio walking stick. Although Mr. Jefferson lay buried between his wife and daughter, Mary, with his eldest daughter, Martha, across the head, all having had appropriate marble slabs, yet only a few fragments of Martha's, the longest survivor, remained to tell the story. To the left of the gate a number of graves of still older dates had been more fortunate, as their slate and discolored marble slabs had been unmolested —belonging to family members less known and revered by the general public. Slightly to the right and near the center of the enclosure stood that stately oak, whose branching foliage covered the remains of Dabney Carr, and extended to the edge of the Jefferson group. Under this canopy of nature, removed from all earthly disturbances, these two youthful spirits, so congenial in feelings, tastes, principles and pursuits, sat daily upon a rustic seat of their own construction studying and discussing their Bracton, Coke and Matthew Bacon, critical of the past, dissatisfied with the present and apprehensive of the future. In death they rested together—the slab of Carr covering their favorite spot and bearing this inscription:

Here lie the remains of
DABNEY CARR,
Son of John and Jane Carr, of Louisa County, Who was born———,
1744, Intermarried with Martha Jefferson, daughter of Peter
and Jane Jefferson, 1765; And died at Charlottesville, May
16, 1773, Leaving six small children.
To his Virtue, Good Sense, Learning, and Friendship this stone
is dedicated by Thomas Jefferson, who, of all men living,
loved him most.

After carefully inspecting everything considered of interest we rescaled the rear wall and continued our steps to the slightly more elevated summit, not more than a fourth of a mile distant, which we found practically level for a space of six hundred feet north and south by three hundred east and west, to serve as a lawn, the sides of the mountain gradually sloping therefrom. Stately trees stood here and there, and near the center the neglected mansion, facing north—more accurately northeast—to whose approach a straight indented but thoroughly overgrown walk led from the lawn's edge. It seemed closed and unoccupied, but upon walking around to various points of advantage, talking considerably, and showing signs of curiosity, an elderly white man made his appearance. He was the keeper living on the premises (several south rooms), having the privilege of certain tillage and the revenue from showing visitors through the house—that for us being the modest sum of fifteen cents each. In this capacity he had acted for years, knew considerable Jeffersonian history, and delighted to communicate it. The mountain has a height of about six hundred feet and contains two hundred and twenty-three acres, only one-half being subject to cultivation. The building, externally Doric, internally Ionic architecture, is constructed of English bricks, much discolored, apparently a single story with balustrade around the almost flat roof cornice, and consists of one large octagonal pavilion surmounted by a circular dome, having wings north and south, and projecting porticoes east and west—each cross-section being about one hundred feet. The north and south wings each terminate in a piazza with same floor elevation as the house, three feet, supported by brick arches, and opening on to a terrace, one-third above and two-thirds under ground—whose floors are of the same level as the cellar with which they communicate, and whose nearly flat roofs are on a line with the first floor, thus enabling their use for promenading in evenings and damp weather. These terraces extend to the brow of the mountain on either side, having their two projecting ends terminating in additional storied turrets or pavilions, twenty feet square, both having been used by Mr. Jefferson as offices —the south one in winter, the north one in summer—where he was accustomed to sit bareheaded until bedtime with



University—Lewis Brooks Museum
(Erected 1875–77)

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friends, unannoyed by dew and insects. The north one was occupied many years as an office by his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, and it was through one of these, possibly the southern, that Mr. Jefferson, when Governor, made escape, thus evading capture by the British under Tarleton. The mansion contains thirty-six rooms, small and large, and has two almost similar entrances—east and west—the former considered front, having a portico receding six feet within the wall, thereby giving it a depth of twenty-five and a width of thirty feet, covered by an angled roof supported by four stout stone pillars resting on the floor, three feet above ground, and reached by five or six low stone steps extending its entire width. It was through this our guide admitted us, entering first a lofty nearly square hall or saloon having balcony to the right, connecting the upper story and originally intended an avenue of reaching the first floor by ornamental stairways —those that never were erected. On one side is an old bust of Mr. Jefferson and opposite stands one of Hamilton, both mounted on large pedestals; over the front door built into the wall is a good-sized clock, which had to be wound standing upon a ladder—this latter being in normal position and claimed to have been made by Mr. Jefferson himself; the hands stand at 7.34 o'ck. From this hall we passed through folding glass doors into an octagonal parlor or drawing-room, twenty-six by twenty-three feet, opening out upon the rear or west portico, so that these two large rooms comprise the entire depth of the house. The parlor is adorned with several pictures, and French plate mirrors extending from ceiling to floor, the latter being tessellated or parqueted in ten inch squares of wild cherry (mahogany color) with four inch borders of light-colored beech, finished with a glossy surface. From these two large halls or rooms we entered the other living apartments—from the east hall by a passage on the right to two bedrooms and the piazza, by one on the left (south) to Mrs. Jefferson's sitting-room, library and piazza; from the west hall (parlor) we entered on the right (north) a good-sized dining-room furnished with a handsome crystal chandelier and busts of Washington, Lafayette and Voltaire, while just beyond (northward) is an octagonal tea-room, used alone by Mr. Jefferson, opening out upon the north

piazza; from the parlor on the left (south) was Mr. Jefferson's room, which entered, as did the adjoining passage, into the library—a room extending the full depth of the building and opening by glass windows and doors upon the piazza enclosed with glass for a conservatory. The upper story, reached by a very narrow, dark, winding stairs admitting the passage of only one person at a time, is divided into a number of small irregular shaped, poorly lighted and ventilated rooms, several having alcoves with slats fastened into them for beds, like unto the bed-chambers on the lower floor The dome room is octagonal, large and commodious, without any partitions, being used in its palmy day as the "ladies' drawing-room," but now the repository of one solitary article of more than passing interest—the sulky or gig body in which Mr. Jefferson made frequent trips to Richmond, Washington, Philadelphia, etc. In one of the upper bedrooms a member of the family died, when it was found necessary to lower the body through one of the front circular windows, the stairs being too contracted for that purpose. Upon approaching by the front entrance the octagon with its circular dome is scarcely visible, as that occupies the rear half of the building, but looms into conspicuous prominence and effect when one approaches from the graveyard or rear.

Monticello of that day was a total wreck, as many years had passed without the slightest effort at repairs; the shingles of the roof were so decayed as not only to admit rain and snow but the rays of sunlight; many window panes, slats and shutters were broken or missing; the paint of former years was scarcely visible, and everything, once bright and beautiful, was stained and effaced. The old English bricks, as durable as time, were darkened by exposure, while the covered ways (terraces) were coated with mould and green deposit, the result of dampness, darkness and neglect. The front was carved, penciled and disfigured with the names and remarks of many who could not omit registering the delightful occasion of their visitation.

That day's experience at Monticello was attended with no little sadness, indeed, depression, for everything observed belonged to a passed generation, had apparently seen its day of usefulness and was on the rapid road to extinction. No

one, seemingly, was left with sufficient means, interest or patriotism to stay the inroad of decay, and the entire mountain top stood in our minds hopelessly doomed. One could scarcely realize the historic side of the place, especially the facts: that there possibly above all other private spots in America had been assembled most love of liberty, virtue, wisdom and learning; that it had been the home of Mr. Jefferson for sixty years, forty of which, having been spent in higher positions of public trust, had occasioned a certain degree of entertaining unsurpassed in its day; that Madison, Monroe, Wirt, Henry, Randolph and others had used so frequently its hospitality as their own, while Webster, Paine, Priestley, Ticknor, Wayland, Lafayette and hundreds of more or less eminence had wandered around those grounds as were we that beautiful afternoon of perfect sunshine. Although this was my maiden trip to the "bleak house on the hill top," yet no year passed during my stay at the University without making at least one visit to that sacred shrine. It was the custom of quite a number of us students and many fair daughters of Albemarle to unite in giving upon those spacious and secluded grounds annual May-parties, and the days thus spent stand out now in after life with unusual brightness. Each year we found it the same dilapidated, heartrending object, experiencing no change save for the worse, presided over by the old keeper, more dead than alive, ever glad to greet a strange and youthful face, and when in numbers, as on those festive May occasions, his joy knew no bounds, for we not only brought him abundant sunshine, but what possibly was more appreciated and to his liking—many dainties and dimes. No one enjoyed more than he the coronation of May Queen and the reverberations through that grove and palatial mansion of music's sweet strains furnished by the Charlottesville String Band.

It certainly is very gratifying to realize that the "little mountain" top of to-day is not what it was then; that the deadly pall no longer enshrouds the historic home, for in the hands of its present owner, Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, it has been restored to its original condition, so that life and manners seem again to flourish there as in primeval times. The little graveyard now is not quite the neglected and despoiled

spot as then, for happily by order of Congress, 1882, the original much defaced and unlettered monument was replaced by one carrying strikingly the same outline but greater proportions (granite, twelve to fifteen feet high, two and a half feet at the base tapering to fourteen inches at the summit), and bearing the Jeffersonian epitaph—identical with that originally inscribed on the marble slab set into its predecessor. With this order also came the removal of the crumbling and disintegrated brick wall around the enclosure, and the substitution of a more attractive and durable iron railing, with gate bearing the Latin proverb—Mr. Jefferson's crest motto: "Ab Eo Libertas, A Quo Spiritus." Monticello of to-day needs no apology, the wrongs have been arighted—she lives as does her immortal Jefferson.

Home-letter, Sunday afternoon, November 24th, 1872. My dear Grandmother: As it was your request that I write my only "dear old grandmother" soon after reaching the University, I am going to devote at least an hour of this beautiful afternoon to its fulfillment. The work here keeps me very busy, causing the weeks to pass in rapid succession, so that these together form my apology for what you no doubt have considered already an unnecessary delay—possibly a violation of a promise. This I trust, however, though late, will atone for any entertained misgivings. As a matter of fact, I have recounted about all of my doings since leaving home in weekly letters to mother, and as you see each other often I am confident their contents have furnished material to a certain extent for conversation. But at the risk of repetition I must express to you direct my very great satisfaction with the University, where I think one may gain as much, if not more, knowledge than at any other institution in our country. Here we all are southerners together and extremely friendly to one another. The morals of the young men are exceedingly high and nowhere I fancy could be surpassed. . . . We are located practically among the Blue Ridge mountains, which make it cool in both winter and summer. Upon my arrival their crest and slopes were clad in verdant grass, but already several times snowy whitecaps have been visible. Winters here, however, I am confident are less severe than with you. . . . The buildings of the University were constructed by Thomas Jefferson, and to-day they stand, with a few additions, a gigantic monument to his wisdom and greatness. Their description can better be told than written, so I will wait and do that at Christmas. Nor can I write much of the town—I understand an incorporated city—of Charlottesville, from which we are one mile distant, for as yet I know only a few students who reside there and have enjoyed no visiting among her people, that which is quite essential in order to speak intelligently of a place. We walk there nearly every afternoon for exercise, and it seems right active in business, having many stores, two newspapers, *Chronicle* and *Jeffersonian*, half a dozen churches, town hall, Court House, and claims a population beyond five thousand. . . . This climate seems to favor typhoid fever, as a number of students have already had it this

session. Whether they came with the seed of disease lurking in their system or contracted it here is to be determined by the physicians of the University. One student died on Thursday and his remains were sent home to South Carolina on the noon train yesterday, several students going along. The funeral was preached in the hall of the Washington Literary Society, and there were no family mourners, the long distance preventing any one coming from his home. All the others are reported as improving. Personally I am well, but at first had a slight attack of malaria, which soon yielded to a physician's treatment. . . . I am looking forward with much pleasure to spending ten days with you all at Christmas, so will then report to you often with tongue hung in the center. . . .

The new student soon heard much of the many secret fraternities and the two open literary societies—Jeff. and Wash. —and observed that while fraternity membership depended upon good fellowship, social qualities, creditable class standing and thorough acquaintance—commendations requiring time for development, unless one's favorable reputation as gained elsewhere had been heralded in advance by kind friends —that on the other hand membership in either literary society carried no such restrictions, they being accessible from the very first to every matriculant desiring to sign the constitution and pay the initiation fee of ten dollars. Both societies, as far as merits, advantages, weekly debates, prominent members in the present and past, and aspirants for positions of honor received not a little general discussion, often furnishing much of our table talk.

The Jeff(erson) was established during the first session of the University, July 14, 1825, at No. 7 West Lawn, having as its object the promotion of debate and literary improvement, and at first had the phase of secrecy, which was abolished after a time. Its badge was a scroll breastpin of polished gold, about an inch long and fully half that wide, bearing upon the front the inscription: Jeff. Soc. U. V., crossed pens and three Greek letters Φ K Θ, and upon the reverse side, *Haec olim meminisse juvabit,* together with the individual's name.

The Wash(ington) was established during the session 1834-35, by the merging of two other societies that had existed several years, having a similar object, purpose and management to the Jeff., but usually a slightly less membership, which in each approximated one hundred.

For years each of these societies gave Intermediate and Final Celebrations, but in my day only the latter were observed—during Commencement Week—the Wash. selecting Monday evening, the Jeff. Tuesday. These entertainments consisted strictly of society talent, except the music, opening prayer and benediction—the former generally furnished by a Baltimore, Washington or Richmond band; the latter by the University chaplain—and lasted about one and a half hours, during which the president delivered an address of welcome to the audience, showered kind expressions upon fellow students, and introduced the orator, who spoke twenty or thirty minutes upon some entertaining or otherwise subject. The president then conferred in complimentary sentences the debater's medal upon the selected recipient, who, with a five or ten minute speech concluded the program. Thereafter came an open air band concert from the stand erected for the occasion on the Lawn, about two hundred feet from the Rotunda, during which a general promenading around the brightly illuminated (Chinese lanters, etc.) arcades, and attendance upon one or more receptions, given each night by the several professors, were enjoyed. It may be of interest to recall the method employed at that period of selecting the President, Orator and Medalist for the functions—a balloting vote of the members—so analogous to pure and simple politics of our maturer years.

The aspirants for the presidency usually were scarce, as the position exacted a particular kind of man—one with a social and friendly nature, clever and frank manners, and abundant time for indulging these qualities without the resemblance of abuse. He must be always urbane and polite, avoiding excessive demonstration; manly and constant, never allowing the feelings to measure the degree of affability or the weather to influence the hand-shake—in being warm, never cold. He could not afford to turn the back when the face was needed, nor use the tongue save in praise and defence—mollifying at all times various aspersions and the venomous sting of slander. Added to all this he should possess money and a willingness to spend it, not only in an occasional cheap supper, but in the complimentary payment of initiation fees under extenuating circumstances. The question of fraternity

membership played little advantage—indeed, the rivalry between these sometimes weakened chances of success, favoring those not so entangled. After all it was the natural born politician, with time and money at his disposal that stood farthest from defeat—possessions that fell to the lot of few in those unsettled days. Thus there were three ways of commanding leisure: an unusual intellect, a short course, and indifference to class standing—the former alone commending itself to the students, the latter two simple possibilities to those so inclined. The monetary power, however, could play but little part, being beyond the grasp of the great majority, as southern finances were depleted and nearly every representative stood for—the most knowledge in the least time—to become all the sooner a money-maker rather than a money-spender. The system was wrong and denounced by many, but retained from precedent, knowing nothing better. Just to think of the several contestants and supporters so embittered against one another as scarcely to speak in passing—an enmity extending in a few cases over a large portion of their University career—and you have the situation. A regular political campaign with its excitement and consequences. Unfortunately youth is intolerant of adverse opinions, relentless and unforgiving in strong differences, so that contests of this kind engendered more harm than good, and it was only by making one's better manhood assert itself that those most interested in time resolved to forgive and forget. Happily the position demanded some literary ability from which there was no escape, and every would-be applicant knew the danger of overestimating personal fitness, as that had to be passed upon, publicly, at the Saturday night meetings throughout the session—when he entered into debate and speech-making. Some gave numerous demonstrations, in fact too many for their own good, others were contented with two or three.

The position of orator seemed to elicit least concern, rivalry and rancor, the aspirants experiencing little difficulty in attaining their ambition, chiefly because we recognized orators to be born and not made. It was an acknowledged fact that the best talent in this line lay in the law department among the second year men, who had enjoyed Moot Court and other special training, but most of such were handicapped by being

applicants for graduation, in which they preferred to take no chances by diverting sufficient time to familiarize, write and memorize a speech containing original and wholesome material upon a subject affording pleasure to and praise from the public. The possible honors being considered problematic—much work and little glory—when one announced his desire to be our orator he generally received unanimous support, especially if he be a law student of good standing and address, and could convince us in one or more efforts of ability to speak with intelligence and composure. There was one other restriction with which the orators had to contend—that of submitting their manuscript to a Committee of the Faculty for approval—a custom inaugurated only a short while before my entrance, and made necessary through the unwillingness of the young Southern enthusiasts immediately after the war to let bygones be bygones, continuing to harp upon what they believed its injustices, political wrongs and reconstruction crimes, to the displeasure of the Faculty and the great majority of the older heads. It was related with considerable gusto that during the preceding summer (1872) when one of the orators visited Professor Holmes, Chairman of the Approval Committee, and laid before him the pages of his proposed speech, the professor remarked: "Now, I do hope you have not condescended to select a subject of low order, particularly one pertaining to the late bitter strife, or one that might compromise our institution in any way." To which the young man replied: "Far from it, far from it Professor, I have not touched a single thing on this mundane sphere; I have restricted myself entirely to celestial bodies"—The night brings forth the stars.

The position of medalist was guarded with far greater care and interest, being the most desirable within the gift of the Societies, and stood not only for high excellence in debating and speaking, but backed by a fifty dollar gold medal—a glittering and durable testimonial of ability well-expressed. Here usually was centered even more excitement and rivalry than around the presidency, as the contestants were of greater number and their merit less easy to judge with equity and justice. Each entered many general and specific debates, prepared and unprepared, affording abundant opportunity for a fair estimate of capacity, strength, weakness and unfitness,

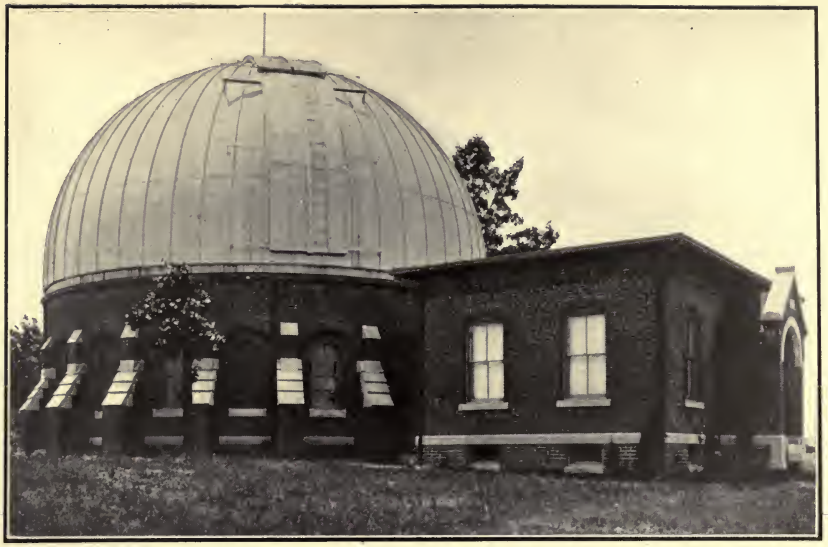
and whatever may have been the kindly feeling towards any special one, it may be said to the credit of his admirers and companions, that they would withhold support unless he was found to possess a certain degree of natural talent—as otherwise the reputation of the Societies and University would suffer, that which we recognized was our highest and lasting duty to protect. The chief fault was in allowing friendship sometimes to go so far as to be satisfied with less than the greatest available merit, but here, as with the President and Orator, I never saw a Medalist an indifferent debater, or fail at the Final Celebration to give general satisfaction in his speech. However, the truth remained, that occasionally we did not choose our most gifted members, and in consequence of that injustice both Societies were well-pleased when the Faculty two years later took matters into its own hands and announced a plan for the future which would serve the best interest of all concerned.

CHAPTER XII

Literary Societies; Debates and Celebrations

Became a member of the Jeff.; recorded many of the debates, excerpts from a few—Wickes, Saunders, Smith, Herron, Brent, Green, Clark, etc.; trip home at Christmas; excerpts from diary; sickness and death of Professor McGuffey; accident to room-mate—Pearce; closing weeks of the session; remained for Commencement; sermon by Rev. J. William Jones; Wash. Celebration—Richard H. Maury, John W. Stephenson, Fergus R. Graham; Jeff. Celebration—B. Chambers Wickes, William R. Alexander, John Sharp Williams, etc.

Some months before entering the University, in looking over the catalogue I noticed the name of the only student that lived within reasonable distance of my home, Mr. B. C. Wickes, whom I surmised a son of Judge Joseph A. Wickes, a member of the Maryland Bench, a gentleman of good legal attainments and sound judicial ability—highly respected, honored and beloved in his Court circuit. With him my father was well acquainted, but whether the supposed son intended returning to the University was unknown to me for at least a week after my arrival there, when he made a social call at my room. He spoke of having seen a recent newspaper notice of my proposed entrance; that he had inquired of several concerning my arrival and location, and hoped we would be friendly and companionable during our sojourn together. It happened that he also roomed on Dawson's Row, not far from me, and took meals at the same boarding house (Ross'), so that throughout the session, his last, we saw not a little of each other. As developments proved there was a stronger ulterior motive connected with Mr. Wickes' initial visit than the establishment of simple friendship, since he had an ambition to become Final President of the Jeff., and was leaving nothing unturned in securing new members. He was what I call an impulsive politician, but possessed many forceful qualities—visited freshmen as early as possible, gave fraternal advice, impressed the necessity of joining a literary society, and the



University—McCormick Observatory
(Erected 1882–83)

University—Madison Hall—Y. M. C. A.
(Erected 1905)

CANCELLED

great advantages of the Jeff. over the Wash., not as he conceived them, but, as he said, they really were. From the first he insisted upon proposing my name for membership, offering gratuitous initiation fee, which I declined but otherwise willingly followed his pleasure. Having joined I naturally thought it a duty to attend the regular Saturday night meetings, which I found entertaining in the knowledge gained from intelligent and spirited debate. The hall, located about midway West Range, was furnished suitably with carpet (red), draperies, desks and chairs, well heated and cared for, and as it was colder in the rear near the door, I usually occupied a seat towards the front where by paying moderate attention most of the arguments could easily be followed. The next day (Sunday) I would spend an hour in writing down the salient points of the discussion, and referring now to that note book, I find only one record of Mr. Wickes having taken active part, February 22, 1873, which I distinctly remember was styled then by some, a final trial-contest to prove his meriting the honors sought—that disputed by some, but happily established on this occasion to the full satisfaction of his many friends. A portion of these notes, in spite of youthful crudities, may be reproduced here in order to show what impression those debates made upon me and what subject-matter I then considered worthy of transcribing:

Jeff. Society, Saturday night, February 22, 1873. Question: Which is the more pernicious vice—flattery or slander?

Mr. Saunders (Aff.).—Opened debate by declaring, that some considered prefatory remarks inelegant, but on this occasion he regarded them eminently proper—far better than pleading not having given the subject any thought, or claiming to be absolutely unprepared. He rejoiced in being assigned to his side of the question, convinced that much could be made out of it by the right parties, whereas the negative had little, if anything, to commend it; claimed that all important nations had attained their greatness chiefly through flattery and praise, and that the perpetuity and success of the human race had been due to its power and influence. After reciting many quotations from the Bible and without special credit for the effort, he yielded the floor to his associate.

Mr. Smith (Aff.).—Charmed us with eloquence, spread-

ing himself like the limbs of a big bay tree as he gave his several illustrations. Mentioned a certain scholarly gentleman, who, having been elevated to the Senate and acquired a fortune, was brought by merciless slander to an untimely death; a lady, who, with beauty and purity unsurpassed, was pining away the few remaining days of life amid solitude and melancholy due to that defaming monster—slander; claimed it impossible to arouse feminine emotions through flattery, and that every living soul preferred it in a generous degree to the mildest slander. Often teachers in the hope of encouraging pupils, even those not yet beyond the obstacles of the speller, make the boldest assertions—work a little harder, put in a trifle more time, and you will accomplish the difficult task, perchance become President of our great country—mindful all the time of a lurking falsehood in their statements, but condoned as a piece of flattery that may lead to good results. Often mothers sacrifice comfort for our pleasure, and how few of us show the least signs of gratitude, far less give a complimentary or flattering word! But what a difference when outsiders do us the slightest favor, as then we overwhelm them with flattery and praise—that which usually is not to their dissatisfaction. After a young man with several rivals succeeds at their expense in winning the object of his affections, how often those outwitted extend profuse congratulations and best wishes—far beyond the heart's impulse—which is infinitely more generous than words of disapproval and resentment. Mr. Smith in his second speech replied to several caustic references made by Mr. Wickes, and reaffirmed his conviction that no virtuous woman had ever gone morally wrong through the single agency of flattery, but invariably by having the emotions aroused by other kinetic influences; that although she be flattered to the extreme, yet finally it would reflect negatively upon the one conferring it. He cited a case of two gentlemen visiting a certain lady, wherein the discarded lover, imitating the handwriting of the one accepted, wrote forged letters of a contradictory sentiment that seriously suggested to the lady a vacillating disposition on the part of the true lover, resulting in distrust, denouncement and alienation on her side and suicide on his—all the result of slander.

Mr. Wickes (Neg.).—Began with many eloquent and fanciful appeals, and, somewhat embarrassed at the start, made several minor errors in statement—one against Mr. Saunders having to be retracted in his final summary. He thought Mr. Smith had gotten far from truth in the assertion—one deprived of his reputation is robbed necessarily of his character; that he had given this phase of the subject considerable thought, even had consulted Professors Holmes and McGuffey, who were of the contra opinion—believing that one who possessed a bad reputation in a certain locality might seek another and by a new order of conduct create a different impression, secure a creditable standing, and thereby prove the ever-presence of character. He believed flattery had brought the sunny South to her present condition by praising and overvaluing her strength, and had beguiled many fair maidens into leading immoral lives. Claimed that Aristides and other noted Grecians and Romans, humbled by adversity, had been led by flattery to be so self-assertive and intolerable as to be banished or put to death; that all great empires and nations had fallen through the agency of conceit and flattery. In his second speech he replied most forcibly to the arguments of his opponents and concluded with the inquiry: Which was it, flattery or slander that caused Adam and Eve to be driven from the Garden of Eden? Upon submitting the question to the society for decision, the vote stood eighteen to eighteen, but when that of the president's was recorded in the negative, Mr. Wickes and his friends knew apparently no bound of joy. This debate occasioned no little talk on the outside, as some claimed that Mr. Wickes had taken much of his argument from a certain "Debating Manual," of which many students had copies, but his manly reply completely disarmed the evil tongues of his traducers, since he freely admitted using the work referred to and named several others in his possession that had given him valuable information, without whose aid no sensible young man should attempt publicly any intelligent discussion.

Jeff. Society, Saturday night, March 1, 1873. Question: Should judges be appointed or elected?

Mr. Herron (Aff.).—Claimed that no government had stood for any length of time that elected its judiciary—the

republican perishing sooner than the monarchical; that in all Europe the higher positions are filled by the King or Queen —the judges being appointed for life unless conduct decreed otherwise; that mighty Rome, the city of heroes and learned men, where the great Cicero had his rearing, fostered the election of judges by the populace, while noble Athens, though largely through Roman jealousy, declined and fell adhering to similar principles; that all republics, English speaking or otherwise, having judges selected by the people, are doomed to dissolution and extinction. It is perfectly evident that the rank and file have not sufficient good judgment to exercise properly the elective franchise; that where a ruler, uninfluenced by party feeling, appoints judges the result is better for the welfare of his nation and people. Washington when elected President appointed his cabinet and able assistants in pursuance of a most liberal policy—not alone those of his own faith but the best throughout the land, irrespective of tenet or creed. His example, although most worthy and commendable, has not been emulated by any successor, showing the proneness of even the great to fall in narrow lines and pervert that which is best. We see in our day the climax to which party strife may reach; how those in power tolerate and perpetuate evil doings in office to the extent of diabolical corruption and rottenness—all the outgrowth of political hatred and prejudice through public ignorance. Those who run for office are often not the ones who should have the honors, but if the promotion was alone through a Supreme Chief—whose judgment is wise in foretelling qualifications, possessed and required for filling various positions—then results would be far more healthy and satisfactory. Indeed, men of true character, in these times of feverish activity, are not office seekers, as there is no incentive for those desiring to preserve the inalienable principles of the government to enter politics. At present there is no honor in being elected judge, as one-third of our voters are illiterate, consequently know not the qualifications for a judgeship, the nice distinctions between men, and how to act at the polls with intelligent judgment. Our government is departing fast from its former high ideals, and in time we will find ourselves under a dominating power vastly different from that of our early fathers. Certainly as a nation

we are losing our purity of act and thought, while the impulse to do good for the nation alone is sadly lessening. George III., although rather a bad ruler himself, did not fail to give good advice and laws by which the people might be governed, not they govern themselves, and one was the desirability to appoint and not to elect incumbents to higher offices. Little did Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Madison think when forming this government and its constitution that the present conditions would ever exist—that their hopes and realizations would be so disappointing. They believed that whenever judges and important leaders are to be elected by general vote, then the masses should be well-informed and educated—removed from a contentious, short-sighted animus, above self-interest and the doing of public wrongs, actuated by honorable principles in guarding the enforcement of the people's will—then and only then is a republic superior to a monarchy. As a matter of fact, however, there has never been a nation whose people measured and lived up to these higher ideals for a long time, so we must conclude, that the government using mostly cautious appointing power is the one that endures longest by virtue of having its affairs managed best.

Jeff. Society, Saturday night, March 15, 1873. Question: Is our country (nation) on the decline?

This debate was opened affirmatively by a gentleman having at least twenty-five pages of manuscript with an unnecessary introduction: Little did he think, when a few weeks ago he permitted himself to become a member of this society, that in so short a time he would be assigned such onerous duties as lay before him to-night. He considered the question of great scope, requiring several subdivisions and much preparation for its proper discussion. Claimed that while our home commerce was increasing, our foreign had greatly diminished since the Civil War, although prior thereto it had shown a gradual and satisfactory growth; that through the Suez Canal many ships pass daily bearing produce of other countries, but scarcely any of our own; that Great Britain, Germany and France surpass us in the general interchange of world commodities; that we are increasing rapidly in population, not only with our Anglo-Saxons, but with many mingled races—Irish, Germans, Italians, Chinese, Bohemians, Poles, Norwe-

gians, Russians, Swedes, Celts, etc., yet as a fact this cannot be considered an advantage, as all ancient and modern history shows that no nation has survived long with a composite population. As we are now on equality with all, it cannot be doubted but that in time we will be the conquered race—possibly the negro the ruling one. In 1800 our population was three and a half millions, to-day it is forty millions, and if our increase for the next century be in the same proportion we will have one hundred and fifty millions. The great and important point to be considered here is the direction in which this increase is to take place—our own race blood predominating, so that we may derive good and not evil. I agree with Henry Clay and many other great men—that the increase of dominion will not aid our prosperity, but may involve us in untold expense and complication. Mr. Clay advocated our boundaries to remain as they were—the Pacific on the west, the Atlantic on the east, the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and the great lakes on the north—believing the less we possess the greater the ambition to improve it. I also agree with many, that our country is degenerating morally and politically—a fact that needs only proof in the persistent endeavor of the North to oppress the South, and in the determination of our President to retain in office those having dishonest, insincere and sinister motives, rather than those willing to stamp out corrupt and fraudulent practices.

Mr. Brent (Aff.).—Affirmed his intention to discuss only the political disposition of our government, as upon party purity the success or failure of our nation necessarily depends. He compared us to ancient Rome, believing against hope that our fate was to be similar; he recognized the fundamental principle of our government, the foundation of the constitution, as framed by Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Madison, to be centered in the one idea, states-rights—a fact our present rulers seem determined to deny and disregard. Certainly it is a paramount question, otherwise it would not have been such a bone of contention these many years, for even in the days of the great trio, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, the Senate was in continuous agitation over measures impinging more or less upon it. It has furnished the great dividing line between the North and South, and although Mr. Webster became a

bold and fearless advocate of his people's sentiments, yet he was simply their mouth-piece and servant, as at heart he sympathized with the South, believing in her claim and that she was contending only for that vouchsafed by the constitution. There lived in Pennsylvania one time a man noted throughout the country as extremely large and handsome, who, accused of treason and brought to trial, made such a hasty and reckless entrance into the court-room overcrowded with ladies and gentlemen, as to crush to the dirty floor a man of much smaller size, who upon gaining his feet demanded of the giant Adonis the right and reason for such a brutal act, only to bring forth the defiant reply: "I am the handsome man who is to be tried here to-day for treason, get out of the way or take the consequences." This desire of the strong crushing the weak has been manifest in our recent war, as the North has let the edict prevail—we will make the South feel what we are—and those living in this pillaged land sadly realize the force of that sentiment. The party now in power pretend to have been trying to restore the Union for the past seven years, but how fruitless has been the effort! Mr. Grant upon becoming President recommended that the South elect her governors and legislatures, but afterwards, under pressure of his party-mongers, ordered all those elected to abdicate office in order that he might fill those positions with northern carpet-baggers, who have not only misruled, but have suffered our country to be robbed and plundered in a most ruthless manner. The President is now on his fifth year and we are informed that he made his maiden speech a few days ago, reading it from manuscript—a sad commentary upon the kind of intellect gracing the position—and though the simile is ungenerous I am reminded of what we are told in the New Testament: That Balaam's ass opened its mouth and spoke, whereupon it was recorded marvelous and wonderful. So may this utterance of the President's be preserved in history as most strange and remarkable. He also may go down to posterity as a lover of bull-pups, although the papers say the last one sent was refused acceptance owing to expressage not being prepaid but upon learning it had a long and valuable pedigree hastened to reclaim it from a friend to whom he had given it in lieu of conveyance charges.

Jeff. Society, Saturday night, November 15, 1873. Question: Should capital punishment be abolished?

Mr. Green (Neg.).—Impressed the fact that as time glides along we are too apt to forget the laws and commandments of our forefathers, for certainly this question needs no settlement from our hands to-night, as our progenitors in the distant past, after great thought and concern, have determined for always, that wherever civilized communities exist none can make progress without some dreaded restraining power over those inclined to violate law and order. Surely anything short of capital punishment would be inimical to a nation's safety and advancement—for the atoning of one's crime with life, that to which every sane person clings most tenaciously, is a powerful curbing agency to the lawless inclined. In spite of its known efficacy some states, notably Ohio, have abolished it, accepting instead life imprisonment, while only a few years ago a bill was before Congress to have it apply to the whole country. This fortunately was defeated, although by a small majority, but this national expression does not determine the approximate or real value of the two methods for all times and nations, as under certain quiescent periods in every country the lighter punishment might suffice, while under extremely turbulent conditions the more severe would only meet the demands of justice. In our country I believe capital punishment to be absolutely imperative in order that the chastity of the home be maintained and the purity of society guarded. He alluded to the circus man and to Myers, who was imprisoned five years on the testimony of one claiming to have heard his voice in the crowd where the murder was committed. Two other men also were arrested, but released shortly afterwards, when public feeling had largely subsided. Here hanging would have been a great injustice, as the evidence was vague and hypothetical. I admit, like all questions, this presents two sides, and that the negative will plead the humanitarian and utilitarian interests—the removal of a husband or father to a destitute and otherwise dependent family being an unnecessary sorrow and loss when a penitentiary service for life might be turned to state profit and revenue. But this phase fades into insignificance when compared with the moral degeneracy all communities would experience from

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what many culprits consider not an objectionable method of paying penalty.

Messrs. Smith and Clark (Neg.)—Both spoke along parallel lines, believing that capital punishment was instituted not only to atone a specific crime, thereby preventing the same individual committing others, but by example to deter those of similar evil impulses from taking fatal steps. They referred to Salorn's case, who murdered his brother and mother, and after two trials released, possibly to kill some one else or commit other dastardly deeds; also mentioned the Stokes' and Walworth crimes—how defiant and indifferent the latter seemed when facing death, kissing his mother as under no unusual stress of mind. Mr. Smith claimed that hanging is recognized more generally by the press than the mere sending of a convict to penitentiary for life, thus making the incident wider known and its influence stronger felt. He did not believe criminals generally had large families, or contributed much to their support, hence hanging provides a good riddance.

While these debates were primarily for scholarly improvement, they had injected into them often much laughter and amusement, as many members indulged in sarcasm, invective and ridicule—the more poignant affording the greatest enjoyment to the listeners. Among the debaters themselves this was accepted as no intended insult or reflection—simply an opportunity to sharpen wits at brilliant repartee, that in which some were well-gifted.

Most of the speaking was extempore, often with attempt at highly gestured oratory, but some was more quiet and dignified from notes or full manuscript, with the exception of anecdotes and jokes. It was so soon after the Civil War, in the days of reconstruction, that many subjects discussed were of a partisan nature calculated for the introduction of wild, ill-timed and rancorous criticism—that which became greatly modified towards the close of my period, and at best amounted to nothing more than a wrangling of words, as all thought alike upon such topics. There was no one to convince. While assembling an abundance of good cheer, smoking and friendly conversation prevailed, but the moment the gavel sounded all was attention and order, which usually continued

throughout the exercises. Seldom was there needless talking or whispering, as every one seemed intent upon developed arguments and expected witticisms, ever ready to punctuate by foot and hand demonstrations—such as most speakers expect and feel disappointed when suppressed. The kindest feeling prevailed between the two societies, and as no rivalry existed there was much reciprocal visiting, according to the preference of program and fancy for those taking part. Conferences between representative members were held often, looking to the betterment of the organizations, and the adoption by one of any good measure was certain of being followed by the other. Although the law students were in most evidence as speakers, yet other departments furnished quite a number, who did not suffer by comparison. All things considered, the general work in these societies was of high order, serving well to develop minds in the polemic direction. I am confident we all look back upon this affiliation with no little pleasure—considering it a feature in University life and training highly necessary if not absolutely essential.

This was my longest time and distance from home, and a visit thereto with the approach of Christmas seemed a foregone conclusion, in spite of having only the one day holiday and otherwise lectures pushing along at their usual rapid pace. As there was no way of getting full value of these save by attendance, the missing of a week or more meant almost an irreparable loss—a fact sadly recognized and preventing extreme enthusiasm over such an alloyed vacation. The only palliation possible lay in borrowing upon our return the note books of others containing leading essentials but not the endless detail so important for perfect understanding—such as most individuals trust the mind to carry. Indeed, the Faculty disapproved home-going at this season, or any other, owing to the likely discouragement from once getting behind and the usual demoralization an interregnum tends to create, but upon application the Chairman of the Faculty would issue to any one for a reasonable time a "leave of absence" of the following form: University of Va., Dec. 19, 1872. We concur in the application of Mr. David M. R. Culbreth for a leave of absence of two weeks. Report your return promptly to the Chairman, Chas. S. Venable, Chair.

When you secured to this the signature of the various professors by whom instructed, you were beyond the University restrictions for the specified time. Beginning with this permit I take from my diary a few abstracts:

December 19, 1872. Left University for home to-night, 6.30 o'ck.; reached Central Hotel at 7.10, where I sat in the office by a hot coal stove until 8.45, when a servant showed me to room No. 48, which I found without fire and very cold. Lost some time in getting to sleep, possibly from anxiety of trip, missing train, etc. Was called at 1.20 A. M., but train being late did not leave until 2.10. Rained and snowed nearly all the way, while between Fairfax and Manassas our train killed several cattle causing us to stop, as one of the animals became mangled in the engine. Had quite a talk with the conductor, etc.

December 20th. Reached Alexandria at 7.25 A. M., but left ten minutes later for Washington where we arrived at 8. Had a buss transfer ticket from the Baltimore and Potomac depot to the Baltimore and Ohio, where I took an express that reached Baltimore at 9.30. Found the streets very sloppy and muddy, but walked up to Uncle's alone, etc.

December 21st. Left Baltimore, President Street station, for home at 7.25 A. M. After watching the boats moving in and out of the harbor and river I looked over *The* (Baltimore) *Sun*, and within the hour observed Judge Wickes sitting alone a few seats to the rear, whom I joined and engaged in conversation. He was anxious about his son's progress, so I emphasized his popularity and the belief of him doing good work; that I knew he was gaining knowledge of his studies and an experience with the world. Well, he said: "'Chamb' is spending too much money." Many students on the train going home for the holidays. Father met me at the station, 3.35 P. M., etc.

December 25th. The past few days have been spent quietly at home conversing with parents and friends who called. To-day we had a family reunion at grandmother's, where all of her six children and most of her grandchildren were gathered. All had a royal time.

December 29th. To-day the family reunion was at our house, where all members assembled except grandmother,

who, owing to cough, never goes from home during winter months (October-April). The day was pleasant and all appeared to enjoy themselves. We spend to-morrow at Uncle Edward's.

January 1, 1873. To-day is Wednesday and how beautiful for winter! Took train at 10.15 A. M. for Baltimore, on my return to the University. Left the car several times to recognize familiar faces at stations. Had a long wait at Clayton, 11.30-1.55, so did not reach Baltimore until 8.30. Went at once to Uncle's.

January 3rd. Left Baltimore at 2 P. M., reached Washington at 4, took supper at the St. James Hotel in time to catch the 6.55 train from Baltimore and Potomac depot for Charlottesville, where I arrived at 12.40, and at my room three-quarters of an hour later, where I retired a few minutes thereafter much fatigued and sleepy.

January 4th. Arose at 7 o'ck., breakfasted at 7.30, reported to Latin and Natural Philosophy; was even called upon in the latter and only avoided a " cork " by the prompting of Peteet, who caused me to acquit myself with considerable credit. Green and LeBourgeois dropped in a short while after supper. I wrote Latin exercise and retired at 10.30.

January 6th. This is Sunday so did not arise until 7.40; breakfasted at 8, which was enjoyed to an unusual degree owing to its very satisfactory quality. Rained nearly all day and have spent most of it on Math.

January 9th. Reported at Latin, 8.50, was called upon with good results.

January 12th. Breakfasted at 7.25; spent morning in reading Latin parallel.

January 15th. This is Monday, cold and bleak; spent most of the day on Math. In going to lecture met Professor Venable, so we chatted pleasantly on our way to the Rotunda; found lecture-room very hot which made my feet almost burn up in rubber boots—no good in winter.

January 17th. Friday—arose at 6.35, breakfasted at 7, studied Math. and mineralogy all morning; had " boss" for dinner; reported to Math. at 3.30.

January 21st. Tuesday—reported to Latin at 12.30; had " boss " for dinner; Dr. Witherspoon called on us during

the afternoon; read Latin parallel and worked out exercises in Math. until 2.

January 24th. Monday—breakfasted at 7; went to Math.-drill at 8, came to room and studied Math. until dinner.

January 26th. Sunday—breakfasted at 7.10; had buckwheat, sausage, hash, etc. Spent a part of the morning with many companions sliding down the hill just beyond the parsonage—used our split-bottom chairs for sleds, to which it was death, but all had much enjoyment. Wrote to mother; studied some.

January 28th. Tuesday—reported to Latin at 12.30, but a note pinned on the door called lecture off, owing to sickness of Professor Peters.

January 29th. Wednesday—arose at 7, breakfasted at 7.10; reported to Math.-drill at 8; read Latin parallel from 1 to 2; while writing this the first bell has rung, it will soon be time for the second.

February 2nd. Sunday—breakfasted at 7; spent the day in reading Latin parallel, writing mother, and attending chapel at night; returned thereafter to room, 9 o'ck., and worked on Math. until 11.30.

February 9th. Sunday—breakfasted at 7.10; read Latin parallel; left for my second trip to Monticello at 12; took dinner at Ambroselli's, reached the summit at 3; cut ourselves some hickory sticks.

February 10th. Monday—arose at 6.45, breakfasted at 7; reported to Math. at 3.30; studied Latin after supper, and wrote up geology notes.

February 18th. Tuesday—arose at 6.40, breakfasted at 7.10; reported to Latin in the morning, and played baseball in the afternoon.

February 21st. Friday—breakfasted at 7.10; reported to Math.-drill at 8, and geology at 12.30; was called on in Math. and got through all right.

February 22nd. Saturday—arose at 7, breakfasted at 7.30; reported to Latin at 9 and to Natural Philosophy at 11; attended Jeff. Society at night, but got back to my room at 10.30.

February 23rd. Sunday—arose at 6.30, breakfasted at 7; attended church in Charlottesville, 10 to 1.

March 1st. Saturday—breakfasted at 7; reported to Latin at 9 and to Natural Philosophy at 11, but there was no lecture in the latter owing to sickness of Professor Smith; attended Jeff. Society at night; retired at 11.30.

But enough of these youthful excerpts that have little spice and variety, since days, weeks, nay years, were almost duplicates of one another, so that the chronicling was largely reiteration.

Near the first of April the University and Charlottesville communities were saddened by the sickness of Professor McGuffey which, after various stages of hope and despair, ended in death on May 4th. He was our oldest professor, whom all students loved, and followed to the grave with a sorrow kindred to paternalism.

About the close of my first week at the University a young medical student, Pierce, who occupied alone the upper northwest room, House B, suggested that I move in with him as he believed a companionship would be beneficial to us both, while the elevation of his room had an advantage over mine. We mutually agreed the change advisable, so passed the session together satisfactorily, in spite of our departments possessing little in common and his necessitating often a dwelling with unclean bones and desiccated muscles of the recent dead. He like myself had been reared in the country by good, industrious parents, and fortunately shared equally with me quiet, studious habits. We confided not a few of our family matters, yet for want of time seldom discussed them. Our tastes were plain, simple, clean and moral, so there was little to produce friction and discord. Beyond the care of our room by the attendant a few minor duties fell to our lot, performed in turn alternately according to understanding, among them—going to the post-office daily at 3 o'ck, for the mail. On one of my mail days I brought him a letter from home, which conveyed the pleasant information that on a certain day and train in the near future a couple of friends would pass through Charlottesville by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, *en route* for some point west, and that they would be pleased to have him meet them at the depot for a few minutes' conversation. He seemed gratified at the opportunity and gladly made good the appointment, but in order that the agreeable talk and companionship might

be prolonged determined to remain on the train while it pulled through the town and by the junction jumping off when he reached the University crossing, then at the same grade as the public road. By most of us this was considered a dangerous experiment, although the train's speed seldom exceeded at that point twenty miles per hour—usually less—yet the curving grade, road bed and shallow cuts filled with various-sized loose and fixed rocks, made leaping with the train's motion in expectation of landing on one's feet, thence for a rapid run, likely to be disappointing. At home where the road-sides were soft and rockless I had performed the act many times successfully, where even a fall meant little or nothing, but under such changed conditions would never have had the courage to attempt it. As a vivid warning against liberty with moving trains all of us students had fresh in mind the sad fate of Arthur L. Coleman, a gifted and accomplished student of the two preceding sessions, who just a year before, April 13, 1872, was mangled to death near the same spot. Up to that occurrence the Chesapeake and Ohio passenger trains made a short stop at this crossing, a convenience appreciated by the University community, but abused by some who continually rode to and from town, passing through the coaches in hope of seeing some friend or acquaintance and often delaying exit until the train was well under way. Following this custom young Coleman in hastening to get off missed his grip on the railing and fell between the cars to his destruction. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, and to his memory admiring fellow students of the University erected during my first month, October, 1872, an appropriate monument. All of these facts came before our eyes from time to time, especially through various issues of the *Magazine,* subscribed to and read carefully by most of us. Regardless of these lessons my roommate considered himself on this occasion equal to the acrobatic feat without serious harm, but upon trial found sadly his mistake, as at once he was taken off his feet and thrown violently to the earth against a boldly protruding rock, inflicting an ugly hip laceration and several minor wounds, which rendered him helpless and semi-unconscious for a time. Within an hour he was conveyed on a stretcher to the Infirmary, where Doctors Cabell and Davis made careful examina-

tion, hesitating to give much encouragement owing to the supposed serious possibilities at the hip. Fortunately no complications arose, so that in four weeks he could hobble around on crutches, but concluded to do no more studying that session and left for home two weeks before its close. During his stay at the Infirmary I paid him almost daily visits, ministered to his wants as best I could, and for the first ten days, so long as he was restricted to the recumbent position, attended to his correspondence with his parents and friends.

Towards the middle of June, owing to the severe heat and a disinclination to study, many were found turning faces homeward, thinking the attendance upon Commencement played no part in the duties and pleasures of the year—that from which I dissented, believing that the final week's exercises, coming at the conclusion of the year's hard work, could not be otherwise than beneficial, restful and enjoyable. In addition to the goodly number of distinguished visitors, alumni, friends, parents and relatives of the graduates, from near and far, with some of whom contact was unavoidable, there was delivered two addresses by men of national reputation and about six by as many of our best trained students. To listen to these relieved and refreshed by strains of sweet music, the companionship, conversation and laughter of fairer saints, always so much in evidence, could not fail to make the few included days far from stupid—in fact highly inspiring—therefore, during my entire University residence I never missed one of these functions, even remaining to see the " Final Ball " well under way and sometimes ended. Apart from this personal inclination there were two specific reasons that well-nigh impelled my stay at this, my first, Commencement—that of my distinguished fellow-stateman, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, being the joint orator before the two Literary Societies, and that of me being on the Final Committee of the Jeff.—a position it is true more honorary than active since the Chairman, as in all cases, personally looked after most of the detail arrangement, but after all carried some duties if one cared to live up to and discharge them. Owing to Mr. Bayard's high character, eminent position and service already rendered the South, as well as that about to be performed for us, I, the only student from Delaware, had been the recipient during the

session of no little favorable notice from companions, who, I felt confident would have, at least, been surprised had I not remained to be one of those to receive him.

Commencement or Final Day then was the Thursday before July 4th, which fell that year, 1873, on the 3rd, but the week's exercises began the preceding Sunday night, June 29th, with a sermon in the Public Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association by Rev. J. William Jones. It was the first time I had heard that gentleman, so that his well-worded sentences, profound earnestness, and rather high, penetrating voice made upon me a strong and lasting impression on, " The Blessedness of Religion."

Monday night—Wash Celebration. Unfortunately in the late afternoon a thunderstorm made the outlook unfavorable for a large attendance, but in spite of no signs of clearing until after 7 o'ck, the Public Hall by that hour was filled comfortably with the younger life that seemed fearless before the elements and determined to make the evening a success. The officers this year were: President, Mr. Richard H. Maury, Miss.; Orator, Mr. John W. Stephenson, Va. (subject—National Literature) ; Medalist, Mr. Fergus R. Graham, La. After these gentlemen had discoursed to their full credit and Weber's Germania Band had rendered appropriate selections, the assemblage according to honored custom repaired to the Lawn beautifully illuminated with hundreds of gas-jets and Chinese lanterns, under whose mellow light were to be enjoyed for a couple of hours a continuous promenading of the arcades and triangle, stirring strains of music, pleasant conversation and short calls at the homes of the several professors who were entertaining.

Tuesday night—Jeff. Celebration. This was clear and beautiful, and during the heated day many visitors arrived including Senator Bayard, Ex-Governor Swann, Governor Walker and Lieutenant-Governor Marye, whose son, Willie, was one of our popular students. While the evening before I had been simply an interested spectator, on this it was very different, as my committee membership placed me here in the role of a marshal, with the implied expectation of solving properly the annoyances and perplexities of the many late comers insisting upon, sometimes demanding, seats well towards the front. Another member and I took charge of the left-hand (west)

aisle, and were happy in offending none knowingly and in the manifest appreciation by the fair ones of our proffered gallantry. The Public Hall was soon overcrowded with an anxious and restless audience awaiting the coming of the stage-lore, which in procession, two by two, at 8.30 o'ck, began to enter with rhythmic step to the martial music, in the order of the Board of Visitors, Faculty, distinguished visitors, officers of the two societies, orators and medalists escorted by the marshals and passing up the center-aisle under the arched batons of the chief marshals to occupy the stage.

The officers this year were: President, Mr. B. Chambers Wickes, Md.; Orator, Mr. William R. Alexander, Va. (subject —What has been belongs not alone to the past); Medalist, Mr. John Sharp Williams, Tenn.

The President's style was a trifle hurried and bold, his enunciation clear and matter well in mind. The Medalist, at all times a quick somewhat nervous speaker and conversationalist, endeavored in no appreciable degree to have freedom therefrom on that occasion, but this was no weakness as it stamped individuality and the fire of true oratory, so that with his closing declaration—he would prize the medal not for what it is but for what it teaches—rounds of applause testified to universal approbation. The writer has not seen Mr. Williams since those commencement days, although in full knowledge of his attained honors and positions, and while testifying with much delight to his earlier recognized powers, it has been a far greater pleasure to see his words a "living truth"—the medal standing for what it teaches. For he has gone forth from that youthful stage to the highest forum of our land to defend humane rights as he conceives them, to take the side of the plain people, as did the illustrious Jefferson in whose school he was taught, and, like him, to implant his name upon the "Temple of Fame." During the day I saw not a little of the orator, who, while walking together, lamented his legal studies having prevented a mastery of his oration, that which evinced itself at several points in the delivery, but not sufficient to provoke merited criticism. The following newspaper clipping at the time will not offend or reflect owing to its ludicrous witticism: "His address was well written, his manner good, and was listened to by those who could hear him. The fair

University—Fayerweather Gymnasium
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ladies listened with rapt attention, and drank in every word spoken by—their gallant escorts. Instead of a thousand fair and lovely maidens 'hanging entrance on the lips of one orator,' they hung entrance on the lips of a thousand orators—every orator had an auditor and every auditor an orator. The speaker was interrupted frequently, not only by the applause from the galleries, but also by the entrance of tardy belles and beaux, the rustling of dresses, the tramp of polite marshals eager to show seats to the blushing late-comers, and lastly by the merry hum of the audience. Under these circumstances, what youthful orator 'with soul so dead' who would not feel inspired to soar to the loftiest heights of impassioned eloquence?"

CHAPTER XIII

Commencement—Addresses and Banquet—Session 1872-73.

Commencement of 1873 continued; memorial address on Professor Gessner Harrison, by Rev. John A. Broadus; Joint Celebration—Hon. Thomas F. Bayard; Commencement or Final Day—alumni address by Ex-Governor Thomas Swann; alumni banquet—to which a few of us students were invited to enjoy the good things and speeches; escorted two of the honored guests, Senator Bayard and Ex-Governor Swann, to Professor Venable's home; death and funeral of Mr. Swann, etc.

Wednesday was beautiful, clear and hot, but its diversified entertainments served to veil all personal discomfort. In the morning, 11 o'ck, we met in the Public Hall to hear a memorial address on our late Professor Gessner Harrison, by Rev. John A. Broadus. Up to that day I knew little of Professor Harrison except through his Latin Grammar—An Exposition of Some of the Laws of the Latin Grammar, Harper Brothers, 1852—a work of which Professor Peters had spoken several times in class with a commendation that led me to purchase and use a copy with decided benefit. I further knew that Professor Smith's wife was a daughter, and had seen around the University another daughter, Miss Harrison, afterwards the wife of Professor Thornton, and a son whom I thought about thirty years of age.

On this occasion the portrait of Professor Harrison, belonging in the library, was suspended over the stage amid evergreens and flowers; the stage was filled with professors and visiting dignitaries, and the main floor with an attentive, intelligent audience. After prayer by our new Chaplain, Rev. Samuel A. Steel, the Hon. B. Johnson Barbour, a short and rather compactly built gentleman of about sixty, then President of the Alumni Society, arose and in a deliberate conversational style said: "The Alumni are to honor themselves in honoring a great and good man—great in the fullness of his knowledge and good in all that constitutes the true Christian

gentleman. At the request of the Alumni, their honored brother has come with full knowledge and filial love to tell the story of his noble life. I take pleasure in introducing Rev. John A. Broadus, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary."

I had never seen or heard Dr. Broadus before, but later had the good fortune to attend several sermons and lectures, and to meet him socially. On that day he appeared about forty-five years of age, five feet eight inches high, and to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. He had a fine suit of black hair parted well to the left and worn a trifle long, short chin and side whiskers of similar shade slightly sprinkled with gray—no moustache; his forehead was broad and full, but not high, which inclined to give the square upper face; nose shapely, well-proportioned with full apex; mouth and lips of good size, the latter when closed indicating firmness, resolution and positiveness; voice clear, sonorous, of abundant volume and depth, easily filling the remotest part of the Hall. His dress was of the provincial black broad-cloth, coat-skirt closed in front and of moderate length; turned-down collar and small black cravat hand tied. He arose without hestitation and was absolutely at ease in reading his manuscript in a serious style for more than an hour. To me there was something pleasant, yet sad, in his face—even his voice and every slight gesture, for these were few, seemed to carry an element of pathos and seriousness, a deep feeling for the personality under consideration. I recognized from the start that it was no ordinary man speaking or being spoken of, so quietly sat near the front to imbibe the beautifully expressed thoughts. Mr. Bayard, who sat upon the stage in my easy view, pronounced it the finest panegyric to which he had ever listened, and I a youth was made almost to realize that Gessner Harrison had been a part of and inseparable from my own life.

I shall never forget how realistic he portrayed in smooth, rounded sentences the outer and inner life of his great teacher —one of the three first medical graduates of the University (1827), who, in addition to and coexistent with his professional studies, pursued and mastered Latin and Greek to such a phenomenal degree under that great scholar George Long—the University's first professor of Ancient Languages—as to

be considered by him, when recalled to England for the professorship of Greek in the University of London, his only worthy and suitable successor—a preference when conveyed to the Board of Visitors that found a speedy and favorable recognition. Nor can I pass out of memory the vivid description of that great man's kind and gentle nature, gifted intellect, scholarly attainments, generous impulses, self-sacrificing character—his life mainly for others, his death for another, his unstinted endeavors for the stimulation of thorough scholarship, his very blood for bettering the University he so loved and cherished during the thirty or more years of active and continued service, in much of which he discharged so satisfactorily the additional and onerous duties of Chairman. Who of those present can fail to recall portions of that masterly effort?

He fell amid the storm of war. Three years earlier and the death of Gessner Harrison would have stirred the whole South but he fell almost as unnoticed as falls a single drop into the stormy sea. To this day it is sometimes asked by intelligent men where the famous professor is, and what he is doing. Already when he died the hearts of men were becoming filled with the love of our great military leaders, that love which afterwards grew into an absorbing passion—*inter arma silent litterae.* And so it is likely that the young of to-day can scarcely believe, the old cannot without difficulty recall, how widely known, how highly honored and admired, how warmly loved, was the mere civilian, the quiet and unpretending Professor of 1859. It is surely worth while, then, not only out of respect for his honored memory, but for our own sake, and for sweet learning's sake, that we should spend an hour here, so near to his old lecture-room, to his home, and his grave, in reminding ourselves and telling to all whom our voices can reach what a man he was, and what a work he performed . . .

There was nothing very striking in the appearance of young Gessner Harrison when he came to the University. He was rather below the middle height, with a low forehead, and a head whose general shape was quite an exception to the rules of Phrenology; his lips were too full for beauty, and the face altogether was homely, with one exception—his dark eyes were sincerely beautiful and expressive. In truth, that eye would express, all unconsciously to him, not only meditation, but

every phase of feeling; and, as the years went on, it seemed to a close observer to hide, in its quiet depths, all he had thought, all he had suffered, all he had become—the whole world of his inner life. Those fine eyes, which were, no doubt, a little downcast when he first diffidently met the Professors, with the ruddy cheeks which had pleased the school-girls, and a voice most of whose tones were quite pleasing and some of them exceedingly sweet, made no small amends for his general homeliness. . . .

Gessner Harrison and his brother would neither visit or study on Sunday, so when, in alphabetic sequence, they received from Mr. Jefferson their invitation to dine with him on a certain Sabbath, they wrote declining the honor, with full explanation of their strict training and a hesitation to displease their father. At this instance of filial piety Mr. Jefferson, in a note to them, expressed much gratification, and insisted that they come on a certain week-day. They went, were received with singular courtesy and spent hours of great enjoyment, being, as the Faculty, in a tribute to Mr. Jefferson's memory the following year, said had often been true of themselves—instructed and delighted by the rare and versatile powers of that intellect which time had enriched with facts without detracting from its luster, and charmed with those irresistible manners which were dictated by delicacy and benevolence. . . .

There is something sublime in the spectacle of an unpretending, quiet, but deeply earnest and conscientious man, with the classical education of a great commonwealth or of the whole States, resting upon him, and slowly lifting up himself and his burden towards what they are capable of reaching. It was thus that Gessner Harrison toiled and suffered in this University for thirty-one years. And not in vain. During the latter years of this period, he was accustomed to say that pupils were coming to him from the leading preparatory schools with a better knowledge of Latin and Greek than twenty years or so before was carried away by his graduates. It is marvelous to our older men, when they remember how generally and in how high a degree the standard of education was raised in Virginia and in the South, between 1830 and 1860. Let it never be forgotten that the University of Virginia did this; and there is no invidious comparison in saying

that, far beyond any other man, it was done by the University Professor of Ancient Languages. His two scholarly successors have often remarked—we hardly know how we could get on at all if it were not for what Dr. Harrison did before us. . . .

In his teaching Dr. Harrison promptly turned away from the existing English methods of classical instruction—viz., teaching the mere facts of Latin or Greek usage as facts and strove after the rational explanation and philosophical systematization of these facts. Hence, he turned with lively interest to what the Germans were beginning to do—using it as materials and encouragement for his own laborious studies. He had already been several years at work when the modern Science of Language had its birth and fully recognized that one had to learn Sanskrit in order to understand and explain the classic languages. This is now universal among respectable professors, but for years and years it was applied in this University alone of American institutions. In fact, he was pushing these applications when they were still unknown in the teaching of English Universities, and existed at only a very few points in Germany. . . .

It may be added that as a lecturer, Dr. Harrison's style, though peculiar and having obvious faults was much better than in writing. He had not a ready command of expression; and his first statements of an idea were often partial, involved, and obscure. But he perfectly knew—a thing not very common—when he had and when he had not, made himself clear, and never relinquished his efforts until the greater part of his audience saw clearly. He made constant use of the blackboard, often drawing quaint diagrams to assist the comprehension of the abstractions of syntax and he enlivened attention by frequent and apparently spontaneous gushes of homely humor, as racy as it was peculiar. . . .

For nothing was he more remarkable than his robust common sense—that which he applied not merely to common things, but to his philological studies. The inductive method of inquiry means common sense, as opposed to mere speculative theorizing, and he studied language in a plain, common-sense way. Along with this he had a very sound judgment, so when he thoroughly understood a question and had patiently consid-

ered it, his judgment was exceedingly apt to be correct, and in this those who knew him had the greatest confidence. His examination of all questions, in study or practical life, was marked by patient thinking, that sublimest of intellectual virtues; and his studies were all conducted with the steady industry which ought to be so common but is so rare, which is the condition of accurate scholarship of all substantial and symmetrical knowledge. It is true that in apparent contrast with these qualities, he appeared given to procrastination—due to his being overworked. He possessed great courage, both physical and moral, and was as unflinching as a rock. He had an unutterable contempt for sham and pretentiousness, and himself never failed to speak and act with sincerity and candor. He had a generosity of nature in the broadest sense, and that beautiful delicacy which we so much admire in women—delicate consideration for the feelings of others, and delicate tact in sparing their feelings, even when something difficult or painful has to be said. His family-relations were simply charming. His daughters—and that is one test of a man's character—regarded him not with mere ordinary filial admiration and affection, but with unutterable reverence, and, at the same time, a passionate fondness. His sympathies were as prompt and as tender as a woman's, and from him all friends sought counsel when in trouble and never in vain. Nor did he wait to be sought, as upon a newly arrived family it was his delight to call and extend pleasantries of conversation as well as material comfort. A foreigner with apparent good was given countenance, and the wounded Union soldiers, brought to the University after the first battle of Manassas, were visited repeatedly in their dormitories by him, who, although then only himself a visitor there and intensely Southern, administered to their wounds and their spiritual good. . . .

With such abilities and attainments, and such a character, it is not strange that Dr. Harrison so powerfully impressed himself upon his pupils. Not only the hundreds of those who are now professors or other teachers, but many who are occupied with matters widely remote from Latin and Greek, are still constantly recalling his favorite ideas and characteristic expressions, and, what is of more consequence, their minds have taken shape and their characters borrowed tone from its

influence. In every grade of teaching it is even more important to consider what your teacher is than what he knows. Two years more and it will be fifty years since the University of Virginia was opened. In this checkered half-century it has achieved results which, considering all the difficulties of the situation, form a just occasion for wonder and rejoicing. A truly great institution of learning cannot be created in a short time. It must grow; must gradually form its atmosphere, gather its association, hand down its honored names and inspiring traditions. The life we have been considering is, perhaps, more closely connected than any other with the history of this University and the constitution of its prestige. But Gessner Harrison is only one of the many noble men who have spent their strength in advancing its usefulness and building up its reputation. The noblest legacy they have left us is this —that the very genius of the place is *work*. No professor or student of susceptible soul can establish himself here without feeling that there breathes through all the air this spirit of work —a noble rage for knowing and for teaching. This is the glory and the power of the institution which boasts so many illustrious names among its Visitors, its Faculty, and its Alumni. And let it be the last word spoken here to-day concerning Gessner Harrison, spoken, as it were, in his name to the professors and the students of the University he loved so well —Sirs, Brothers, "fear God and work."

Dr. Broadus married for his first wife a daughter of Gessner Harrison, and, therefore, in the dual relationship of pupil and son-in-law was fitted singularly, perhaps, beyond all others, for correctly unfolding the life of one bound by such close and affectionate ties. His admiration and reverence for the man never diminished, in fact increased with years, and when he came to dedicate what might be termed his master work—Commentary on Matthew—it was in these words: "To the cherished memory of Gessner Harrison, M.D., for many years professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Virginia. At your feet I learned to love Greek, and my love of the Bible was fostered by your earnest devoutness. Were you still among us, you would kindly welcome the fruit of study, which now I can only lay upon your tomb; and would gladly accept any help it can give towards understand-

ing the blessed word of God, the treasure of our common Christianity, whose consolations and hopes sustained you in life and in death, and went with you into the unseen and eternal.

Nomen multis clarum et venerabile.
Mihi adhuc magister atque pater."

Wednesday night—Joint Celebration. This annual entertainment was the result of the combined efforts of the two literary societies, Jeff. and Wash., and had for its chief attraction an address by some distinguished personage—this year by Senator Bayard, of Delaware. Here also I was one of the marshals aiding as best I could in disposing satisfactorily—an impossibility—of a more than comfortable number to fill the Hall, many, myself included, having to take refuge in the windows. The colors of the two societies, having their respective mottoes inscribed in gold letters hung over the stage in graceful folds, while on the stage sat the professors and other eminent gentlemen, including Gov. Walker, Ex-Gov. Swann, Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus, Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Lieut-Gov. Marye, Hon. B. Johnson Barbour, etc. After prayer by Dr. Curry, the speaker was introduced in a few well-chosen sentences by Mr. William Cooper, S. Ca., Chairman of the Joint Committee.

Mr. Bayard arose with a pleasant smile, first addressing himself, with a slight bow to the stage occupants and then the audience. He was in the regulation evening dress, and held in his hands a very thin black portfolio containing the manuscript of his address, which he untied and opened as he advanced towards the small stand placed for its support. To this he referred frequently, reading page after page, but occasionally gave emphasis to favored and telling passages in delightful extemporaneous oratory. He stood erect, being at least six feet one inch high, forty-five years of age, and weighing two hundred pounds. His shoulders were broad, thick and square; face clean shaven, bearing in repose a kind, gentle expression; nose well-developed, slightly of the Roman type; mouth and lips of good size; eyes bluish-gray, bright and penetrating; complexion clear, healthy, bordering on the sanguine; hair abundant, chestnut-brown, parted well to the left and slightly long. His subject was, " True education and personal honor,"

and throughout the hour he delighted every one present by his clear resounding voice, well-accentuated English, noble and lofty sentiments. We can only include here a few excerpts:

The duty here commenced is to cease only with your lives —and your efforts should be to discipline your reasoning powers; to raise higher and higher the standard of excellence; to enlarge your sympathies with the most gifted minds of all ages; to learn the history of what man has been and has done, as the evidence of what he may be and can do. These are paths in which the further you advance the more worthily will you deal with the gifts of reason, thought and language— of leisure and opportunity. Latin and Greek now and ever will continue to form the essential basis of a truly liberal education and the only sound basis for an accurate comprehension of the two requisite modern languages—French and German; and whilst language continues to be the organ of human thought and human influence, they will be necessary to every system of higher education.

The lever, pulley, wedge, screw, wheel and axle, and incline plane, form the basis of all mechanical arts, and all power arranged in defiance of, or in disregard of these simple primary principles, will be in vain; so likewise in this life of ours, in all our social and political relations, in order to proceed with usefulness and safety our action must be based upon true principles. You will soon be called from these calm shades into the turmoil of active life where you must deal with, and have effect upon the passions, interests, vices and virtues of your fellow-men. Do not forget or underrate your responsibilities, as you are " select men," to whose custody severally a " talent " has been entrusted; it is yours, not alone for safe keeping, but for increase. It must be employed; if idly laid away, judgment of condemnation will be pronounced against you. A nation cannot be elevated in its culture and character from below, but from the upper table-lands of thought, feeling and knowledge; and hence arises the grave importance of the example set by those in authority to the people, and which, for better or for worse, will insinuate itself into the mass.

The low morals, manners and habits of a ruler may filter down and degrade his countrymen, so that succeeding rulers

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may be chosen through depraved judgment and sentiment. The effect of a complicated mass of machinery in full motion is similar to that which you will experience upon your entrance into the busy workshop of human affairs. You will be constantly mistaking effects for causes, weaknesses for powers, and shams for realities. But experience will enable you to discern the true conditions upon which human affairs are transacted. As in physics so in human government, a few primary principles, certain and necessary virtues must be found and observed, or the objects for which government was ordained among men can never be accomplished. The founders of our government were truthful, honest, constant, frugal, industrious and brave—adversity had been their nurse—and naturally they based their organic laws on these principles, so that they became its motive power, the inspiring sentiment of the entire scheme. And it is upon the preservation and constant exercise of these simple virtues of the founders that the happiness and safety of our country depend. It was designed for a people like themselves, totally unfit for a people unlike them, and any attempts to engraft upon it a government of different ideas and principles can be but the commencement of loss, sorrow, and certain failure. If our Constitution has been irreparably invaded, it has been because the virtues which gave it birth have fallen into disuse, and the hands and brains of the invaders have been actuated more by hatred than a love of justice, by a love of gain than a love of truth, and by a fear of temporary local discontent rather than the courage necessary to enable them to stand by their duty. Virtuous qualities, which alone can create and keep a State, are personal and individual, and when possessed by leaders influence the masses, but above these virtues floats that fine aroma of sentiment and character—personal honor—delicate and sensitive yet more powerful than armies, without marketable value yet outweighing all things purchasable, undefined and perhaps undefinable, but always accurate, the first born child of good faith and kindly feeling, which guides good men when their mental powers are obscured by doubt, and to deny the existence of which would involve the degradation of the human species; this is the moral conscience of the great, occupying the place of virtue, and gives birth to the noblest deeds. These

essential qualities are in great danger of falling into disuse in the government of this country, since now the real governing powers are not those which are apparent, owing to the system of *incorporation* being so widely extended as to allow the aggregation of wealth, consequently power, in the hands of certain *artificial persons,* as contradistinguished from natural persons, thereby enabling them to exert an influence not contemplated by our constitution of government, which bids fair to build up a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself, and to control the States and the general government by the creatures of their own laws. While our system nowhere warrants the execution of political power by a corporation, yet, in fact, *corporations* do hold, through their agents and members, political powers at this day never dreamed of by the founders of our government, and but little comprehended by the people of our time. A nation devoted to money-getting must rely upon mercenaries to protect its wealth, and oft-times falls a prey to the very baseness it has invoked to its aid. And such, I fear, is one of the greatest difficulties which you will be called upon to meet—the regeneration, purification and elevation of our political system. No one virtue is a greater necessity in human society than *simple truth;* surely no social crime is more dangerous than a lie, and the man who utters it, or palters with the truth, should be considered a public enemy, unworthy of any post of honor or profit. Truth in the historian, ruler, legislator, and the affairs of men is the keystone. Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience—you will find it a calamity. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt. Happiness flows from constant industry; labor is the creator of all the benefits we enjoy; there is no cure for low spirits like being at hard work, and never was there more need for it than now and here in the South. But great as is all the scattered wealth of Virginia, you have a moral inheritance infinitely greater and more valuable, in the memory and character of the great and good men whose forms have once again been clasped to the breast of the land that gave them birth, and which so many of them died to defend. "We would not give our dead Lee for any living soldier," is the proud response of every true Virginian. And what wonder? Even he, conscientious as he was able,

and modest as he was brave, was never so powerful in life as now in death. His pure spirit, freed from earthly contact, speaks in tones of gentle admonition to us all—aye, to all. Let me, then, leave you with him, in the hope that all may emulate his illustrious example and attain his greatest ambition:

> Who misses, or who wins the prize,
> Go, lose or conquer as you can;
> But if you fall, or if you rise,
> Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

After the applause had subsided from this very acceptable address, Professor Holmes announced the fortunate winner of the Magazine Medal, and conferred the same upon Mr. R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Va., who in a few minutes' speech delighted the audience with brilliant thoughts and beautiful delivery—gifts which in later years have grown so much brighter and made him the distinguished Virginian that he is.

At the conclusion of these exercises as the audience began dispersing, I recognized it a favorable time for presenting myself with congratulations to Mr. Bayard. Some days before I had received from my uncle, Ex-Gov. Robert J. Reynolds, of Delaware, a very warm letter of introduction, which was in my pocket, and while waiting and watching for a pause in the almost ceaseless hand-shaking, I happened to see Professor Venable beckoning to me from the stage, and as I responded to his summons he carelessly placed his arms around my shoulders, saying: "I want you to meet your Senator and Gov. Swann, who are now talking together and stopping with me." A moment later in presenting me he added a word of pleasantry, "This is the only Blue Hen's chicken we have had during the present session." After a courteous bow and a hearty shake of the hands, I supplemented the personal introduction with Uncle's letter, which Mr. Bayard hurriedly read, then expressed pleasure in having his State represented by a nephew of one he so highly esteemed. His manner towards me was thoroughly cordial and friendly while that of Ex-Gov. Swann was correspondingly reserved—almost frigid. We conversed for five or more minutes, until the Hall was cleared, drifted out behind the crowd, and in bidding good night he expressed the hope of another interview before returning northward.

Thursday Morning—Commencement or Final Day. At 10 o'ck. the students assembled on the Lawn in front of the Rotunda, where they and others formed in line and order—Board of Visitors, Faculty, Alumni, graduates, proficients, those of distinction, and the general body—and proceeded to the Public Hall, where the diplomas of varying rank were to be conferred. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. S. A. Steel, after which the Chairman, Professor Venable, called in turn the names of the successful candidates in each department, who, one by one, responded by walking upon the stage to receive from his hands the evidence of their hard-earned honors. This distribution continued for, at least, an hour, and after a half hour's intermission, slightly beyond midday, the Alumni, friends, and students again assembled in the Hall to hear the annual address by Ex-Gov. Swann, of Maryland. After an invocation by Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus, the Alumni Society's President, Hon. B. Johnson Barbour, introduced the speaker in a happy manner: "It affords me great pleasure that one of our most distinguished and busy members has thrown off the mantle of toil for a brief spell in order to be with us to-day to play the major part in these exercises. He comes to us no stranger—a Virginian by birth, a Marylander by adoption, who in his affiliated State has been the recipient of unusual confidence and honors, since he has occupied many of the most exalted positions in the gift of his people—President of a great railroad, banker, legislator, Mayor of a great city, Governor, Senator, and Congressman. I take great pleasure in introducing the Hon. Thomas Swann, of Maryland."

Mr. Swann arose deliberately, bowed slightly, and advanced to the small stand upon which he placed his printed manuscript, and, with eyes seldom diverted read closely its context for nearly two hours. His personality was well-calculated to impress the youthful as being somewhat phlegmatic and sluggish, possessing a sanguine temperament, about sixty years of age, beyond the average size—weighing possibly two hundred and twenty pounds—broad square thick shoulders, large straight face without angles, lower portion full; forehead broad and prominent; eyes clear with deep orbits; nose straight and well-formed; moustache and beard heavy, the latter of good

length, hair abundant and parted well to the left. He had a stern positive look, deep sonorous voice, but articulated rather indistinctly, somewhat muffled, allowing those in the remote distance to catch easily the sound but not the clear interpretation. We include here a few excerpts:

Education, freedom to all men, and the unrestricted blessings of religious toleration, comprise the immortal legacy, which Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence bequeathed to his countrymen. I must not, however, overlook, as co-laborers in the great field of human progress, the cherished names of Washington, Madison, Henry, Monroe and others, now sleeping within your borders, whose fame is interwoven with the glory and renown of the whole country, as well as the triumphs of free government throughout the world. The Federal Constitution was not the result of untried experiment, and at that early period of our existence it was not easy to define where the powers of the Federal Government ended, and at what point those of the States began. The framers of the Constitution looked to no contingencies as possible to spring up from this source, nor did they believe that any conflict of jurisdiction was ever likely to occur. In guarding against centralization they retained the local jurisdiction of the States, but did not provide with equal explicitness for the dangers to which they were exposed under a just and equitable construction of the powers of the States in their claim to unlimited and absolute sovereignty. Could this adjustment have taken place at that early day, what sacrifice of life and wealth would have been avoided.

The condition of the world now points to a steady advance of all those improved ideas which have marked the progress of free government heretofore. England, France, Germany, Spain, and other countries, are fast yielding to new and more liberal theories of government, through a desire to recognize the growing power of the people, who insist that the past errors of the world be corrected. The Roman government was the first to strike the mask from the false theories and corruptions which had so long prevailed, but flushed with greed for conquest and dominion her ambition knew no bounds, until the dying admonition of Augustus came as a warning against their mad career of universal dominion. Our American Revo-

lution was the next advance of popular (Republican) Government, when it made its last grand rally, long after Carthage, Greece, and Rome had yielded to the corruptions of a licentious age and existed only in the magnificence and grandeur of their ruins.

The arguments against territorial enlargement, and the danger of expansion in a Republic, has already been refuted successfully. The theory of Hamilton and Montesquieu—that a Republic should have a small territory, or it cannot exist—in our experience has been proven obsolete and erroneous, since steam, telegraphy, electricity, eager exchange of scientific, mechanical and industrial thought, tend to annihilate space and to bring distant points together. The Monroe doctrine—that no foreign potentate or power will again be permitted to acquire a foothold upon this Continent with institutions hostile to our own—was then, and continues now, the living test of American statesmanship in controlling the destinies of this whole continent. Even Canada, the established stronghold of Great Britain, must sooner or later yield to the inevitable laws of progress, and I need not ask how such a struggle is likely to terminate? Cuba and Mexico in due time will follow the same example. The advantages of our institutions, climate, soil, and the incalculable wealth of our agricultural and mineral resources have made the march of empire continuous—oceans have been chained together while men have been sleeping, by the increasing pressure of inevitable expansion. Our natural possibilities are beyond computation, and always at ready command, so that hostile invasion would be absolute madness. With inducements held out, and the irritations convulsing the Old World the close of this century may find us with a hundred million souls, and large territory for increased numbers. Our people have achieved astounding success in the mechanical arts, practical inventions, navigation, agriculture manufacturing, mining, and the various uses of applied chemistry. Our signal service anticipates heat and cold, protecting persons and property against dangerous surprises. How far these developments are to go before reaching a culmination is hazardous to conjecture, but certain it is that the future is more full of hope than the past, prosperous as it has been.

We are destined to become the strongest maritime power of the world, as the territorial policy of England will prove a source of weakness and cause the scepter she now holds to fall into our hands. Our scientific fortifications and coast defences make us impregnable, and limit our warfare to the sea. We recognize the need of no foreign power as a support, being absolutely self-reliant and entirely independent of all. We need concern ourselves little whether our advance march meets with interference, or whether a large standing army and navy be maintained, as under all circumstances, without the least delay, all contingencies can readily be met from within. The American people will submit hereafter to no compromise of freedom. Her foundations have been laid broad and deep, and they will be strengthened as the claims of humanity and universal equality, in all nations and among all people struggling for liberty, may demand our sympathies. With such an inheritance we are not without responsibility for increased vigilance, that our duties are not overlooked or treated with indifference, for we are admonished by the experience of all ages, that the tendency of human power has ever been to steal from the hands of the many to the few. The States must ever constitute a most important and conservative agency in our complex system, and must be protected in the exercise of all the rights secured to them by the Constitution, as the surest means of protection against anarchy and usurpation. The transfer of the powers of the States to the central government cannot fail to lead to the most perilous results, if permitted to go on, and even to complication in the end, which may effect the duration of the Republic. The people cannot watch with too much jealousy this tendency to consolidation in a government like ours.

To-day under a common flag, with the past forgotten and every star in its appropriate sphere, we may be permitted to rejoice together in that glorious future which I have endeavored feebly to foreshadow. Thanks to Almighty God, we are still Americans, all; and the fiat has gone forth throughout this land, that the heritage bequeathed to us by the blood of our fathers can never be permitted to pass into other hands.

Scarcely had the echoes of applause ceased from Mr.

Swann's address when loud and repeated calls were made for Gov. Walker, then the chief executive of the State, who, without hesitation, advanced to the front of the stage and expressed something beyond delight in being present at the Commencement. That his public duties were many and while this attendance might be considered one, he accepted it far more as an unalloyed pleasure; that according to his conviction there were only three institutions in our country to which the friends of highest learning could look with confidence, and this University is one of those—the only one in the South, etc. We undergraduates of the academic department were impressed less favorably with Mr. Swann's address than that of Mr. Bayard's—a fact, no doubt, largely due to the two subjects, the one somewhat heavy and appealing to the legal and historical mind, the other more buoyant and susceptible of easy digestion and assimilation by the average student. At the same time there was a great difference in the manner of delivery and personality of the two men—Mr. Swann with a cold austere inanimate expression, a deep monotone voice softened and modulated seldom, and that upon a subject, and at an hour, little calculated to inspire a high degree of appreciation; Mr. Bayard, the evening before, with a natural vein of humor, pleasantry, younger life, and timely smiling, indicative of an inspiration from the occasion, as though joyed and in sympathy with the surrounding atmosphere he breathed. Beyond this, however, the record of the two in public life bore strong contrast, that which was known to most of us—Mr. Bayard had always championed the "Southern Cause," and whether in or out of office never failed in effort to ameliorate the suffering and to lighten the yoke of adversity thrust upon her people; Mr. Swann had been loyal to the Union, had little sympathy with the South's struggle for freedom and independence, had been the Republican governor of Maryland, near the close of the Civil War, when most of her honorable citizens were disfranchised owing to their southern sentiments, and while Governor had abandoned the severe radical principles of Republicanism for those of Democracy, then gaining ascendancy—a sagacity resulting in his being sent to Congress by his new affiliated party, having just been re-elected the previous fall for a third term. In spite of these youthful impres-

sions, however, his address was pronounced by those of maturer years to have been timely, encouraging, and handled masterly without giving the slightest offence—indeed, with the realization of intervening occurrences it was filled with prophetic visions.

About 4 o'ck. that afternoon the Alumni assembled at Massey's dining hall, north end of West Range, for the annual banquet, which extended over a number of hours—far into the night—when also came into being the student's farewell function of the session—Final Ball—which was held in the Rotunda (Library room) and for whose pleasures most of our social contingent had not only remained over but had been instrumental in having present their own and the other fellows' sisters, in whom they took more than a passing interest. In addition to this influx of fair strangers came others—annual pilgrims to the Mecca, who, from previous years' experience, accepted gladly renewed invitations to visit professors' and other families to whom they had the good fortune of being connected by ties of relation or friendship. It was a season when every one at the University, and many in Charlottesville, kept open house, dispensing hospitality without reserve, thus contributing easily with the local debutantes nearly a hundred fair ones, possessing in high degree grace and charm—mostly ultra-dressed and bedecked with a profusion of jewels and flowers—that gave a brilliancy and redolence singularly delightful. Truly it was here that stout, chivalrous and manly hearts met, charmed, courted, loved and won fair maidens—the beauty and pride of famed Southland.

During the few hours between dinner and supper I made ready for leaving on the late train (1.45 A. M.), storing for safety the several room articles to be used in subsequent years, packing my two trunks and grip, and sending these to the depot in Charlottesville to await checking upon my arrival near train time. After taking supper, the last meal served at the dining hall that session, several of us assembled in a fellow-student's room on West Range, and while chatting there over our parting, those not to return, our likely vacation doings, etc., we all decided to go around to the Ball Room to see its degree of readiness—decorations, metamorphosed condition, cleared for foot rather than head action, illumination,

etc.—and *en route* we purposely passed the Alumni banqueting hall, which had windows down from the top and curtains to veil the lower sash, thereby cutting off most of the public gaze. Attracted, however, by the audible speaking and noise within we ventured upon the small porch on the north front of the hall, and slightly opened one of the double doors in order to see more and not be seen. Professor Southall was responding to a toast in a most eloquent manner, and as he neared the finish, Professor Venable, seeing the door ajar and portions of several faces in the darkness, arose from his table and came over towards us in order—we thought to close the door—to invite us within as partakers of the good things he and they had already enjoyed *ad nauseam*. At first we hesitated, but he was so insistent, in fact commanding, that there was nothing to do but accept, consequently the six or eight of us filed in and seated ourselves at one of the round tables to the right of the door, where in a few moments he assigned two waiters, whom he directed to look after our comfort by serving as much as desired of the bountiful overflow. For more than an hour we enjoyed to our heart's content the tempting viands spread before us, some even imbibing the sparkling wines that seemingly flowed continuously as from a bubbling fountain. But beyond the precious morsels for the body came that delightful wit and humor of the speakers for the mind—surely a happy combination, and one the more appreciated since it came as a complete surprise, and to me a first introduction to postprandial delights.

When nearing the close, shortly after 9 o'ck, I approached Professor Venable, who stood with a party of gentlemen in conversation, to bid him good-bye and to express thanks for this last evidence of generous hospitality, whereupon he laughingly remarked: "One good turn deserves another; won't you see that Senator Bayard and Gov. Swann get to my house safely? I will be detained here with the Governor (Walker) and a Committee for fifteen or twenty minutes, after which I will join them." Of course I was only too delighted to accede to the request, and at once acquainted the two gentlemen of the service assigned me and that I awaited their pleasure. I dare say that Professor Venable well-remembered my refusal of wine at his own table, and felt in a measure relieved in hav-

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ing found one who, without fear or favor, could act as pilot to those that had smiled too often in the face of Bacchus. On the way we three, perforce, were very close friends, but it remained for me to do most of the talking, until by slow steps we had nearly reached Jeff. Hall, and the movements of the distinguished were becoming more unsteady, when Gov. Swann had coherent presence of mind to say: "Why Senator! If this were day strangers seeing us might think our irregular gait due to excessive drink rather than to the very uneven pavement." Over this they chuckled not a little, thinking possibly thereby that the innocent had been deceived. I must confess to a sense of relief when I had landed safely my precious charge at their destination. Since then it has been my good fortune to meet Mr. Bayard a number of times, the last shortly before his death, 1898, when our conversations were most entertaining and enjoyable, as his vast experience and knowledge of people and places; extraordinary memory for names, faces, dates and instances; affability and sincereness; fluency and ready inclination to have others share his knowledge, rendered him always a charming personality, a courtly gentleman, an unforgetting friend. I never saw Mr. Swann after bidding him farewell that night. He died near Leesburg, Va., July 24, 1883, and two days later was buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore. Near noon of his funeral day I happened to be walking down Charles Street, and when approaching Saratoga Street saw a hearse and several carriages drive up in front of Old St. Paul's Church. It was a beautiful day, not excessively hot, so I patiently waited the entrance into the sanctuary of the cortège with its few attendants, and inquired of an officer standing near, whose funeral it was, only to receive the surprising reply: "Governor Swann's." Out of respect to his memory and our slight acquaintance I entered the church and remained until the service was concluded, and while there could not help being impressed with the fact—how transient is greatness! For a man in life to have sustained to the State and city, during so many years, such close relationship, to have occupied the many exalted positions of trust and confidence—gifts of corporations as well as of the people—now in death to be allowed to go to his final rest followed by a mere handful of mourners and friends

seemed truly sad, yes, almost incredible, but such was the irony of fate. That night after leaving these two gentlemen at Professor Venable's I went to the Library, where finding the Ball in full swing, I remained until 1 o'ck, then hastened to the depot for my homeward train—thus ended my first session.

CHAPTER XIV

Incidents and Commencement of Session 1873-74

Session of 1873-74; democratic set of students; Professor Noah K. Davis; excerpts from home-letters; Gen. Wade Hampton's lecture; death of Mrs. Venable, also Dr. Henry Howard; Jeff. and Wash. interests; Episcopal Convention; Commencement—sermons by Revs. T. D. Witherspoon and James A. Duncan; Wash. Celebration—T. L. Raymond, R. A. Saulsbury, J. St. Clair Brookes; Jeff. Celebration—F. F. Reese, M. W. Ransom, Jr., J. A. Powell; Joint Celebration—Hon. John Goode, Gen. Jubal A. Early; alumni address—Judge J. H. Kennard; session 1874-75; Semi-centennial; Bayard Taylor, Daniel B. Lucas; Jeff. and Wash. changes; Rev. Dr. Steel's marriage; Mrs. Cabell's death, etc.

The leading incidents of my first University year have been recounted with seeming fullness, as it marked a new era in my career, but as those that followed were largely a recasting, much savoring of sameness can well-afford to be omitted.

While there existed among the students of the University, as a body, a decided *esprit du corps,* yet there prevailed between individuals much formality and manly decorum. As an institution it gathered within its fold sons of the representative men of the South—those that had been reared in luxury and power, knowing well the meaning of family and paternal fame. The senator, congressman, cabinet-officer, governor, lieutenant-governor, legislator, general, colonel, judge, minister, lawyer, doctor, professor, president of corporations, banks, etc., whether residing in one or another state, apparently had the same ambition for their sons of promise—that they be educated at the University founded by Thomas Jefferson. In spite of this large element of royal gentry, as a matter of fact, the majority of our numbers came from the more humble walks of life—many even having earned by teaching and other avenues sufficient to defray their University course. Drawing thus from these extremes might suggest the creating and existence of two distinctive and recognized castes, but such happily was not the case, as no individual student paraded in the slightest degree his ancestry, or masqueraded on the

name of some distinguished relative. A close association of several years never disclosed from young Barringer that his father was a brave general and his mother the only sister of Mrs." Stonewall " Jackson; nor did Tyler boast himself the son of an Ex-President; nor Stuart of a father who was Secretary of the Interior; nor would you have ever known from Dabney, Emmet, Hunton, Ligon, Mahone, Marye, Memminger, Ransom, Seddon, Wilmer, and many others, that their inheritance was other than the rank and file of humanity. Even wealth had no effect or advantage save the self-satisfaction it might possibly engender. There were few opportunities for extravagance or anything else except work—the sole atmosphere we breathed, making everyone meet on a common plain, educational. It is true there were friendly groups—the result of either relationship, family friendship, fraternity ties, preparatory school associations, or kindred local residence—but none of these precluded in any sense an unrestricted sociability with others less favored. To the latter class I undoubtedly belonged, standing alone from my State, without a vestige of following save a personality far more reserved than aggressive, so that whatever friendships were formed came solely through innate and not ulterior influences. That I had established such during my first year to an extent worth considering was foreign to my belief and expectations, until my return at the beginning of the second year, October 1, 1873, when much to my surprise nearly every one of the older and more substantial students greeted me with many words of delight—as though I were one of the chosen. This kind reception was indeed gratifying and proved conclusively that we cannot always estimate correctly the value others place upon us.

During the second week our newly elected Professor of Moral Philosophy, Noah K. Davis, delivered his introductory lecture on the " Life and Work of Aristotle," at which were present the Faculty, their families and nearly all the students. He dwelt upon the influence of Aristotle on the mind of the world, believing it to have been greater than that of any other person, despite the fact of Socrates and Plato, in order, taking approximate rank.

Home-letter, Sunday afternoon, December 14, 1873. My dear Mother: "I must relieve one kind of intellectual labor by another, and turn from

studies to your weekly letter. This morning I attended the Bible class and thereafter the Episcopal Church in Charlottesville. Heard the same old minister, Rev. Dr. Hanckel, seemingly a good man, but one who has seen his best days of usefulness, and possesses such a monotone voice that time alone can make acceptable—reminds me of olives, for which a fondness is acquired only through persistent tasting. Beyond these diversions nothing of moment has claimed my time during the week except regular duties. Yours was received Wednesday and thoroughly enjoyed despite its sentences of reproof for mistakes—that which I shall accept kindly, in the spirit it was intended. Christmas will soon be upon us, a week from next Thursday, and if I were going home most of my arrangements would have already been thought out. In spite of the great desire to be with you then, I feel the loss of lectures, the demoralization occasioned by rest, and the attending expense are elements in the aggregate that should be supreme. The weather so far this session has continued to be perfectly beautiful—so warm and spring-like that I have made no change from summer clothing, simply waiting from day to day for the colder turn to come. A little out of the regular line, we had the pleasure of hearing Gen. Wade Hampton, of S. Ca., speak last night in the Public Hall. Professor Venable introduced him in rather flattering language—as a great military chieftain, whose name would ever be held dear by those loving liberty, justice and honor; so the General in his prefatory reciprocated the laudatory strain—referring to the Professor as being in war the intrepid aide-de-camp to the immortal Lee, and in peace the most distinguished professor of mathematics in the South, whose fame had spread to other lands than our own. His subject was 'The Southern Historical Society.' . . . We have so many lectures in course that you might think an extra one now and then by outsiders would meet with little favor, but that is far from truth, as in reality it seems our nature and business to gain knowledge upon every possible subject, and when it comes so easily as by popular lectures, we willingly, yes, with unusual delight, attend all that offers." . . .

General Hampton was no stranger to us students, as he visited not infrequently his brother-in-law, Col. Thomas L. Preston, who resided just northeast of the University grounds. The two families, Hampton and Preston, were bound by very close ties—marital, political and social—since Gen. John S. Preston of South Carolina, a brother of Col. Thomas L. Preston, married Caroline Hampton, an aunt of Gen. Hampton's, while the latter for his first wife married Margaret, a sister of the two Prestons. I had, however, never heard Gen. Hampton speak—indeed, regarded him simply as an aggressive fighter, without forensic attainments, and upon this occasion was most agreeably surprised at his easy diction, ready wit, rapid, enthusiastic and forceful manner of delivery. After affirming his allegiance to our University, the foremost in his land—his own being dismantled by the ravages of war—he vividly narrated the creation and objects of " The South-

ern Historical Society." To collect, classify, preserve and publish all documents and facts pertaining to the Civil War that may illustrate the nature of the struggle, define and vindicate its underlying causes and principles, and mark the stages through which it was conducted to its issue. That its labors were not to be sectional or partisan, but to bring to light all antecedent and subsequent facts from the point of view of both contestants, not for immediate use, but for the future architect, having truth as his model, to erect an edifice which shall be an enduring monument of the valor of the heroes whose deeds it commemorates and whose fame it perpetuates; of the heroic and self-sacrificing devotion of the fair women of the South, whose gentle hands and kind hearts ministered to the sick and suffering, and which shall be a fitting memorial of the unnumbered dead who sleep "on the vast battle plains from the Susquehanna to the Rio Grande." He thought no nobler work could enlist sympathies of the living, or call forth stronger the virtues of humanity.

Home-letter, December 21, 1873: "Several of us this morning attended the Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, and despite the beautiful sunshiny day the majority wore overcoats. . . . It is needless for me to reaffirm how much I would enjoy being with you for the holidays, but all things considered it is best that I remain here at the post of duty. I shall think of you all many times Christmas Day, and I fancy I will not be forgotten in thought, even though the intervening space be considerable. . . . Many of the students are anticipating, at least, some gayety for themselves on that day—either through the hospitality of town friends, or their own improvised apple-toddy, eggnog, and other liquids of greater strength. As usual, I shall try to keep myself clear of such temptations. . . . I regretted to see a few days ago the death of the great Professor Agassiz of Harvard, for beyond doubt he was the most renowned scientist of our country, even though he firmly believed in the 'immutability of the species,' as opposed to the Darwinian theory—that which brought him no disgrace, as there are so many able thinkers on both sides. Our Professor Smith referred to him many times last year in the department of mineralogy and geology, and always in commending terms."

Sunday afternoon, January 25, 1874: "This cold spell has continued so long that the University ice-houses have all been filled, and we students have enjoyed much skating on the pond. Several of the more venturesome broke through the weak spots, greatly to their discomfort, but nothing serious happened. A number of ladies also have participated in the sport under the escort of experienced friends—one had the misfortune of taking the cold dip with her beaux companions, but was not intimidated, as on the morrow she again led the procession. . . . It was so cold this morning that I did not attend church, but will to-night, as the Rev. Dr. Fox is to lecture in the Public Hall, where it is the aim of the Y. M.

C. A. to have one lecture a month by some distinguished divine of the South, thus acquainting us students with their personalities and original thoughts, since an invitation to preach here stimulates most ministers to do their best. I know you were pleased to receive the photograph of Dr. McCosh from one of his pupils. Although a Scotchman by birth and education, barring slight pronunciations, he has become thoroughly Americanized, and his numerous works of merit have served to increase largely Princeton's reputation. Of one of his recent books, 'Christianity and Positiveism,' there occurs in a late number of the *Southern Review*, a criticism by Albert Taylor Bledsoe, now the editor of that journal, but for some years professor of mathematics in this University—a man possessing a mathematical and philosophical mind, broad and deep, yet little toleration for opinions and theories at variance with those he believes correct and true. As I have before me a copy of that review I will transcribe a few paragraphs: 'Dr. McCosh in his preface uses this sentiment: "A good cause must have its martyrs before its triumphs. John Brown has to be put to death before the manacles are struck from the slave. Your Abraham Lincoln is shot in the midst of the shouts of victory—. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."' Now this is Mr. Bledsoe's reply: 'We humbly confess that we do not see how Abraham Lincoln's death was necessary to the "triumph of his good cause," especially as he fell amid the very "shouts of victory." We are inclined also to doubt the propriety, or at least the good taste, of introducing into a defense of Christianity the death of John Brown as a martyr to the "good cause," seeing that he was guilty, not only of the treasonable design of overthrowing the Constitution of his country, but also of the crime of midnight assassination, for which he was fairly tried by the laws, condemned, and executed as a criminal. Is it not sad, inexpressibly sad, that a horse thief, a murderer, and a traitor should be sainted as a holy martyr to the "good cause," and that, too, by a philosopher and Christian divine?'"

From the earliest days of the session we often heard of the precarious health of Mrs. Venable, understanding her trouble to be consumption *(phthisis pulmonaris)*. She was no longer seen out with the Professor, a privilege she rarely enjoyed during the previous year, but instead he was accompanied frequently by his two daughters, then about nine and twelve years of age. The father gave every evidence of that care and endearment for his children, so essential in view of what he alone of the family realized must be the inevitable in the near future, and although he brightened their daily paths and lessened their childish burdens as best he could, yet he went his way visibly depressed by a palling cloud. The increased cares and responsibilities of the home had largely been the cause of his relinquishing the Chairmanship of the Faculty the year before, and now to the outsider he seemed each day more thoughtful and serious, but in spite of all he continued to per-

form the exacting duties of his chair in an unrelaxed manner —struggling to shield the inward feelings from students and those with whom he came in contact. The end came Thursday morning, January 15th, and the funeral was held in accordance with the following:

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of Margaret Cantey McDowell, wife of Prof. Chas. S. Venable, will take place from his residence, at the University of Virginia, at 3 P. M., to-morrow (Friday). The friends of the family are invited to attend.

January 15th, 1874.

All lectures were suspended on Friday and the students attended the funeral in a body, proceeding thereafter to the University Cemetery for the interment. The day was disagreeable—damp, cloudy, penetrating—and as snow had fallen there was much moisture in the freshly upturned soil around the grave, to the right and near the entrance gate, where I took a position of advantage in full view and hearing of the service by Rev. Dr. Woods.

Home-letter, Sunday afternoon, March 8th: "I attended last Tuesday the funeral of a former professor, Dr. Henry Howard, who held the Chair of Medicine here, as did the great Robley Dunglison, for thirty years, but since the War, owing to age, now being nearly eighty-five, resigned in order to have rest and no work. Since then he has boarded at one of the hotels in the town, busying himself little with worldly affairs He was buried in the University Cemetery by the side of his first wife, who died in 1843, and now is survived by his second wife. By the former he had two daughters, who in turn married Professor McGuffey, whose death you remember occurred nearly a year ago. The professors' families seem to believe in intermarrying—proverbial propinquity —so that many of the older ones are related in some way, which fortunately results in making the professorial colony one large family. What impressed me most, as I stood by his open grave, was the small number present, and especially the few that appeared interested. Professor Venable and several other teachers, along with a handful of students and outside friends, made up the full complement, so that I could scarcely comprehend how such an important man to the University for an entire generation, as I understood him to be, could have received at death so little marked respect and expressed sentiment." . . .

While at that youthful period I failed to comprehend the slight effect of Dr. Howard's death, yet now, in the light of experience, the solution is not difficult—he had outlived his generation, as only a small portion of the then professors had

been associated directly with him, and none for the past ten years, while to the students he was an absolute stranger—few ever having seen or heard of him—and owing to age, retirement and living beyond his cotemporaries, there remained scarcely any friends having in him special interest. Why I should have been one of those present I fail to recall, but distinctly remember seeing the funeral notice posted, therefore fancy I attended out of respect to what he had been to the University, as I knew nothing of his personality and reputation until after his death. The burial lot is in the rear portion of the Cemetery, on a line with and near that of Professor McGuffey's, and his grave was marked shortly afterwards by a simple vertical slab bearing the inscription: Henry Howard, M. D. Born in Frederick Co., Md., May 29, 1791. Professor of Medicine in the University of Virginia, 1839-1867. Died March 1, 1874. "Them also that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him."

Home-letter, Sunday night, March 15th: "I have seen sufficient since a student here to convince me of our standard being the equal, if not superior, of any other American college or university. Two of our last year's graduates, Wilson and Stover, have just graduated from Bellevue Medical College, New York City, after a five months' course, and on their return homeward stopped off with us to see old friends and to give an account of themselves since leaving here last summer. One of these gentlemen sat at my table for several meals and delighted us in substance with the following: I reached New York one Wednesday night last fall, and on the next day visited Bellevue, where I interviewed several professors, telling them I was a graduate in medicine—University of Virginia—to which came the reply: You have graduated from the best medical institution of this country. I was excused from attending lectures on chemistry, anatomy and physiology, as well as examinations in same, but this latter privilege I refused to accept, desiring to make in them more than a mere passing mark. After graduation the Virginia boys were congratulated on the high character of their work by the same professors, who stated that, all things considered, their papers were the best out of the eighty graduates; that they considered it an honor to have University of Virginia graduates, and that they would always be received with delight."

Sunday morning, April 19th: "We continue to have beautiful spring weather, and I often feel like breaking away from study in order to tramp the hilly paths far into the country, where I could remain alone the live-long day to commune with nature. This, however, might prove an unsafe procedure, as something would be missed here, and at this stage of the session one can afford to neglect nothing. . . . Already many show evidence of that dreaded contagion—spring fever—and its cure can only come with the Final Day—too late to save themselves and

those allured by their winsome charms. . . . Several parties recently have insisted upon me joining them in another visit to Monticello, which I intend doing, even though it be deferred until next month, when many of the young people of Charlottesville make their annual pilgrimage to that sacred spot, to celebrate May Day and crown the selected May Queen. . . . You would enjoy reading the life of Mr. Jefferson by his great granddaughter—a small volume containing many hitherto unpublished letters, and good illustrations of Mr. Jefferson, Mrs. Jefferson, the University and Monticello mansion, including diagram of its first floor with location of furniture and ornaments. I read it the early part of last session greatly to my profit. . . . Professor Peters gave us a cruel scathing on Friday, emphasizing our deficiencies and lack of thoroughness. 'Whom the Gods love they first make mad,' surely is verified in this case, as he certainly is fond of us all, and for that grieves over our defects; it seems near impossible to do as well as the professors desire, consequently many become discouraged, and even I sometimes feel that there will be few regrets when 'Father Time' closes this session as an irrevocable chapter—a feeling that may be followed by bitter remorse, since the passing of each year means one less mile-stone in life to pass."

Towards the last of March politics in the Jeff. and Wash. Societies began to be very absorbing, so that great efforts were directed in securing new members and having old ones renew their membership at a reduced fee of two and a half dollars. Many of us became much interested in our favorite candidates for the honors, and worked faithfully to increase our numbers, which by May reached in the Jeff. one hundred and forty-three. In the hope of mollifying the intense feeling incident to these canvasses several innovations were suggested, such as having all meetings secret, therefore very quiet, of abolishing the medalist, etc., but all upon final test met with defeat. The election of presidents and orators took place April 4th and of medalists May 2nd, with the following result: *Jeff.*—President, Mr. Frederick F. Reese, Md.; Orator, Mr. Roger Johnson, Va., who resigning was succeeded by Mr. Mat. W. Ransom, Jr., N. Ca.; Medalist, Mr. James E. Powell, Mo. *Wash.*—President, Mr. Thomas L. Raymond, La.; Orator, Mr. Robert S. Saulsbury, Ga.; Medalist, Mr. John St. Clair Brookes, Va.

Home-letter, Sunday night, May 3rd: "The election in our two societies came off last night, consequently I retired quite late—it being after midnight before I got away from the hall. Many of the members afterwards enjoyed a champagne and beer supper—the meeting of extremes—so you can fancy what that meant. All this morning things around the University looked unusually dull, as scarcely a handful of students were up and doing. Mr. Saulsbury, of Georgia, is to be the

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orator of the Wash. His father is a cousin of our Delaware Saulsburys, and the young man himself seems a fine fellow—affable and quick in forming friends—so that we feel sure his speech will do himself and the society great credit. Mr. Powell, one of the present *Magazine* editors, was elected medalist in my society, Jeff., winning by a plurality of thirteen, which is considered exceptionally large. In his efforts at thanks—thought by some very good—he made an introductory somewhat puerile and commonplace, using strange similes as these: 'I feel like a cow in a parlor, a junebug on skates, etc.' But with it all he managed to produce much laughter, and finally to get down to a great deal of serious matter. I supported him, and he is very popular with the students."

Sunday morning, May 24th: "The Episcopal Convention met this week in Charlottesville, consequently gentlemen of the clerical cloth have taken possession of the town and University community. This body is composed of delegates—many conspicuous and prominent—from several southern states, and its meeting is always an event in the life of any place it may select. To-day, both morning and evening, all pulpits of the town, irrespective of denomination, will be filled by Episcopal ministers—a happy circumstance in that it marks the liberality in thought and opinions of our age. . . . A circus is expected this week, the first in years, as in the dim past a student was killed in an altercation with one of the circus attaches, thus causing such shows to be tabooed ever since in this section. . . . With the coming of longer days and hot weather our supper hour has been changed from 6 to 7 o'ck, and as darkness comes so late there is little left of the evening for study before the sand-man puts in an appearance."

Sunday afternoon, June 14th: "There is little occurring now with us worth relating, and that little will keep easily two weeks, when I can talk it over in person. . . . About every one that now remains is either busy making ready for, or standing examinations. Yesterday was our Latin—translation and meter—which taxed a profound knowledge of the language. . . . The weather is still very hot, but some relief comes nearly every afternoon through a thunder storm, which fortunately serves to prevent a positive spirit of indolence and indifference—at best one must possess a fine self-training or mastery to study these days."

Commencement this year began Sunday, June 28, with an address in the morning before the Young Men's Christian Association, by Rev. Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, and the annual sermon at night in the Public Hall, by Rev. Dr. James A. Duncan, President of Randolph-Macon College. This gentleman was rather compactly built, well-proportioned, smooth roundish face, clear complexion inclining to be florid; hair dark, longer than the rule and combed back from the forehead. His voice was pleasant and sonorous, language full, chaste and elegant—speaking without manuscript or notes to the delight of every one present.

Monday night—Wash. Celebration. After prayer by Rev. S. A. Steel, the President, Mr. T. L. Raymond, La., in a felicitous manner introduced the Orator, Mr. R. A. Saulsbury, Ga., who delighted the audience upon the subject, "The Character of the Institutions and Celebrations of the Ancients, Compared with Those of the Present Times." The President thereafter presented the debater's medal to Mr. J. St. Clair Brookes, Va., who made a short but highly appropriate acknowledgment.

Tuesday night—Jeff. Celebration. After prayer by Rev. S. A. Steel, the President, Mr. F. F. Reese, Md., in a happy vein introduced the Orator, Mr. M. W. Ransom, Jr., N. Ca., who discussed intelligently, "The Power of Will, as Illustrated in the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." The President thereafter conferred the debater's medal upon Mr. J. A. Powell, Mo., who accepted it with a short but graceful speech. At the conclusion of the exercises receptions were held at the homes of Professors Peters and Schele, where hundreds accepted most generous hospitality. My invitation to these functions, as usual, came through the mail and read as follows:

"Col. and Mrs. Peters, At Home, Monday Evening, June 29th, University."

"Mrs. Schele De Vere will be happy to see Mr. David M. R. Culbreth at her reception on Monday Evening, June 29th. University, June 19th, 1874."

Wednesday morning—Alumni Meeting. Here Major Green Peyton submitted a report of the Committee on the Semi-Centennial Celebration—next year: 1, That the Alumni have two orations on the occasion (the Literary Societies dispensing with their usual address).

2, That Hon. R. M. T. Hunter (a member of the first class that ever matriculated at the University) be invited to make the historical address; that Gen. John S. Preston (one of the earliest students) be invited to deliver an address, and that Daniel B. Lucas, Esq., of Jefferson County, be invited to compose a poem suitable to the occasion.

3, That a catalogue of all the Alumni from the foundation of the University be prepared by the time of the celebration.

4, That a central committee be appointed of which the presidents of all the clubs shall be ex-officio members, and that they

shall have charge of the arrangements and devise the measures necessary to raise the funds needed.

Wednesday night—Joint Celebration. The audience was large and brilliant, attracted chiefly by the great desire to see and hear Father Ryan, the priest and poet in which all were doomed to disappointment, as on the previous day he telegraphed from Albany, N. Y., where he had been taken ill suddenly, that he would be unable to fill his appointment—a fact unknown generally. After prayer, the Chairman of the Joint Committee, Mr. Frank P. Brent, Va., expressed to the multitude the universal regret at the absence of Father Ryan, but a high sense of gratification in being able to present such a worthy substitute in the personage of a great Virginian, scholar, orator and patriot—Hon. John Goode, of Norfolk.

Mr. Goode expressed deep sympathy with the audience in the disappointment of the expected speaker, to the hearing of whom he himself had looked forward with so much pleasure, but in spite of deficient oratorical powers he could not refuse the unexpected call made upon him last night by the young men to play substitute, and therefore stood in recognition of their wishes and the high compliment they had paid him. He queried, what he should say in the halls of this noble University—in the presence of their able teachers—and to those young men who are about to go forth to the great battle of life? He ought to be able to catch inspiration from the brilliant scene before him and the hallowed associations of the spot on which he stood, and to speak with more accustomed fervor on the theme he had chosen, " The Claims of the South on her educated young men." He gave a vivid sketch of the condition and wants of the South since the war; spoke of the peculiar responsibilities of those who live in this age of material progress, but insisted that the greatness of a State depends upon the character of its people; vividly and scathingly rebuked the political and social corruptions of the times, and eloquently exhorted the young men to avoid these corruptions, to appreciate their obligations to the land of their birth, and to meet with brave hearts the duty of the hour. While denying that the sword can ever settle abstract rights, he brought out the point that the late war had settled that we are to have but one nationality, and eloquently urged that we

should imitate the example of our immortal chieftain, General Lee, think it no dishonor to follow where he led, and having acknowledged our allegiance to the American Constitution, to remember that we have duties as American citizens. He would not counsel the young men to enter upon the devious paths of politics, but he would exhort them to meet their full share of the responsibility in stemming the tide of centralization now setting in, and to bring the country to the Constitution as our fathers framed it. He next discussed what these young men could do; and eloquently insisted that nothing is necessary to lift the South from the dust and restore her to pristine glory and greatness but a resolute purpose and earnest effort on the part of her sons. If the young men who are now entering upon the theater of life will determine not to shrink from honest toil; if they will seek employment, not only in the learned professions, but in the useful departments of commerce, mechanics and agriculture; if they will carry into these departments not only strong arms and stout hearts, but skilled labor, trained intellect, and incorruptible integrity; if they will imitate the primitive simplicity and old-fashioned homely virtues of their ancestors—in a word, if they will exhibit the same high qualities in peace which illustrates the conduct of their elder brothers in war, our beloved South will once more "bloom and blossom like the rose." In conclusion, he noticed the splendid advantages which the young men of this University had enjoyed, and exhorted them that in going forth to meet their obligations: they should first seek that best of all, wisdom, which "cometh down from above." Mr. Goode was interrupted frequently by applause and took his seat amid wild plaudits of the audience.

At once followed loud and continuous calls for Gen. Jubal A. Early, who was seated upon the stage—an ovation that caused him to respond somewhat hesitatingly: "I came here not to take public part in these exercises, but to listen to that orator and poet priest, who has done so much in prose and verse to perpetuate and keep green the memory of our noble Confederate dead. I have listened with very great pleasure to the eloquent words of my friend from Norfolk, and his sentiments of love to the Commonwealth found an echo in my heart. After thanking his hearers for the high and un-

expected compliment they had paid him, he would only detain them to say (though he could not say it in the eloquent words of the great statesman who had uttered the same sentiment last summer)—that he had hope for the country so long as we have so many noble women to strew with flowers the graves of our martyred dead, and to teach to coming generations the principles for which they died. For myself I have faith in the women, and in their ability as well as willingness to preserve our principles. And if this be treason, then they may make the most of it." The General from his first sentence caught the sympathy of the multitude and sat down amid the loudest applause.

The *Magazine* medal was then conferred by Professor Southall upon Mr. William W. Thum, Ky., author of the successful article, "The Death of Marlowe," who acknowledged it in a short but graceful speech that, coupled with his youthful size and appearance, elicited rounds of demonstration. At the conclusion of the exercises a reception was held at Professor Mallet's, where many journeyed, while others meandered the Lawn and byways in the sound of delightful music.

Thursday morning—Commencement or Final Day. At 10 o'ck, the entire University contingent, including many strangers, assembled in the Public Hall for the usual conferring of diplomas and certificates of proficiency—an exercise that lasted about two hours. This over, together with a short intermission, we all reassembled at 1 o'ck, to hear the very able address before the Alumni Society, by Judge Kennard of New Orleans, La.

That afternoon I arranged for leaving on the late train, and after supper loafed with a few companions until the Ball began, where I spent several hours very delightfully—those even to this day pleasant to recall.

Inasmuch as fifty years had rolled-by since the University was opened for instruction, March 7, 1825, the second page of this year's catalogue, session 1873-74, contained the following announcement:

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

In the year 1875 the University of Virginia will have been in operation fifty years, and it is proposed to celebrate the event in a becoming

manner. Due notice will be given of the time and manner of celebrating the anniversary, and all former students of the University are cordially and urgently requested to be present.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CATALOGUE

A catalogue of all students who have attended lectures at the University of Virginia during the last fifty years is in course of preparation. It will contain, not merely their names and course of study, but also short notices of their subsequent career. All who can furnish information tending to make the list in any way more complete and valuable are requested to send it to the Secretary of the Faculty.

In spite of this great prospective event in the history of the University, the session of 1874-75 differed little from those that immediately preceded or followed, as students according to custom went their busy way, intent solely upon daily duties, apparently unmindful of any "casting of shadows before." It is true, however, that the numbers were increased slightly over the few previous years; that several fraternities held conventions and reunions, bringing together from distant parts men of more or less reputation, and that the Young Men's Christian Association had an unusual list of distinguished divines to make public addresses, but otherwise the session was unmarked until the Ides of Commencement.

The first memorable event came early in the session, Sunday night, October 11th, when the venerable "blind preacher," Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn, for many years chaplain to Congress, delivered a most impressive discourse upon, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher (vanity of vanities); all is vanity." During the week he also gave a series of sermons in Charlottesville, which attracted multitudes that were charmed by his matchless oratory, rare descriptive powers, and profound familiarity with the sacred writings.

On Thursday night, October 15th, the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, in annual convention, held an open session in the Public Hall, which was attended by most of the students and many visitors to their unbounded delight. Here for the first time the majority had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the two literary celebrities—Bayard Taylor and Daniel B. Lucas. The former gentleman presided at the meeting, and seemed to be about fifty years of age with Teutonic characteristics—possessing a commanding appearance and physique, kind frank

face covered largely with moustache and beard, good suit of hair inclining to be curly, an affable smile and pleasant manner. His address was the embodiment of eloquence and oratory, his language inspiring, chaste and simple, his delivery easy and graceful, and his tribute to youth highly encouraging, especially in the sentences: "Rivalry in the race of distinction, friendship that wholly confides and believes itself eternal, manly honor and honesty—these are no illusions! Let the cynic sneer and the philosopher smile! We will cherish these attributes of youth until they turn age itself into an illusion."

After this came an oration by Mr. Henry Wickham, outlining the principles and aims of the Fraternity, which, to every one's delight, was followed by a song of the muse—a poem, "The Love of Letters," by Mr. Daniel B. Lucas, a gifted gentleman, our University's product, who had only come home to bow at the mother's knee, as he again did several months later at the Semi-Centennial, and to add fresh garlands to his favorite temple of knowledge. He was about forty years of age, possessing a large head covered with a heavy suit of hair parted on the left and brushed upward; broad forehead and cheekbones, square broad chin, thick moustache. Unfortunately his body was dwarfed somewhat through a permanent spinal injury produced in infancy, by the proverbial fall from a negro nurse's arms. A few stanzas may well be reproduced here:

Peace to affairs of State, and sale of gold,
Silent the busy hum of wheel on wheel
We sing to-night these great High Priests of old,
Who wrote and sang, and taught mankind to think, and feel!

Praised be our Goddess! and her altars crown
With secret rite, and revelry, and feast,
Till powers, to her, and potentates fall down
Like Agamemnon to Apollo's priest!

And here, beneath the shelter of her wings,
Our gifts of song, and speech, and pen are brought;
For books are more than multitudes or kings,
And Letters are the Avatars of thought.*

The method of electing the Final officers in the Jeff. and Wash. Societies at last became so discreditable and unsatis-

factory that at a Faculty meeting, November 2nd, the following regulations were adopted: "Whereas it is made the duty of the Faculty to regulate the public exercises of this institution; and whereas the working of the present method of electing the representatives of the Societies is unsatisfactory, the Faculty deem it due to the interest of the University and the welfare of the Societies to appoint the following plan of selecting the orators and medalists for the final celebration: At one of the meetings in November, each Society shall appoint a committee of five members to select three members of the Faculty for each Society, to act in the character of an electoral committee, to select the final orators and medalists of the Societies. The electoral committee shall attend at least four meetings of the Societies—say one in January, one in February, and two in March—after the last of which the selection of medalist and orator of each Society shall be made from the debaters and speakers of the Societies by the electoral committee. The selection of medalists and orators by the electoral committee shall be final."

These regulations were addressed to each society, and ratified by overwhelming majorities—the Jeff. selecting Professors Cabell, Smith and Southall—the Wash.: Professors Holmes, Venable, and J. S. Davis.

As I glance back to those turbulent days and society election-nights prior to this new regime I fail to recall the inauguration of a more salutary change, or one hailed with greater delight by the better thinking students. For while it was true that the presidents were still to be elected by the members, the severity of the contest had been minimized by delegating to wiser heads the filling of the most responsible positions—those that formerly had caused endless contention and strife.

Our chaplain, Rev. Dr. S. A. Steel, took unto himself a life partner, November 5th, the fortunate lady being Miss Mollie Burns, of Petersburg, where the ceremony was performed.

An event that cast a gloom over the University community for a period was the sickness and death, November 7th, of Mrs. Margaret N. Cabell, wife of our much beloved Dr. Cabell. She was a lady possessing many sterling qualities—unusual grace of person, mind and heart, whose every instinct implied

President Edwin A. Alderman, LL.D., at forty-four
1861—

Inaugurated April 13, 1905

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that which was noble, generous and elevating. Her funeral was attended largely by the student-body and those who treasured highly a friendship in life. The interment was in the University Cemetery by whose side her venerable husband was laid a quarter of a century later.

In accordance with the spirit of the Faculty's decision, the two Literary Societies at one of their meetings in December announced the dates, subjects, and participants for the debater's medals:

Jeff.—January 16th. Was the execution of Lord Stafford justifiable?
February 27th. Do the advantages of war compensate for its evils?
March 27th. Does general education promote public morality?
April 23rd. Was the institution of chivalry beneficial to civilization?
Contestants: Messrs. J. R. McD. Irby, Leo. N. Levi, G. S. Smith, Lyon G. Tyler, W. D. White.

Wash.—January 23rd. Is the example of the United States, according to present appearances, likely to increase the favor of mankind toward Republican government?
February 27th. Does morality increase with increase of civilization?
March 20th. Were the charges of Lord Macaulay against the Duke of Marlborough just?
April 16th. Has the law of primogeniture, been productive of more good than evil to society?
Contestants: Messrs. T. E. Blakey, I. R. Faisen, H. J. Huck, J. E. Mason, C. E. Nicol, A. D. Pace, H. C. Stuart, N. E. Vasser, N. S. Walton, A. M. West.

CHAPTER XV

Incidents and Commencement of Session 1874-75

Session 1874-75 continued. Address of Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim: Selection of Jeff. and Wash. officers. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Robert L. Dabney. Sermon by Rev. Dr. R. N. Sledd. Typhoid epidemic; Base-ball games. Commencement—Semi-Centennial Celebration: Sermon by Rev. Dr. W. T. Brantly; Wash. Celebration—Geo. Ben. Johnston, Henry C. Stuart, Charles E. Nicol; Jeff. Celebration—Benj. Fitzpatrick, A. M. Robinson, Leo. N. Levi. Alumni Celebration—Daniel B. Lucas, Gen. Jubal A. Early, Robert M. T. Hunter; Commencement Day—Gen. John S. Preston; Alumni Banquet; Final Ball, etc.

On Sunday night, January 31st, Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, a distinguished alumnus—one who had seen active service in the Civil War—delivered the sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association in the chapel to a packed audience composed of students and the University colony. His theme was, "False Views of Life and a True One," which beyond able composition and thought had a delivery of rare force and strength, inasmuch as few approximate, far less equal, that speaker's manner and personality—both lending a charm of sincereness and power that carried conviction. He was at that time Rector of Old Christ Church, Alexandria, Va., but during the year received a call to a more important field in New York City; about thirty-five years of age, tall—at least six feet one inch—compactly built without superfluous flesh, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds. His face was bright, reflective and observant; chin and upper lip smooth, but side whiskers cut well back; strong nose and forehead; enunciation clear, deliberate, earnest and engaging; voice deep, rich, sonorous and delightful. As this was the only sermon published during the session, we give here a few excerpts: I am to speak to young men, before whom the vision of life has just opened—who are indeed standing already upon the shores, and looking out upon its sparkling waters, eager to launch forth upon them—and it shall be my effort to expose the unseaworthiness of some of the vessels in which young

men are tempted to embark in life, and to indicate one to which I think a man may commit himself with a fair prospect of reaching safe harbor at last. The purpose of life is what I call the vessel to which he commits his fortunes, and in which he launches out when he leaves the university. A mistake here may be fatal, at least productive of great loss. Mere pastime or pleasure is not the proper end of existence—it is a leaky vessel that must be abandoned with the toys of the nursery—for the first results of liberal culture is to emancipate the mind and heart from the dominion of the senses. Nor is the accumulation of wealth the proper end of existence—it also is a leaky vessel, that gauges our civilization by its material rather than its intellectual and moral development, that suffers virtue, integrity, public and private honesty to decline for material prosperity. All the lessons of history, the records of past valor and patriotism, the evidence furnished by the remotest ages of their perpetual effort to escape the bondage of mere material things, in order to pursue the ideal image of truth and beauty and goodness which has floated like an angelic vision before the soul and has captivated its deepest affections—these elements of university culture, to say nothing of the study of mental and moral philosophy, exercise a most potent influence against the materialistic idea of life. The seeking of material happiness is not the end of human life, for its unsoundness must be apparent at a glance. A civilized community must rest on a large realized capital of thought and sentiment; there must be a reserved fund of public morality to draw upon in the exigencies of national life.

Society has a soul as well as a body; the traditions of a nation are part of its existence. Its valor and its discipline, its religion, faith, venerable laws, science erudition, poetry, art, eloquence and scholarship, are as much portions of its existence as its agriculture, commerce, and engineering skill. Happiness is an incident in life, not the object of it—a wayside flower, not a parlor exotic. If sought for its own sake, it will mock us like the mirage in the desert; but if a man have chosen a Noble Aim to lead him, Moses-like, through life, his happiness will follow, as the smitten rock followed the Israelites through the wilderness, and ever and anon, as he journeys forward, will open for him its crystal fountains. Nor do I

consider culture—education, intellectualism—the meaning and object of life, for it is a leaky vessel of which a man should beware, if he would not make shipwreck of the most precious part of the cargo of life. The moral powers and spiritual faculties are nobler and command higher consideration than the intellectual, since the latter implies the culture of self, by self and for self, the former not self-culture, but self-sacrifice. Human life is not complete in itself, it is a fragment of another life—the germ out of which that life is to be developed. That which we call life is but the introduction to life—the Porch of the Temple—and not only so, the Temple will be in keeping with the Porch. The life that now is shall determine the life that is to come; it is this that gives such inestimable value to the brief span of human existence—a shadow that flits across the dial-plate of Time, a frail flower soon to be cut down; but what seeds has it left in the soil for eternal germination?

Our life stands related to the Author of Life, and being his gift it is reasonable to suppose it must be used with a view to His good pleasure. What was the Divine purpose in bestowing life? What is the Divine idea of its significance? Life is God's training-school for human souls—a University in which man is to become fitted to enter upon a higher and better life hereafter. It has many schools, and the Divine Educator places each in those which are best suited to his nature and his destiny. According to this view, the great guiding principle and aim in life should be to submit ourselves to this Divine will, to receive and obey the Divine teaching. In the University of Life, the Great Educator has room for all—there is a place for each, and none is left out. The culture here of first importance is *character*. Misfortunes, reverses, disappointments do not overturn the purpose of life; rather they help it forward, for, under this sharp discipline, character is matured; and that is the human side of the purpose of life, that is God's purpose for the disciples in His school. Death does not prematurely arrest the educational process, but only calls the faithful student to an upper form, to a higher school.

Let the great thought of God come into your life! It will be like the light of morning upon the landscape. Then you

will perceive that there is nothing irrelevant, or purposeless, or insignificant in life; that study, business, labor, recreation, riches, poverty, sickness, health, prosperity, adversity, success, and failure, are all parts of a Divine plan by which the great educational process is carried on. Let me remind you, however, as in this University, so in the University of Life, the learner must co-operate with the teacher. God's plan of training is to give every learner in His great school a work to do —"to every man his own work." God has a place and a work for each one of you—let it be your first and chief care to find it, and, having found it, to do it. There is no such thing as incompetence or incapacity here. You, and you alone, are competent to do the work God has appointed you to do. You may each differ in talents, but they are God's gifts, bestowed to qualify men for the work He designs them to do; and consequently no man has more than enough ability to do his work, nor has any man too little to do it.

There are two thoughts which should stimulate every one to grapple earnestly with the work of life:

1. That in doing, each his own work, "we are laborers together with God."

2. That the Divine Educator bestows His rewards, not according to natural talents, nor even according to positive achievements, as must generally be the case in our schools, but according to the fidelity with which each has labored.

If then your life-work is to be a success in any true and high sense of the word, it must draw its inspiration from the Cross of Christ, for only there can the spirit of man be rid of the tyrannous bondage of self, and made free to work for God and Truth alone.

On Sunday night, February 28th, Rev. J. William Jones delivered a lecture in the Public Hall on the "Character of 'Stonewall' Jackson, in its religious aspects," when the large and appreciative audience seemed thoroughly delighted at the many related evidences of the great soldier's moral and religious life.

The two Literary Societies elected their Final Presidents on Saturday night, April 3rd, and in the few weeks preceding not a little of the old time party spirit and favoritism were developed, but nothing in comparison to what had prevailed in

former years. The honor in the Jeff. fell to Mr. Benj. Fitzpatrick, Ala., and in the Wash. to Mr. Geo. Ben. Johnson, Va. A short time thereafter the "Electoral Committees of the Faculty" rendered their decisions, in reference to those society members deserving honors, as follows: Jeff.—Medalist, Mr. Leo N. Levi, Texas; Orator, Mr. L. G. Tyler, Va., who resigning, the Society elected Mr. A. M. Robinson, Texas. Wash.—Medalist, Mr. C. E. Nicol, Va.; Orator, Mr. H. C. Stuart, Va.

The distinguished scholar and Presbyterian divine, Rev. Dr. Robert L. Dabney, Professor at Hampden-Sidney College, delivered the Y. M. C. A. sermon for April in the chapel before a large and appreciative audience. The Doctor had a son, Mr. Charles W. Dabney, then attending the University, while he himself had graduated therefrom with highest honors a generation before, had been chaplain to "Stonewall" Jackson's command, and was recognized throughout the South as a profound theological thinker as well as an exceptional speaker.

The sermon for May before the Young Men's Christian Association was given by Rev. R. N. Sledd, of Petersburg, his subject being, "The Witch of Endor," in which he defined clearly and forcibly his position on modern spiritualism, making all who heard him delighted with his eloquence and descriptive powers.

In early April typhoid fever broke out among the students, which happily was checked in time to prevent a serious epidemic, but not until a number had suffered weeks of sickness and a few sacrificed their lives, causing the mortality to exceed that of all my other sessions combined. The prevalence of this malady made those with aches and pains unusually apprehensive, so that some tarried not for developments but hastened home, where, in event of something dangerous, they might have, according to their belief, the best attention and skill. In most of these cases it was a needless alarm, so that some returned for the last few weeks of the session and the Semi-Centennial Celebration.

On May 14th, a very spirited game of baseball took place on our grounds between the Washington and Lee and our own (Monticello) nines, in which we were victorious by a score of 27 to 21. At night the visitors were given an enjoyable

supper down town, Daniel Brothers, where delicious solids, liquids, and gases (speeches) were indulged in until a very late hour.

The Commencement this year differed somewhat from the two preceding ones, it marked the fifty-year mile-stone in the University's life—an event that proved to be highly commemorative. The buildings, fences, grounds, walks, and roads had been looked after with exceptional care during the previous weeks that gave the historic place an air of freshness —as though presided over by extremely watchful and painstaking eyes.

Regardless, however, of the unusual occasion quite a contingent of students departed previously for home, in which seemingly they then had the greater interest, but this clearing out was compensated for largely by the return of many former graduates, desirous of showing filial loyalty to their Alma Mater in this exceptional birth-year. The personnel atmosphere assumed an uncommon complexion, as a number of strange and beautiful ladies came from near and distant points seeking enjoyment and holding a higher ambition of making the event ever memorable, while, instead of the preponderating bright, quickly stepping, beardless youths, there came in view at every turn the more somber, quietly moving, gray-haired and bearded man. A few had been absent forty to fifty years, others twenty to thirty, and some only one, two, five or ten, but each and all united in the pleasant memories of student-life, and for the time lived in delightful companionship. Distinguished characters in various lines were much in evidence—not only graduates of our University, but those who had been trained at other institutions—ministers, lawyers, doctors, educators, scientists, men of state and men of affairs. Certainly to the then youthful student, unaccustomed to so much dignity, distinction, and greatness, in years and calling, it was a most inspiring scene—one calculated to cause thoughtfulness, serious reflection, a spirit of emulation, a hope to follow in the wake of their footprints.

Sunday night, June 27th. The annual sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association was delivered in the Public Hall by Rev. Dr. W. T. Brantly, a celebrated Baptist divine of Baltimore, who, after being introduced by our chap-

lain, Rev. S. A. Steel, discoursed for an hour, to every one's delight, on the subject, "The Temporal Value of Christian Ethics."

Monday night—Wash. Celebration. After prayer by our chaplain, Rev. S. A. Steel, the President, Mr. Geo. Ben. Johnston, Va., in a short speech, presented the orator, Mr. Henry C. Stuart, Va., who entertained the audience with his studies upon the words of Hannibal, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." He described the beauties of Italy that made it the ideal land —the world of mind—that which every ambitious student should strive to possess, even though literary pursuits imply many formidable obstacles. As Hannibal avowed to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, so we students should emulate the examples of our older and illustrious alumni.

After this the President conferred the debater's medal upon Mr. Charles E. Nicol, Va., who received and acknowledged it in a brief valedictory to his fellow-students—Votaries at the same shrine, and citizens of the same grand Republic. The usual Lawn illumination and promenading followed, with sumptuous receptions at Professors Holmes' and Schele's.

Tuesday night—Jeff. Celebration. After prayer by our chaplain, Rev. S. A. Steel, the President, Mr. Benj. Fitzpatrick, Ala., introduced the orator, Mr. A. M. Robinson, Texas, who delighted his hearers to a rare degree with his beautiful flowery style, on the theme, "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." After this the President conferred the debater's medal upon Mr. Leo. N. Levi, Texas, who in his acceptance speech excelled any undergraduate effort in the memory of the oldest. His beautiful language, forceful delivery, long accentuated sentences, and deep stentorian voice, enforced profound attention and delight—that so seldom accorded at similar functions. Immediately thereafter Professor Holmes awarded the *Magazine* medal to Mr. Marcus B. Almond, Va., who owing to sickness was absent, and the *Magazine* scholarships to Messrs. Robert M. Cooper, S. Ca. and Lyon G. Tyler, Va. Later in the evening a reception was given at Professor Minor's.

Wednesday morning—Alumni Celebration. At 10 o'ck, the entire University community, alumni and friends as-

sembled in the Public Hall, when after prayer by Rev. Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, the President of the Alumni Society, Hon. B. Johnson Barbour, made a short but beautiful address of welcome, introducing at its conclusion the poet of the day, Mr. Daniel B. Lucas, W. Va., who delivered the " Semi-Centennial Poem," of which we reproduce here some stanzas:

" As desolate, lonely, and broken,
The Greatest American stood,
Full-voiced as Uriel, a token
Came out of his favorite Wood:
Or as words of Egeria spoken
To Numa the Good.

He had written the Charter of Treason,
Defying oblivion and death:
He had spoken, (Apostle of Reason!)
" Let Conscience be free as the breath,
That the way of the Truth be not hidden,
And the Earth be not barren of Faith!"

But the spirit that slumbered within him
Besought him to ponder again;
The Spirit of Greatness within him,
Unnamed in the language of men:
Build me a Temple of Learning, said she,
Build me a Temple of stone—
Build for all ages: assuredly,
Build for man's Reason a throne;
For Freedom and Truth shall prosper
Where Knowledge and Science are known!

Build me a home, said the Spirit,
Where the coin of all tongues shall be good—
All speech that the nations inherit
Shall be spoken, in fashion and mood,
From the youngest and poorest in merit,
Through the oldest and best understood,
To the murmurs of all creation,
And the infinite sounds of God! . . .

Let her teach and inspire a yearning
Of the knowledge concealed in the earth,
Of the love of preadamite learning,
And significant monster birth:
Of seadrift, and waters subsiding,
And landrise, and glacial domes,
And species extinct, or abiding,
Rockbound, in their cavernous homes;
For the crust of the earth is scripture,
And her rocks are magnificent tomes!

Let her teach there the forces of nature,
With more than an alchemist's wand;
And the station and rank of each creature,
That inhabits the sea or the land;
From the lowest in life and sensation,
Through the highest embraced in the plan
Of the speechless in God's creation,
To the marvelous germs that are hidden
In the innermost spirit of man! . . .

And there, let them teach in their glory,
Those Rights which the world has denied,
Which the States shall deny, (the old story
Repeating itself far and wide).
Until from the Porch you will build me,
The minds of Republic ascend
To the height of the truths which have thrilled me:
For wherever the future may tend,
Be you sure what the Seedsman hath scattered,
Will prosper, and grow in the end! . . .

As this is her youth, I sing of her birth,
And not her majestic prime—
For an hundred years is a day upon earth,
And Fifty a morning in time;
Through many and many a lustrum,
While governments rise and decline,
Perpetually young like the planets,
This Temple of Learning shall shine:
And Mother! Fair Mother! thy children
Shall return, and bow down at thy shrine! . . .

And beloved round thine altars maternal,
The forms of thy first-born appear,
Whose fame with thine own is eternal—
Thy Hunter and Preston are here!
When the volume is full, then their story
Shall honor thine Hundred years;
For the dead gather harvests of glory,
Where the living sow sorrow and tears;
And Mother! Fair Mother! our children
Shall thank thee for lessons like theirs! . . .

For now at this Semi-Centennial,
We return to the arms that have nursed;
To thy breast, as a fountain perennial,
To quench an undying thirst:
While we drink of the dew of such fountains,
We know that our strength shall not fail:
From cities and valleys and mountains,
We bid thee all hail! all hail!
Alma Mater, amata! returning,
We bid thee all hail! all hail!

Professor Charles S. Venable, LL.D., at forty-nine
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After Mr. Lucas had finished and the applause had softened in tone, the Hall rang with many voices for Gen. Jubal A. Early, who at once arose from among the dignitaries and responded in a brief, witty manner: "I take this call as no empty compliment to myself, but as an expression of fidelity to the cause you all love and cherish. As this is an era of Centennial Celebrations, and I could not go conscientiously the whole figure, I thought I would come down to this Semi-Centennial, hoping that if I lived to the end of the next century I might then be prepared for even a Centennial. In joining in the congratulations of this occasion it is to me a sad reflection that this noble University is all that remains of the works of its great founder. It ought to be distinctly understood that Virginia will never consent to occupy the place of a repentant rebel, and that if she is to have a place in national processions, she must not be led in chains, however they may be gilded by kind words and fraternal embraces."

Wednesday night—Alumni Celebration. This was set apart for the address of Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter, whom, after prayer, the Hon. B. Johnson Barbour introduced as "Virginia's honored son."

The speech of Mr. Hunter was valuable from its historical side, inasmuch as it outlined the establishment of the University—the obstacles encountered by Mr. Jefferson and his distinguished coadjutor, Joseph C. Cabell, towards higher education, the wise innovations introduced into the management and arrangement of studies, and the great advantage the University had been to the State and the South. A few excerpts will illustrate its character:

The patient energy and uncomplaining zeal of Mr. Jefferson, who never faltered in his purpose until he had established the grand institution, which, by force of its internal constitution, was to live and grow with such scanty support as the State of Virginia could afford it, and to furnish the highest degree of instruction in all the most valuable branches of human knowledge, were worthy of all praise. The first was a problem hard and high for any man, but not insoluble to one of so much insight into the character of human government; the second required a superiority to the utilitarian tendencies

of an age which would dwarf the spiritual growth of man in a base subservience to mammon, and sacrifice the worship of the beautiful and true to the sordid love of gain. But happily for Virginia, fortunately for mankind and the larger interests of human progress, the man had hold of the subject, who of all on the continent, was probably best fitted by energy and wisdom to grapple with the difficulties of the situation.

He provided that the professors be paid in part by a fixed salary from the State and the residue from the students' fees, thus making it the professors' interest to keep up the University, and maintain its value and popularity. He introduced another regulation, of which this institution furnished the first example—the elective or voluntary system, which seems to be slowly but surely making its way amongst the colleges of this country. This innovation was at first received with distrust by many of Mr. Jefferson's friends, but its growing success has only served to increase still further our faith in his rare sagacity and skill in the organization and government of men. Unwilling to bind the intellect of all men to the procrustean bed of a curriculum, or to establish an average standard of requirement, whose measure might be conformed to the average capacity and opportunities of a class, he boldly declared that no man should be required to study anything but what his own talents, tastes, and opportunities should suggest and prescribe. He established another innovation which was much more distrusted—the principle of self-government—abolishing the testimony of one student against another and substituting therefor the power of well regulated public opinion among the student-body.

Experience, I think, may now entitle us to compare this with any school in the Union for good order and studious habits. Indeed, I heard a distinguished gentleman some time ago, who now has a son here, say he had never seen a school in which the public opinion of society was so distinctly pronounced in favor of good order and studious habits. He said it seemed to him that the point of honor was to behave well and study hard, and to such a degree was this character impressed upon the school that he believed there was no place where a young man was likely to make so much progress in mind and manner as here. What higher compliment could be paid to Mr. Jef-

ferson's experiment than this? At the time this institution was founded there was a general disposition in this country to adopt the utilitarian standard as a test of the merit of education, particularly in the sections of country where Franklin was the model man. Having no knowledge of the ancient languages himself, there is no evidence that he attached a special importance to an acquaintance with them. But Mr. Jefferson, a classical scholar himself, was not insensible to the value of such studies. Fortunately for Virginia and the University, he knew that the value of all culture was to be measured by the growth which it fostered in the soul of man. He was too elevated himself to believe education was to be estimated by its money value; he was incapable of any such intellectual simony, believing with Charles V., of Spain, that every man was as many times a man as he understood a language.

If there be some who believe that Edgar Allan Poe is ahead of all other American poets, and speaks in American poetry with a higher charm than any other who paints his visions or tells his dreams to delight and instruct his readers, they will surely believe that he owes that excellence to his having dwelt with a truer appreciation and higher taste amongst the models of classic literature than any other of his day. Few colleges at that day were provided even with the proper text-books to teach either the ancient languages or their literature. The young New England teachers, with which the land was then flooded, with no Greek and but little Latin, turned out a host of pupils incapable of passing even the meagre examination required of candidates for matriculation at the University of Virginia. Of these, it was my misfortune to have been one, and when I went to Mr. Long with a confession of my deficiencies, he told me not to take the matter to heart, as he would prefer to have my mind a blank page on these subjects sooner than see it filled with the crudities and errors of ignorant or half-taught teachers, who had so far mistaken their calling as to have undertaken to enlighten me. How different now, when schools are found all over our State taught by students of the University, in which a far more competent knowledge of the classics is to be obtained than was possessed by graduates of most colleges in the country when this great institution was founded. Men may not covet the possession of classical learn-

ing for themselves, but what lover of the reformation, or enthusiast for Christian progress, will undervalue the Latin and Greek of Luther and Erasmus, of Calvin, or Zuinglius? All praise to Mr. Jefferson, to whom we are indebted for so many other things, for restoring classic literature to its rightful place in the catalogue of human studies, and providing means and facilities for its highest cultivation amongst those who desire to make it the object of their chief pursuit.

To the men who found great schools of instruction, how can we attribute too much? Take from the history of human progress the contribution of the great schools of the world, and how small will be the residuum? Can there be any object of ambition so seductive to the imagination of states and of statesmen as the establishment of such schools as this, from which man maintains his lookout upon the whole destiny and fortune of his race? Here, sirs, is the stake for which Virginia is playing in these international jousts. Will any true son of hers hint the suspicion that she will relax her energies or grow faint-hearted in playing for such a prize and maintaining the benediction for the good of the race?

In these days of depression, doubt and unrest we must stand by the truth—not suffer it to be destroyed or obscured by selfish interests which disparage principles that were developed and maintained by our fathers, nor must we suffer public opinion to be degraded or contaminated for purposes of plunder or oppression. To do that, we must cultivate and cherish this grand Southern school, and make its teachings a light to guide the footsteps of mankind. The fate of this institution will depend upon her students and alumni—as one class disappears, another will take its place to fill these halls. May no class ever resign its place to its successors and leave the University less efficient in its usefulness or disparaged in reputation, and may each be enabled to say with pride, "I have been educated in the school of Jefferson! I have been animated by his spirit while there, and trained according to his discipline and appliances! I have now stripped for the fight, hoping to conquer a place in the estimation of the world of which neither I nor my posterity shall ever be ashamed!

Mr. Hunter was fitted singularly for writing the historical side of the University, being one of the matriculants of her

first session, 1825, and knowing thoroughly her struggles for existence and establishment by Mr. Jefferson. Not only this —he had continued to take interest in her welfare, following her various steps of progress up to the immediate present. Apart from this direct identity, Mr. Hunter himself had grown to be distinguished—none of the alumni more so—having occupied with signal ability and satisfaction, beginning with 1833, the highest offices in the gift of his people—legislator, Congressman (eight years), Senator (fourteen years; 1846-61), Senator of the Confederacy, and finally its very able Secretary of State. He was unpretentious but of striking appearance, moderate size, about five feet ten inches high, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds; smooth face, strong eyes and orbits—the latter with well-developed eyebrows; nose well-proportioned and rather a positive upper lip. He seemed somewhat feeble and to have impaired hearing; his voice was not strong, consequently those in the rear of the Hall heard nothing save the jabber of those around them. Mr. Barbour reprimanded the audience for general inattention and promiscuous conversation, but even that had little effect upon the many lovers and sweethearts bent upon amusing themselves in accordance with their own pleasure, irrespective of the discourtesy shown their host—the University.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hunter's address, both Senator Bayard and Governor Kemper responded to the calls of the audience, in short but witty speeches, which brought unbounded delight and respectful quietness to the hitherto restless multitude. After these exercises a delightful reception, including dancing, was given at Professor Mallet's.

Thursday morning—Commencement or Final Day. At 10 o'ck, every one assembled in the Public Hall to witness the conferring of diplomas and certificates of proficiency, when, after prayer by the chaplain, Rev. S. A. Steel, the Chairman of the Faculty, Dr. Harrison, announced in proper groups the names of those who had won University honors, presenting each, with the able assistance of the venerable Mr. Wertenbaker, a sheepskin in testimony thereof—concluding his duties with a short address filled with wholesome advice. After a recess of an hour, during which many repaired to Jefferies' Dining Hall—the Alumni luncheon headquarters—or else-

where for something light to eat and drink, all reassembled, in spite of the excessive heat, in the Public Hall, 1 o'ck, to enjoy the last chapter of the Semi-Centennial Celebration—the oration of Gen. John S. Preston, of S. Ca.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, President Barbour introduced the distinguished speaker in very complimentary terms, who upon arising elicited no little applause, for his physical form was thoroughly impressive. He seemed several inches beyond six feet, symmetrically and powerfully built and was winning from the very start. His voice was strong, beautifully modulated upon long rounded sentences framed for euphony as well as meaning; his entire delivery was with unaccustomed earnestness and eloquence, and his subject —appealing to the sentiments if not the judgments, half-way acceptable to every one but thoroughly believed out of tune with the place and occasion—contributed a fascination that carried the audience to the finish amid surprise, awe and delight. The address might well have been titled, "A Fervent Conviction in the Right of Secession," and that afternoon many comments were heard concerning it, while at the Alumni Banquet that night Senator Bayard and Governor Kemper feelingly opposed the wisdom of harboring and expressing such sentiments—they being out of joint with the time, that which had long since passed. Even the Faculty deplored the General's lack of discretion, and did much in repressing the speech's publicity, never allowing its publication for general distribution. The Radical newspapers, however, throughout the country accepted it as another morsel against the South to feed upon—some giving it the strongest partisan interpretation, others considering it simply as a joke, the outburst of a diseased and perverted mind. We reproduce here a few excerpts:

The whole brood of nurslings, the offspring of fifty years' annual parturition of the foremost school of letters, science and philosophy of this New World, has called me, one of the first-born and humblest of the flock, to stand here by our nursery cradle and speak. It is the most notable honor of my life, and I undertake it with tremulous reverence for the high responsibility it reposes. My foster-brothers are the wise, the heroic, the elders and teachers of the land, the intellectual

and social "conscript fathers." Coming out of the obscurity of age and of a lost country I have been at a loss to divine a theme with which to celebrate the presence of the Alumni of this great University; but the literature, science, philosophy, and the embodied thought of the last fifty years have given the world themes so varied that I fear I have been more troubled in selecting one than in the treatment of it. I might with nimble fingers unweave our thread of fifty years from the warp and woof of the world's history, and hang our joys on its golden tissue, like rich jewels, or our griefs and woe on its torn and jagged shreds. But I believe such themes are only for our sympathies; they are the fond words of a lullaby that could be sung here at our mother's cradle only to soothe those who cling to her breast. The coming world—the after to-day —may better appreciate them. But with us graybeards, standing on the silent, solemn shore of the vast ocean on which we must soon sail; we who see the harvest sickle glittering in the hand of the Great Reaper, the stern present and the immutable past, must now prominently prevail. I ask you, my hearers, to be charitable to the gray hairs of one who offered his life and gave all the rest that you might be free, and lost all save the poor and woeful remnant of life. The purport of my theme is to measure the deep relations of right and wrong, of justice and liberty, and of such I shall talk here to-day, before these altars and under this sky, for I cannot stand in the shadow of Monticello with my heart overflowing with sacred memories and not ease it by utterance. . . .

The Mayflower freight, under the laws of England, was heresy and crime; the laws and usages growing out of the charters of English liberty consisted only of crude and shallow systems of theological, philosophical, and political fictions, scarcely above the vain babblings of mediæval speculations, mingled with the poisons of licentious fanaticism, establishing upon them municipal forms of mere superficial restraint and flimsy systems of educational training, calculated to perpetuate ignorance and substitute individual craft for public virtue.

The Jamestown immigrant, on the other hand, was an English freeman, loyal to his country and his God, with English honor in his heart and English piety in his soul, and carrying

in his right hand the charters, usages and laws which were achieving the regeneration of England.

The people of New England are adverse to the principles of English constitutional liberty and of English religious freedom. They came not as refugees from unlawful persecution and tyranny, but as escaped convicts from the first penalties of a turbulent heresy and an ambitious rebellion, which sought by violence to enforce their conscience on England's law. Their feud began beyond the broad Atlantic, and has never ceased on its western shores. No space, or time, or the convenience of any human law, or the power of any human arm, can reconcile institutions for the turbulent fanatic of Plymouth Rock and the God-fearing Christian of Jamestown. You may assign them to the closest territorial proximity, with all the forms, modes, and shows of civilization; but you can never cement them into the bonds of brotherhood. Great Nature in her supremest law forbids it. Nature in her various recondite, inappreciable, but most potential organizations, imposes conditions evolving necessities and results which the arbitrary or conventional institutions of man cannot control, and fail even to assimilate. Her stern decrees forbid man's resistance, and punish his violations of them.

General Preston then in most feeling and eloquent sentences descanted upon the question: "Whether one man's liberties ought to be judged forever by other men's consciences," and appropriately quoted St. Paul's words of almost the same tenor continuing thus: While I consider this a divine injustice, yet has the South done her best to keep command; has she done so piously, wisely and valiantly, in full measure of the magnitude and appreciation of its transcendent value? Have we done all those things we were commanded to do, and have we done that which it was our duty to do? Tenderer and more devoted, stronger and purer, higher and holier than aught on earth save a mother's love for her child, is the almost divine sentiment which makes us love and live for the land of our birth. But above all this, above all the earth, is that feeling which makes us reverence with worship and cherish by devotion the truth which is transmitted to us by our fathers; for that is the filial obedience shining in the same sphere with immortal love. This holy

sentiment, in all its most heroic forms, developed into action all the virtuous energies of the men who had won the liberties of America, and with wise, ardent and valorous devotion they went on building up a grand and glorious structure on that foundation, strengthening and adorning it with the pillars and muniments of the right of self-government and the mighty prerogative of the freedom of conscience.

They were grandly inspired architects, those master-builders, who came out of the first war for civil independence in this New World, and in fifty years they completed an edifice dedicated to civil freedom and free conscience, whose foundation was a continent, whose boundaries were boundless seas, and whose turrets aspired to heaven to catch the light and blessing from a God of Truth. This was the temple which was to become the pride of history, the joy of a great and happy people—" the joy, the pride, the glory of mankind "—in which no man's liberty was to be judged by another man's conscience. For this sacred purpose the covenants were placed upon the altar, the gates were opened to the people, and they went in and prayed with thanksgiving and hymns of praise, and renewed the covenants, and the world began to know them and called them blessed—

> In one loud, applauding sound,
> The nations shout to her around,
> How supremely art thou blessed.

How awful the holy purity, how wonderful the grandeur of this temple dedicated to truth, to liberty, and to free conscience —a temple fitted for the crowned truth to dwell in forever. After the great struggle for civil liberty—Washington was dead. His robes of unsmirched purple stolen and misfitted for a time, were again worthily on the shoulders of Jefferson; and here white handed hope waved her scepter of faith, and liberty sat smiling beneath the bright enchantment, or serenely and grandly seemed to move onward to the anointing and the coronation. . . .

With bated breath I plead the duty of the Alumni of this great University, evolved by the immortal Jefferson, the splendid harvest of fruit that has come from that great man's design. It is for you to transmit to posterity the true narration

of the facts and the irreversible logic of these three score and ten years, and with it exhibit the seemingly dying effort of moral, civil and religious truth in its struggle with fierce intolerance and greedy fanaticism, sustained by merely mechanical and physical forces and energies, and thus to justify before God and posterity how valiant, how virtuous and how heroic men, women and children may be who, inheriting the promises of God's holy spirit to an illustrious ancestry, impelled by filial piety and sustained by the divine sentiment of patriotism, in asserting that their liberty shall not be judged by other men's conscience. This narration will unveil the foulest crime which stains the annals of human history; it will put upon record that less than seven decades and a lustrum sufficed to uproot and dispel all veneration for the past countless centuries and to engraft upon the chronicles and the civilization of the nineteenth century of grace, as its most vital attribute and essential element and power the most unnatural crime God has permitted man to perpetuate. Remember the North's great desire—to extirpate the people of the South, and to scatter salt over the land. Oh, my countrymen, it is a sorry sight to see the toil of ages won by our forefathers—their pride, their supreme joy, their triumph—sunk to desolation by our failure, leaving us where all our talk is of graves and wounds and epitaphs, and all our prayers for oblivion—"a realm of tombs." . . .

But for you nurslings of to-day, still at our mother's breast, I would change this sad and weird lament, this gloomy chant of woe, and strike the resounding chord which sent forth the bold anthem of hope, and give you a cheering and living echo from the dark vault of the past. Once I dreaded lest the womb of Virginia had been seared to barrenness, and her fountains of nurture all dried up, and hope itself banished from her sphere. But when I look at you to-day, and see your earnest and pious souls gleaming forth in your eager bright eyes, and when I stand here in these lovely and hallowed places, with this sky and this land about me, and their breezes fanning my brow—here in the shadow of Monticello—here where we now, decrepit fragments, were nurtured in that ennobling lore, and gathered that truthful spirit which led us to give ourselves and all our hopes in the fruitless struggle to keep you as

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Professor William E. Peters, LL.D., at forty-three
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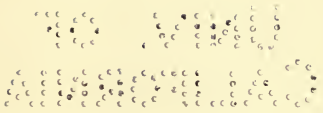

free as our fathers have made us—I cannot but feel that the sacred spirit is still alive in your hearts, and will again appear and move in you to a triumphant ending.

The Alumni Banquet, in the late afternoon and evening, 5-10.30 o'ck, participated in by about four hundred, was a most brilliant and enjoyable affair—not only from the delicious morsels it furnished for the body but from the post-prandial efforts for the mind that followed in the order here named: 1, Alma Mater (Mr. W. C. Rives); 2, Thomas Jefferson—Father of the University of Virginia (Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph); 3, Virginia (Gov. T. L. Kemper); 4, Knowledge and Virtue (Hon. Thomas F. Bayard); 5, Our Students of 1825-26 (Professor Henry Tutwiler); 6, Our Former Professors (Professor William B. Rogers); 7, The Orators of Our Celebration (Gen. John S. Preston and Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter); 8, The Visitors and Faculty of the University (Col.W. R. Berkeley); 9, The Dead of Our Alumni Brethren (Mr. Daniel B. Lucas); 10, Our Young Alumni (Mr. A. P. Humphreys); 11, The Faculty and Reception Committee (—volunteered, Mr. H. Clay Dallam). Letters were read from Mr. John H. Ingraham, London, editor of Poe's works; Robert Mallet and George Long, London; Charles W. Eliot, Harvard; Noah Porter, Yale; Robert E. Rogers, University of Pennsylvania; Gen. Francis H. Smith, Virginia Military Institute; Andrew D. White, Cornell, and others.

The concluding function of the Commencement was, as usual, the Final Ball, which loomed into existence for the more youthful just as the " dying embers " of the banquet—for the more aged and dignified—" wrought their ghosts upon the floor." The Ball itself differed little from others save in the preponderance of pretty and attractive maidens along with their several escorts tending to overcrowd the room and thereby render round dancing less satisfactory. Until midnight square dances and waltzes were the order, but after supper, which was served in Wash. Hall, the more acceptable " German " was indulged bringing to many appropriate " favors " that have remained ever since pleasant souvenirs.

CHAPTER XVI

Incidents and Commencement of Session 1875-76

Session 1875-76: Sickness, death and funeral of Thomas Jefferson Randolph. Home-letters—another visit to Monticello; failure of the Charlottesville National Bank; Bible classes. Former and present chaplains; Davis becomes business editor of the *Magazine*. Professor Thornton succeeds Professor Boeck. Election; Christmas; Earthquake; social pleasures, dancing. Edward H. Squibb Gymnasium. Literary Societies. Davis—Sunday School Supt. at Chapel. Visit to Rev. John T. Randolph's. Religious meetings. John Jasper's sermon; Commencement—Ralph Waldo Emerson, etc.

I reached the Farish Hotel for the session of 1875-76, Wednesday night, September 29th, and began the next day getting my room, 50 East Range, in habitable shape—possibly excelling in comfort and expense those of previous years. Scarcely had our student duties been resumed when it was reported throughout the University community that the much distinguished and revered Thomas Jefferson Randolph lay dangerously ill at his near-by residence, Edgehill, and that approaching death was inevitable. He was no stranger to the older student-body, at least that was our feeling towards him, as most of us had been impressed with his tall, erect and stately form—six feet four or five inches—on his occasional visits to Charlottesville and the University. Whether at near or far range no one saw his conspicuous figure without an interest and inquiry as to the personality. We recognized that his life, more than any one then living, had been linked inseparably with his grandfather's, Mr. Jefferson, by whom he was called affectionately "the staff of my old age." We also knew that he had discharged voluntarily at great sacrifice, consuming thereby most of his own estate—forty thousand dollars or more—every pecuniary obligation left by Mr. Jefferson, so that his illustrious name might be held untarnished by posterity; that as legatee and executor, he had published his grandfather's "Memoir and Correspondence" in four volumes, had been Rector of the University seven and member of

the Board of Visitors thirty-one years, had always taken the keenest interest in the welfare of the institution, and at its last Commencement (Semi-Centennial) banquet had responded to the toast: "Thomas Jefferson, the Father of the University of Virginia." We repay his love with our gratitude, and strive to vindicate his wisdom by our works. But as predicted the final chapter of his long and useful life, having already passed his eighty-third year, was soon to be written, for on Thursday afternoon, October 7th, just as "the sun went down," as was true of his close and kind friend, Dr. McGuffey, two and a half years before, God touched him and he slept. Two days later, Saturday morning, 9th, his funeral was held in the Episcopal Church, Charlottesville, where the services were conducted by the venerable rector, Dr. Hanckel, for many years his warm personal friend and spiritual adviser. On that morning Charlottesville sent a committee of her good citizens to Edgehill as a respectful escort to the funeral cortege, which along the route became augmented by kind friends on horse, foot, or in carriages. At the eastern limits of the town many citizens aligned themselves on one side of the public road, opposite the University professors and students, and stood with uncovered heads until the procession passed, then joined it. The church was crowded, many stores were closed and most of the business of the town suspended during the solemn hour. Afterwards the procession proceeded to Monticello, where, in the neglected but hallowed graveyard, near-by his illustrious grandfather, father and mother, and many others so near and dear, the remains were interred. His eight grandsons were the pall-bearers, and the last touching service at the grave was the singing of a hymn by his former slaves, and the hiding from view of the earthly mound by beautiful flowers contributed mostly by the young ladies of his daughter's school in recognition of a respect and love for him kindred to filial affection.

Home-letter, Friday, October 1st. "Little has transpired since my postal of yesterday. Continue to meet many familiar faces that gladden our hearts, and even more unfamiliar ones that ever extend the hand of proffered friendship. Quite a number of us journeyed to the depot this noon to see others arrive, among them my friend Davis, who is such a fine fellow, but unfortunately of a very nervous temperament, and therefore requires absolute quietness for successful study and results.

Our rooms, however, in juxtaposition and in the supposed most quiet spot of the University, will prove, I trust, all that is desired and needed. I am sandwiched between him and Harding—both moral, honorable and nard students, so you can judge your son 'by the company he keeps.'"

Sunday afternoon, October 10th. "My last visitor has just left, so will turn to your letter. . . . We all have now about dropped into working form, as the professors are hurrying along at a rapid pace, but not beyond our power of endurance. I have purchased several good-size pictures—Monticello, Perry on Lake Erie, etc.—so that with my large map of North America, numerous framed photographs, arranged mostly in groups, hanging book-shelves, clock, festooned mirror, easy chair, large center-table—made of two ordinary tables joined together—with red and black cover, argand-burner—for I now burn gas in addition to my student-lamp—curtains and drapery to window, red and green carpet, etc., my room presents an air of decided comfort, indeed, a positive attractiveness to me, in consequence of which I am always glad to return to it and there stay, especially at night when the abundance of blended light lends additional warmth and charm. . . . You may say to Mr. Watts, that he is unfamiliar with facts, when he says Randolph-Macon College is the equal of the University, and that any knowing Virginian could soon convince him of his error, provided he is open to conviction. I am intimate with several here now who were once students there, and they imply a vast difference in favor of the University." . . .

Sunday night, October 17th. "The bell has just rung for evening Chapel service, but having attended two Bible classes and heard one sermon, will forego this evening's service in order to write to you. Yours was not received until 5.30 o'ck, yesterday—the three hours' delay being due to an accident to the mail train—engine jumping the track somewhere between here and Alexandria, an occurrence no means rare on this poorly equipped and engineered road, as scarcely a week passes without some sort of serious irregularity. The night before reaching here this session an engine blew up while in rapid motion, killing several train attendants, but this must not alarm you. . . . So far we are being fed very satisfactorily this year—tomatoes, corn, sweet and Irish potatoes being the stand-by vegetables, while mutton, beef, veal, turkey and ham include our meats. My appetite is keen and my weight one hundred and fifty-two pounds, which may increase eight or ten more by Christmas," etc.

Sunday night, October 24th. "The clock has just struck seven, and now will spend an hour with you in spite of feeling rather tired after another trip to Monticello. I went to the early Bible class with Davis and thereafter we walked down town to church, returning at 1 o'ck. After dinner friend Wilson, from Alabama, and I left on our tramp in which we suffered from the heat as though mid-summer, but in spite of that reached the mountain's summit ten minutes after four, and a few minutes later found us again going through the dismantled mansion. It is still kept by the same old white man, grayed and enfeebled by years, who with his family are the sole occupants. He knows much Jeffersonian history, some a trifle mixed, imbibes the spirit, but carries in his veins not a vestige of the immortal blood. The house is even more dilapidated, if possible, than at my last year's visit, as no one yet drives a nail or makes effort at the slightest repair. Most of the glass in the windows

and doors is either cracked or entirely out, so that the chilling blasts of the approaching winter, as in the past, will continue to chant its weird song. The old man gave me a very small piece of wood from the disintegrating sulky body, stored in the attic, in which Mr. Jefferson made distant trips—to Richmond, Philadelphia, etc. Nothing remains of the gate at which he and Lafayette embraced each other in tears of joy—where his servants pulled him from his carriage they had pushed up the mountain, after disengaging the horses, upon his return as Minister to France, and conveyed him on their shoulders to the portico—except a single post, while the walk thereto only retains a graded impression, being overgrown and untrodden. The graveyard is still the same neglected spot, only one fresh mound with its wilted flowers marking any perceptible change—that of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, whose body was interred there a couple of weeks ago. After spending something over an hour, we retraced our steps, reaching the University in exactly one hour, which we believe to be a record breaker. Nearly every one had finished supper, so we ate by ourselves, being content with milk and small sugar cakes, that which we have at every Sunday tea. . . . The Charlottesville National Bank closed its doors last Wednesday, producing quite a business commotion in the community. Most of the professors had stock as well as deposits, and the report prevails among us students that Professor Cabell may lose thirty thousand dollars, Professor Minor and Dr. John Staige Davis each twenty thousand, Professor Peters three thousand, and others, less amounts. Two of my friends had deposits there—one for over a hundred, the other far less, and it is uncertain how much will be returned to them. The money of the University, fortunately, is deposited always in Richmond banks, consequently she does not suffer directly, but it certainly is a serious blow to Charlottesville and her people." . . .

Sunday night, October 31st. "There is very little transpiring in the University precinct to abstract our attention from study, but in the town much goes on to interest and attract, especially at the Town Hall, where something in the theatrical line can be enjoyed several nights each week. Besides these, numerous entertainments and sociables, in the homes contribute much pleasure to a certain society set. . . . I was called on in the Bible class this morning and answered, I think, to general satisfaction. This class is taught by Professor Minor, 9-10 o'ck., who includes only the New Testament, while that in the afternoon, 3.30-4.30 o'ck., by Professor Davis, is restricted to the Old Testament, including the life of Abraham and Christ. . . . I am not using a stove this year, as mine was nearly worn out, but an open grate with soft coal instead, which is claimed to be cheaper and more healthy, while the open blaze adds much to the general cheerfulness. I wish you would get from the small desk in my room Fewsmith's English Grammar and my diplomas, and send them to me by express. . . . I have just purchased a new paragraph Bible, the first I have ever seen, and like it better than my old one with divided verses. I enjoy reading them in comparison—concordance. The weather here this entire month has been ideal, scarcely a day without complete sunshine and a cloudless sky—in my memory unprecedented. Jack-frost, however, has made his appearance, so that in the crisp early mornings and late evenings we take to our overcoats. . . . For exercise we still accept mostly the walk down town and back between five and six every afternoon—that being more enjoyable from so many journeying together but in small groups. Many students went to Richmond this week for the Fair and the unveiling of the Jackson statue, etc.

Our former chaplain, Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, delivered the October Y. M. C. A. sermon in the Public Hall on the text, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, which is called Christ?" This kindly gentleman I found chaplain upon reaching the University in 1872, that being his last session, but the associations of those two years were so pleasant and the memories so dear that he willingly returned now and then to perform a Christian service.

Our new chaplain for the coming period, Rev. Robert J. McBryde, the immediate successor of Rev. Samuel A. Steel, preached his introductory sermon in the chapel, Sunday morning, October 10th, from the text, "For we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord." The doctor was rather tall and slender, with a strong, clear voice, and entered heartily into the activities of the University as well as the companionship of the students.

Early in the month my boon companion, Davis, was elected business editor of the *Magazine,* and in commenting upon his selection the editors in the November number gave among others this commendable sentiment: "His energy and enthusiasm are known to all of us, and when we say that he has already, by his own unaided efforts, secured us seventy subscribers, we say enough to prove his eminent fitness for the position." Not only was he successful in getting subscribers, but equally so in advertisements from merchants and tradesmen of the entire community. Our daily afternoon walks together down town invariably carried some specific mission besides exercise—that pertaining to the welfare of our publication, either in subscriptions, advertisements or arrangements with the *Chronicle's* foreman, Mr. Ackerly, concerning printing and payments. Davis was a thorough business man, having enjoyed some years of active experience before seeking a University training, which with his age—twenty-six or seven—sprightly manner and natural tact caused him to be well-rounded by a generous contact with men of affairs. He touched nothing half-heartedly, or that failed; lived up to every obligation, misrepresented nothing, did friendly acts wherever he could, and was always the same—true as steel. The *Magazine* made a most happy choice in him, as he not only liquidated its previous year's indebtedness of more than

a hundred dollars, but passed over to his successor a substantial sum.

We regretted to see no longer around the University the familiar form of Professor Boeck, whose resignation had been accepted during the summer. His position was not filled until the middle of October by the appointment of Mr. William Mynn Thornton, a very brilliant former graduate, who had only left us two years before, consequently was well-known to many of us older students. Contrary to expectation we heard nothing more of Gen. Preston's Semi-Centennial speech. It surely was a thing of the past and had only produced momentarily a slight ripple upon the quieting waters. The Alumni had published in separate pamphlets Mr. Hunter's address and Mr. Lucas' poem, and these alone were intended to perpetuate the literary efforts of that historic occasion.

Home-letter, Sunday night, November 14th. "The election passed off quietly in Charlottesville, resulting in two white and one colored man for the Legislature. I am glad the State has gone Democratic. that which was somewhat in doubt owing to the very large negro population. Sorry that Ohio, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania still remain in the Republican ranks, but that is nothing more than can be expected when we consider their past history and present interests. My next door neighbor, Harding has discontinued the *Scientific American* in favor of the New York *Tribune* (semi-weekly), and this he frequently passes over for my pleasure. He is a fine character—quiet, thoughtful and thorough—always striving after both sides of a proposition. The one in politics he gets from his home papers, the other he certainly finds in the *Tribune,* which is partisan beyond reason, often causing us to dissent—he, though a Virginian, less than I. It is now filled with the great Republican gains, possibilities and merits, much to our disgust, but we are hopeful that it will soon tire of such wasted energies. . . . I understand that our former Professor Boeck is in Philadelphia endeavoring to secure a position as mechanical engineer, or as one of the supervisors of Machinery Hall during the Centennial. I hope he will be successful, for he possesses much merit and ability, although oftentimes misapplied and directed, but under certain powers of limitation could make himself most useful. He needs the revenue, for while not absolutely improvident, he has never husbanded his resources when they were abundant in order to bridge over the proverbial rainy day that seemingly from necessity drops into so many lives." . . .

Sunday night, December 12th. "This has been an ideal winter day, but in spite of the low temperature I have been mostly on the go. Attended the morning Bible class up here and the Episcopal Church service down town. After dinner took a healthy walk with Wright, but returned in time for Professor Davis' Bible lecture. He is still on Genesis—the book of so many improbabilities from the finite standpoint—which he elucidates beautifully, using comely explanations, his own and others,

that cannot fail to reconcile and satisfy the rational and willing mind even in this day of advancement, higher-criticism and unbelief. I have already begun to count the days before reaching home, in spite of the doubtful wisdom of taking the week off, and I trust it will add strength to my half contention—that each year of a student's life should be marked prominently and pleasantly by at least one event, and nothing is so well-calculated to do this as Christmas vacation. Anyway, I feel confident the loss can be made up satisfactorily, and you know, where there is a will there is a way. My next door neighbor, Davis, is a much closer student than I, and he has decided to spend four or five days with his sister at Hollins Institute, Botetourt Co., where she is a student and where they give two weeks' holiday. The homes of many girls are even too remote to get much out of a visit of such length, so they remain at the school to enjoy themselves after the fashion laid out by their principal, Mr. Cocke, who I understand is a very considerate and resourceful man, allowing those under his charge to receive attention, during festive seasons, from their own and others' brothers. Davis has insisted many times upon me joining him on the trip, predicting, in fact promising, a royal time for us both, and while I recognize that such an outing would be delightful, I equally realize my first duty is to parents, etc."

I procured from Dr. Harrison, Thursday morning, Dec. 23rd, my leave of absence for eight days, and in the afternoon secured thereto the signatures of Professors Mallet, Holmes and Smith. As my train did not leave until after 1 o'ck, that night all duties were performed as usual up to near that hour, when a little time was taken to say good-bye to club-mates and friends, and in packing my grip so as to leave my room precisely at midnight—that being considered abundant time for walking leisurely to the depot. At the appointed moment, when everything had been put to order in my room—window-shutters closed, fire and gas out—I picked up my traps, opened and passed out the door, giving it not an intentional hard pull, but one in reality that appeared to make an unusually loud noise. At the same moment I experienced an unsteadiness on my feet, and heard, as though coming from out of the valley in front, a distinct rumbling report, which I accepted to emanate from the near-by Southern Railroad—either an explosion of a locomotive or a terrific impact of freight cars, whose counterpart in less degree I hitherto had occasionally experienced. The hour otherwise was deadly quiet and seemingly only myself and the myriads of twinkling stars stood visible sentinels of what had occurred. In a moment I reopened my room-door with night-latch key, but finding nothing wrong or disturbed within, hastily re-locked and turned my steps trainward. As I proceeded in the dark and quiet the

thought of a possible earthquake never suggested itself, nor did it until next morning when reaching Washington the penetrating monosyllabic songs of the newsboys proclaimed the fact. A paper soon aroused my lethargic mind to the significance of my midnight realization, as I read the bold headlines: "Earthquake at 12.02 o'ck, A. M. Felt throughout Virginia, Maryland and the South. The most severe in years, etc." Happily this so far has been my only vivid experience of earth's tottering equilibrium.

After a delightful visit of a week I left home on my return, Jan. 1, 1876—a day ever memorable with me from its beauty and mildness, one of the dozen to which I frequently refer as possessing some striking characteristics beyond all others. I found Davis and most of the Christmas absentees back in harness, and soon pulled myself together as though nothing unusual had come into my plodding life.

In spite of the severities of January and February weather, the 5 o'ck. walk to and from the town was omitted seldom, as heavy overcoats, shoes and rubbers amply protected against any possible risk. Indeed, this form of exercise seemed religiously observed by the majority—as though essential, like food, for material preservation and existence.

Harding was not a member of any fraternity, having boldly resisted the importunities of many, including the best, while Davis belonged to one and I to another. Yet we three appeared perfectly congenial, which, together with proximity of rooms—in regular sequence, 49, 50, 51—made us see more of each than of others, and occasioned little surprise at our journeying to meals and elsewhere in companionship—a trio often observed alone at the beginning of a stroll but usually with augmented numbers at the finish, including fraternity members and other friends. Harding also was a confirmed recluse from ladies' society, and, although polished, agreeable, affable and thoroughly acquainted with social amenities, always declined alike the bidding of young and old—even a beautiful coquette possessed for him no attraction, far less a charm. It was here that he again differed somewhat from Davis and myself, since we unhesitatingly accepted in that direction "a night off" whenever its passing was believed to carry a compensating pleasure. While recognizing our

residence there primarily for study and a university training, we did not consider that to be all of a rounded education, but this to be made up of many elements, one of which—contact with ladies and their homes—ought not to be neglected, by no means despised. Of course, this trivial difference in taste had not the slightest influence on our fondness and friendship for one another, as it seldom was referred to and only then for amusement and laughter.

Home-letter, Sunday night, Feb. 13th. "A kind of dancing academy has been started in Charlottesville, and as I know little and Davis less of the art, some of our friends have insisted upon us joining. There is so much dancing here in its multiple forms, and Davis, observing the same conditions at Hollins Institute when there at Christmas, seems quite anxious to learn. Before taking the step, however, he thought it best to advise his father and at least get his approval, so wrote him among other things, 'that in order to go in the first society of Virginia one must know how to dance,' whereupon, with much disappointment, his father replied, 'if dancing is a requisite for the first society of Virginia, I want you to go in the second.' This has checked a much-contemplated pleasure for him, and I am glad that you never had any objection to me cultivating that line of amusement. It is usually simple and innocent, but like everything else can be the cause of physical and moral harm, etc."

Sunday night, Feb. 27th. "Intermediate examinations are absorbing now most of our thoughts. I am through with two but two more come within the next month, after which I shall enjoy a short breathing spell —until nearing the Finals. Apart from study some of us continue to accept a few worldly pleasures in sight, and this week has been unusually active, as several lady friends in the town have given receptions to which I was invited. The one of greatest proportions was that of Miss Emma Antrim's, who, owing to natural gifts, educational accomplishments, abundant wealth and handsome home, possesses all the essentials for elaborate entertaining. She certainly tried herself on this occasion, providing something beyond the average function here. Music and dancing were the leading enjoyments, although a splendid spread was served, this being furnished by a Richmond caterer. Miss Antrim has some staunch friends among the students, several of whom are invited on Sundays to dine with herself, mother and father—the latter a venerable, fine-looking gentleman. I was one of the fortunates several weeks ago, etc."

Among the new students of this year was Mr. Edward H. Squibb, Brooklyn, N. Y., who, finding us without any permanent gymnasium, generously offered to provide the necessary outfit if the University would house it. During the early part of the previous session the Dining Hall at the south end of East Range, kept for many years by Mr. Jefferies, was closed, he disposing of his lease to the proprietors of the other

Professor Francis H. Smith, LL.D., at forty-three
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two hotels—the one Miss Ross, the other Mr. Massie—and they taking care of his patronage. This hall was considered the only available and suitable room, consequently Mr. Squibb had installed into it all the appliances and apparatus it could accept conveniently, presenting the same to the University, thus establishing the first permanent gymnasium under the name of, "The Gymnasium Association." This was opened without form or ceremony shortly after Christmas, and thereafter many accepted there the various forms of exercise in preference to the hitherto accustomed walks, especially on rainy days. The room was accessible between the hours of 7 A. M. and 7 P. M. to all those paying the annual membership fee of one dollar and the monthly dues of fifteen cents.

Rev. W. U. Murkland, a prominent Presbyterian minister of Baltimore, delivered the February Y. M. C. A. sermon in the Public Hall, upon the career of Solomon. His beautiful flow of English and varied styles of oratory had seldom been surpassed in my day at the University, sufficing to please a very large and appreciative audience.

The Faculty, in December, recommended to the two Literary Societies that the prize debates be two instead of five—the number last year—a step gladly acquiesced in and the source of no surprise, as even one of those long sittings, from 4 to 11 o'ck, P. M., with a short intermission for supper, was no doubt quite sufficient punishment to older men, as a rule intolerant of youthful effusions and oratorical short-comings. This year Professors Gildersleeve, Holmes and Venable constituted the electoral committee of the Jeff., and Harrison, Smith and Southall that of the Wash., while the societies at one of their November meetings announced the dates, subjects and contestants for orator's and debater's medals:

Jeff.—Dec. 18th. Should a representative be bound by the instructions of his constituents?
Feb. 26th. Would centralization of power in the hands of the Federal Government be advantageous?
March 25th. Should the National Government have a monopoly of the railroads and telegraph lines?"
Contestants: Messrs. L. M. Kean, B Peyton, A. P. Thom, Lyon G. Tyler, W. D. White.

Wash.—Jan. 29th. Is there more to admire or condemn in the character of Cromwell?

April 15th. Had Queen Elizabeth a valid title to the Crown of England?
Contestants: Messrs. T. E. Blakey, J. D. Colley, J. S. Glaze, B. W. Hirsh, J. H. L. King, R. S. Minor, W. McK. Murrell, G. D. Peters, N. B. Wescott, C. R. Whipple, L. Wood.

These societies elected their Final Presidents by open ballot, Saturday night, April 1st, the events being marked by unusual quietness and well-tempered feeling, resulting in favor of Messrs. H. H. Downing, Va. (Jeff.), and F. E. Conway, Ark. (Wash.). And the "Electoral Committees" of the Faculty exercised no delay in announcing their awards to the most deserving: Jeff.—Mr. Bernard Peyton, Va., medalist; Mr. Lyon G. Tyler, Va., orator, who resigning, Mr. A. P. Thom was selected upon a third debate. Wash.—Mr. T. E. Blakey, Va., medalist; Mr. J. D. Colley, Ga., orator.

Near the middle of the session Davis assumed the Superintendency of the Chapel Sunday School, which compelled him to miss thereafter Professor Minor's Bible Class—both coming at the same hour, 9-10 o'ck, A. M.—although I continued along in the good work.

Home-letter, April 16th. "This has been a typical spring day, and with it Davis and I donned our new suits, he to attend the Sunday School and I the Bible class, but afterwards to join each other for down town church. We heard a Baptist sermon but immediately thereafter slipped over to the Episcopal Church to witness its outpouring—a favorite trick of many students—after enjoying a good sermon at either the Presbyterian or Baptist Church, where the ministers are more youthful, modern and to our liking, to seek the Episcopal, having longer service, in order to watch the Edgehill and other pretty girls, of which there is quite a sprinkling, march out. There is to be a baptism at the Baptist Church to-night, where several will by that act be consecrated to the faith, and we expect to attend. I was present some weeks ago when one of our mutual lady friends accepted the immersion—to me seemingly a cold procedure for other than mid-summer weather. The dipping font is under and back of the large pulpit, being several feet long, wide and deep, with sufficient water to drown oneself should that be attempted or desired." . . .

Sunday afternoon, May 21st. "This is truly a fine summer day, and its brightness has been enjoyed thoroughly after nearly two weeks of cloud and rain. Despite a slight mist on Wednesday afternoon quite a party of us drove out to Verdant Lawn, the home of Rev. John T. Randolph, to partake of the season's first cherries, of which his farm produces profusely the best. Several ladies were visiting there thus making the occasion most delightful all around. Mrs. Randolph is a very hospitable hostess, and her young daughter, Julia, possesses many attractions that charm and fascinate. . . . Davis insisted this morning that I go around

to Sunday School with him and attempt to manage the organ. The hymns were familiar and simple so I stumbled through them in some fashion, but near the close the regular organist, Steele, made his appearance, when I gladly turned over to him the final notes of praise, remaining, however, until the end to share in the singing. Afterwards we attended church down town. . . . There is considerable talk among the students about the Centennial, which most are planning to visit sometime during its progress. Many will go home next month by way of Philadelphia, some will take it in during the summer and others on their return here in the fall. Anyway, I expect to see many familiar faces there in the coming vacation months," etc.

Throughout April and May evening religious meetings were held in the Chapel under the supervision of the chaplain and a number of the more capable and devout students. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer and a short talk upon the chapter read by whoever in rotation had charge. Davis was always one of the master-spirits, who often influenced me to be his companion, and the half-hours there spent in worship were always serious, delightful and healthful. The attendance usually was large, resulting in a decided power for good to the student-body. I only recall one departure from the golden rule—a perversion of the Chapel's sanctity—when a ripple of laughter pervaded the entire assemblage, occasioned by the nervous trepidation of a student called upon to lead in prayer. With the first few sentences his voice became more and more tremulous until he was so choked as to be unable to articulate, and after a minute's silence some one wisely relieved the embarrassing suspense by exclaiming boldly, Amen, thus allowing us all to uplift our bended heads in a reverential mood mingled with considerable merriment. In conversation afterwards with the unfortunate young man, he was unable to explain the mystery of his faltering.

Home-letter, Sunday afternoon, June 4th. "I see from the papers that the Maryland Democrats met in Baltimore last week and selected delegates to the St. Louis Convention—probably to support Mr. Bayard for the Presidency. Many other states are having conventions for a similar purpose, which I hope will be fruitful of a Democratic President. Mr. Blaine seems to be spoken of most prominently as the Republican candidate. . . . Everything here is passing along pleasantly, although it has been very warm for the past week, conflicting seriously with one's inclination for study. To-day has been murky and rainy, though now it looks like clearing, which has had one good effect—laying the dust that had become quite an inch deep. The country looks beautiful and active, as fields of corn five or six inches high, alternating with those of green grass, orchards, or yellowish wheat, and others of freshly prepared red-

dish soil in readiness for seeding, suggest much industry as well as present a happy contrast in the undulating landscape. . . . Davis and I indulged during the winter in apples and many pounds of dates, as they regulated our systems incident to a sedentary life, but now we are enjoying strawberries and cherries—the former coming to us on the table twice a week. I am quite well again, feeling king over last Sunday when I wrote you. Time is drawing near to a close for hard studying, as I have my last examinations next Saturday and to-morrow week," etc.

Tuesday night, June 20th. "I stood my last examination yesterday—went into the room at 8 o'ck, A. M., and came out at 6 o'ck, P. M., feeling pretty well fagged out. A good night's rest and a lazy day have made me myself again. I have stood the ordeal this year better than ever before—one year you recall I missed them all owing to a spell of sickness that confined me to the Infirmary. . . . Davis and I went down town to church Sunday, and remained until afternoon, taking dinner with one of the ministers, Rev. Dr. Tupper. At night we heard a very enjoyable address in the Public Hall, by Rev. Dr. Hawthorn, of New York, although originally from the South. The 'Finals' begin next Sunday, lasting through Thursday. Many students have already left for home, some going by the way of the Centennial and others will follow right after the Commencement. Davis leaves us to-morrow, and you cannot imagine how I grieve to see him go. He is down town to-night getting ticket and making other necessary arrangements. He goes to Hollins Institute for its Commencement, and thence accompanies his sister the journey homeward. I am confident he dislikes to leave us all—it may be forever," etc.

During these University years considerable was heard of the eccentric colored divine of Richmond John Jasper, pastor of the Sixth Mount Zion Baptist Church whose one sermon —The Sun Do Move—had brought him before the world's footlights more in the sense of ridicule than otherwise. His untenable and defiant position, however, had not failed to excite in most of us a degree of pity as well as amusement, and a decided curiosity to see and hear him plead his cause whenever an easy opportunity presented. This came to me by mere accident one Sunday late in June, when several of us were returning together from church in Charlottesville, upon reaching Mudwall (called improperly Midway by most of us —a large, solitary, unattractive brick building near the present Union Station, whose lower floor was used as a colored Baptist Church, Delavan, now replaced by a very creditable worshiping edifice), we observed an overflowing multitude and heard floating in the air the familiar phrase—The Sun Do Move. At once taking in the situation we turned left down the slight incline and began quietly edging our way through the crowd into the church, where after a fashion I found

myself standing in front of the noted minister. It was near the beginning of his sensational career, and the colored people of Charlottesville could wait no longer the expounding of his theory, consequently had invited him for that purpose and occasion. I never saw him except the once, and the interim has effaced some of the detail, but I remember him as a typical negro—no mulatto—of good size, strong, massive face, reclining forehead, large feet and hands, voice strong and used with much enthusiasm, vocabulary often falsely applied and pronounced, to the extent of provoking, at least, latent smiles; manner dignified and earnest, compensating for many other weaknesses—age about sixty-five. He repeated often his text: Exodus, chapter XV, verse 3, "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is His name," and quoted many Biblical verses pertinent to his theme—showing the power and greatness of God —among them the following:

Revelation, chapter VII, verse 1, "And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree."

Psalm, chapter CXIII, verse 3, "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name be praised."

Psalm, chapter L, verse 1, "The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof."

Malachi, chapter I, verse 11, "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My name shall be great among the Gentiles, etc."

Ecclesiastics, chapter I, verse 5, "The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose."

Judges, chapter XIV, verse 18, "And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day before the sun went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?"

Joshua, chapter X, verses 12, 13, 14, "Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their

enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man; for the Lord fought for Israel."

Upon these passages he made some very potent comments, affirming that: "according to the scriptural words, we were living on a four-cornered earth, and if that be true, my friends, tell me how in the name of God can an earth with four corners be round? This theory of mine is supported by the Bible and it is true, for if the earth was like other people, who differ from me, say it is, they would be compelled at some places to walk on the ground with feet upward, as flies on the ceiling of a room. I prove the fact—that the sun moves—by the highest law given to man. We do not know the distance of the sun from the earth, as there is no way by which a person can measure it, because no one could take enough food along to last all the way. How can a man take a tape line and measure from the earth to the sun? I appeal to you to search the Bible for all this evidence, and if you fail to find it hold me responsible," etc.

The Commencement was ushered in on Sunday, June 25th, a beautiful day, as were the two that followed, but by Wednesday "Old Sol" seemingly raised the lid throughout the entire eastern section, and so held it for nearly four weeks, when he granted only a temporary relief to sweltering humanity. The chaplain, Rev. Robert J. McBryde, delivered in the chapel the regular Sunday morning sermon, but the great event came at night, in the form of Annual Address before the Y. M. C. A., by Rev. Moses D. Hoge, a noted Presbyterian divine of Richmond, possessing a strong personality—tall, slender, well-marked facial lines; voice decidedly deep, attractive and sonorous; language and delivery imposing, oratorical. His subject, "Nobility of Labor," was handled forcefully, and as it was unhampered by manuscript or notes, became a veritable delight to those present.

Monday night—Wash. Celebration. After prayer by Rev. Robert J. McBryde, the President, Mr. F. E. Conway, Ark., in a neat and taking speech introduced the Orator, Mr. J. D. Colley, Ga., who delivered a beautiful address upon "National

Progress." The President thereafter conferred the debater's medal upon Mr. T. E. Blakey, Va., who received and acknowledged the same in a brief but highly appropriate speech.

Tuesday night—Jeff. Celebration. After prayer by Rev. Robert J. McBryde, the President, Mr. H. H. Downing, Va., in several well-rounded sentences introduced the Orator, Mr. A. P. Thom, Va., who, taking for his subject, " The Influence of England's Universities on England's Greatness," showed a remarkable familiarity therewith, as well as a scope of much reading and thought. Afterwards the President in some complimentary words conferred the debater's medal upon Mr. Bernard Peyton, Va., a son of our Proctor, Major Green Peyton, who in acceptance made the most manly and substantial speech I ever heard from an undergraduate. He was a beautiful debater—well-read and resourceful under pressure, deliberate and self-possessed under all conditions, and had often in my presence been pitted in the Jeff. meetings against those in some respects worthy of his steel. But of all he seemed to possess most stability, regard for adversaries and innate power to convince others to his way of thinking. The great philosopher and sage, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was upon the platform that night and apparently took delight in listening to Mr. Peyton's remarks, congratulating him thereafter with a hearty handshake in public gaze. This young man would have had a brilliant career and the University an unusual shining mark, had he not a few years thereafter met an untimely death in a railroad accident.

Wednesday night—Joint Celebration. Undoubtedly the great drawing card of this Commencement was the address of Mr. Emerson's. This visit South was his first since the Civil War, and was given much publicity through press and speech, so that those present, in fact many throughout the land, had a high degree of expectation, which unfortunately in a way was not realized. He was accompanied by his daughter, as traveling companion, a seeming necessity from his age and physical infirmities, and upon them reaching Charlottesville about 2 o'ck, the day before, quite a number of us students were at the depot, and at his first appearance upon the car platform readily recognized him from the strikingly accurate portraits that had come under our notice. Professor

Holmes, who entertained them during their stay met and took them to his home, and was noticeably attentive at every function. It certainly was a tall, gaunt trio that filed into the carriage at the depot and drove away to the University, apparently in haste to partake of the good things prepared and awaiting, and as they from time to time stalked the arcades and various University walks their statures diminished not the least—ever commanded a reverential respect deserved by the distinguished.

In spite of intense heat the Public Hall that night was packed to overflowing with young and old—all in perfect resignation to any bodily discomfort in lieu of the unusual treat in store. I was one of the marshals and after my supposed duties were over sought the only available spot—west window nearest the stage—where an occasional gentle breeze made it possible for one's brain to accept slightly the literary food dispensed. After prayer the presiding officer, Mr. Miles, introduced Mr. Emerson, who arose with a thick manuscript of the larger size paper in hand, which he placed on the stand provided for the purpose and at once began its reading. Everything was breathless silence for a few moments and thereafter modest pandemonium reigned, as his subject was treated philosophically and through such a thin, weak, low voice that those near were unable to follow with any satisfaction and those remote could only see his form and lip movement. He read closely with eyes fixed continuously upon the page, apparently not inconvenienced by the heat, but chafed a little under the fluttering commotion and restlessness of his hearers—for each lady had a fan and a fellow, so, deriving no pleasure from the speaker and determined not to let the hour go idly unimproved, fought the air with fans for physical comfort, and "spoke only to be spoken to" for mental enjoyment. Dr. Harrison in his brusque way plead for attention and silence, while later Professor Venable thought his word might have a soothing effect, but young America continued to be defiant. Mr. Emerson evidently took in the situation, for several times during the hour, by way of reprimand or rebuke, he quietly said: "I see you understand the drift of my thought, so I will proceed to the next subdivision," turning over at the same time quite a dozen pages to remain forever unsung.

Mr. Emerson's address was never published, at least by the University, and owing to his great aversion to the daily press, the reporters present had much difficulty in catching anything worth recording. The best account of it occurred in *The World* (New York), which may well be reproduced here:

"*The World* reporter called upon Mr. Emerson and asked him what he proposed to do for the readers of the newspapers who could not be present, offering to publish so much of his lecture as possessed contemporaneous human interest. "No, sir," said Mr. Emerson, "I cannot permit it. I hate the very word paper; I don't read newspapers, and my addresses are never reported. Now, sometimes, in my State when a new college is started they ask me to read some of my old papers, if nothing else. Well, I say, 'Yes, if I am not to be reported; keep the reporters away or out, and I will go down and read for you.' I cannot consent to be reported, for I have nothing to say worth reporting. So away." But I can give you some idea of Mr. Emerson's oration, for the reporters joined forces and obtained aid and comfort from some who sat near enough to hear all that he said.

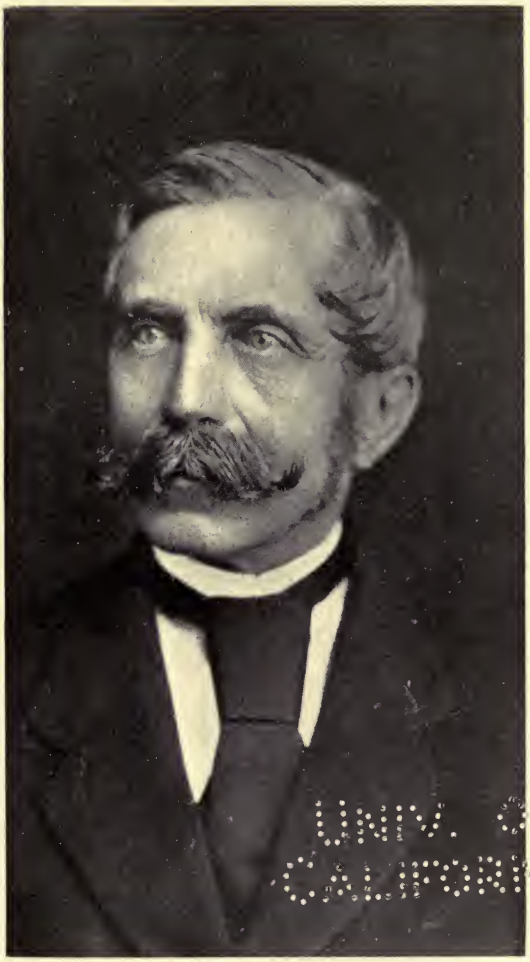
After a long introduction, he announced his subject as "The Natural and Permanent Function of the Scholar," which opened with an apostrophe to learning, science and philosophy, in which he showed the usefulness and advantages of the scholar, theorist and speculative philosopher. Whatever can be thought can be spoken, articulated. Intellect is within bounds, but the realm of thought is boundless. He reviewed the organic nature of study, poetical successes and the pleasures of poets. Americans as a people gave themselves wonderful airs, but were a matter-of-fact people. He cautioned his hearers against the busybodies in it, pretenders and dissemblers; against rich and official people. He animadverted on practical men and the scholar. Men were valued according to their power of expression. The favoritism shown poets was universal in all lands (some poets ought to be killed). The thoughts and the pleasure of the poet were far above the sordid gains of old money-bags. Ideas are the points of men and things. The lecturer went delving in the depths of thought; the feats of endurance of such men as Napoleon, Hannibal

and Columbus. "Is an armed man the only hero?" he asked. Beating down and uprooting prejudice had its heroes, and he is a genius who accomplishes the feat. How many are they of whom the world has never heard? There are men with genius in them who never had it brought out.

As to learning and culture—as many languages as a man knows, so many times is he a man. I think there are no more intellectual people in the world than Americans; and then they are so curious and inquisitive. It was said that an eminent Frenchman was drowned in his talents. Talent was often mistaken for genius. Newspapers, money and power carry their ends, and so do Senators and rich men, rich men become Senators nowadays, regardless of merit, or position, or fitness. There is something in nature that demands the scholar to interpret her laws, to see and identify their connection, where others see only fragments. There is a great deal in nature that all men see and admire, but it is the exclusive prerogative of the scholar to give expression to it. The perfection of the expression makes the perfection of the scholar. See how the world in its progress has waited for the scholar and his coming to wake into existence by his touch all the great and useful inventions and discoveries, such as the steam engine and the electric-telegraph! The scholar will, of course, meet with many obstacles that he must surmount; but let him not be discouraged! The key-note should be "courage" if he would incarnate the truth, and not only make it known.

Kepler, the great astronomer, when people tried to discourage him in his magnificent discoveries, said, "I will wait a hundred years for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer such as I am." Genius seeks truth as its object, and aims to give that truth expression; but such talent is too often developed at the expense of character, and for mere gratification of pride.

Scholarship is merely a weapon or means by which we are to do something, and achieve some desired result, but if we stop to admire the weapon we are very apt to fail to use it for accomplishing our purpose. If we would use scholarship for achieving some noble object in life, the world would do it even greater homage than is, sometimes, now bestowed. Men still admire the true poet, the true philosopher, or anything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Professor M. Schele De Vere, J.U.D., at fifty-six
1820–1898

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else that is true; it is only on the false or pretended that they would fain pour contempt.

As soon as Mr. Emerson had enunciated his final word, the audience was transferred from dreamland to a vital present by strains of stirring music, by the bright, witty speech of Professor Schele De Vere in presenting the *Magazine* medal to Mr. Leo N. Levi, Texas, and, last, but no means least, by the brilliant oratorical reply of that young gentleman. For between this and the stoic platitudes of Mr. Emerson there was great contrast—Mr. Levi being the acme of inspiration and enthusiasm, giving tone to every sluggish nerve by his beautifully modulated sentences and deep sonorous voice, so that none could escape his animated and magnetic influence, even the Sage of Concord—who must have enjoyed ample verification of what he proclaimed years before: Among so many students there are at least four or five worth educating. But alas that bright Commencement star is no longer with the living—he survived only a short generation, sufficient, however, for gathering greater distinctions unto himself and his cherished University.

Thursday morning—Commencement or Final Day. At 10 o'ck, the entire University contingent, including many strangers, assembled in the Public Hall to witness the usual conferring of diplomas and certificates of proficiency, which lasted about two hours. At the conclusion of this exercise Dr. Harrison, who had handed each of us our well-earned sheepskins, delivered a short address filled with good advice and wishes, and had scarcely finished when the name of Gildersleeve rang loudly throughout the Hall. This brought the distinguished scholar to the front of the stage to say farewell —an act performed so pathetically in manner, expression and emotion as to bring many tears to manly eyes.

After a recess of an hour we all reassembled at 1 o'ck, to hear the very able Alumni address, by Colonel F. W. M. Holliday, Va., who spoke entertainingly on, " Higher Education the Hope of American Republicanism." Professor William B. Rogers had been selected months before the Alumni speaker, with Colonel Holliday as alternate, but owing to continued indisposition, long distance and anticipated heat, Professor Rogers concluded the task hazardous to attempt, consequently

the honor fell upon Colonel Holliday, who in appearance was rather large and commanding, with strong voice and fine delivery, showing, however, the ravages of war, as he carried an empty sleeve—the arm having been lost at Cedar Run, in 1862. At night the Final Ball was held in the Library, where many light-footed beaux and belles—including the Misses Anderson, Antrim, Blackford, Clark, Farish, Garth, Lathrop, Massie, Maury, Jordan, Peyton, Pleasants, Randolph, Shackelford, Southall, Walker, and scores of others—enjoyed the giddy maze until near the "break of day."

CHAPTER XVII

Incidents and Pleasures of Session 1876-77

Session 1876-77; Professor Gildersleeve missed. Sons of Confucius. Tilden and Hayes campaign—dangers experienced. Dr. Dame's sermon. Students' Minstrel Troup. Christmas. Dr. Witherspoon's sermon. Literary Societies. Boat Club. Trip to Staunton. Baseball with Washington and Lee. Lexington as a seat of learning—visit thereto; her noted personages, living and dead. Observance in Baltimore of Gen. Lee's death and burial—our regrets that he and Jackson had not been connected with the University; Jackson's ambition to succeed Professor Courtenay in mathematics, etc.

As predicted, many of us students and clubmates met during vacation in Philadelphia (Centennial), where hours were spent together pleasantly in seeking new and rehashing old experiences. Personally I was there at four different periods, consequently had abundant time for other than mere sightseeing. During the first—middle of July—my Fraternity's Annual Convention convened, under the courtesy of the chapter at the University of Pennsylvania, at the Amateur Drawing Rooms, where for a week much deliberation and good fellowship prevailed, as under that roof assembled members from every section of our country, to establish a closer intimacy, especially with those residing in and around that great city of brotherly love.

Two of my young Delaware friends decided to enter the University that fall—Cooper and Williams—and for the latter, according to request, he being very quiet and companionable, I secured the room adjoining mine—that formerly occupied by Davis. His father was then a member of Congress—the only one from Delaware, but her full quota—and as they were in Washington the last of September the son joined me at the Pennsylvania depot on the 29th, so that he might not be alone on his maiden trip to Charlottesville.

Home-letter, Sunday night, October 8th. "Everything is passing along pleasantly here. Nothing new beyond what occurs at the beginning of every session. That which makes the strongest impression upon us

older students is the great number of new faces, as these predominate largely, or at least seem to. . . . Harding, much to my surprise and delight, is with us again—now taking law; a postal from Davis yesterday noted his arrival in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to attend Eastman's Business College, and a letter from Wilson expressed regret at not being back with us. I greatly miss both of these chums, for they are such fine fellows, whose like you seldom see, and whose friendship it will be impossible to replace. . . . I have spent much of the week in getting my room fixed up and my course in command. Attended the Presbyterian Church down town this morning, and enjoyed the sermon very much, by Rev. Dr. Petrie. He is not a very large and commanding man, but a thoughtful and impressive speaker. . . . This afternoon three of us walked over to Colonel Duke's—Sunnyside—something over a mile, where we spent a delightful hour. The daughter, Miss Mamie, is a bright, animated girl, still in her teens—the idol of the home—possessing a charm and affability of the true Southern type, and a dignity beyond her years," etc.

Sunday afternoon, October 22nd. "It is just 5 o'ck, and must now have my usual weekly chat with you. . . . Have been reading since dinner the 'University Memorial,' a volume pertaining to those former students who lost their lives in the Civil War. I took it out of the library quite a week ago but this has been my first chance for perusal. That so many bright and useful young men should have been sacrificed for the sins of our fathers—that is about what it amounts to—seems truly sad. Just to think beyond the suffering endured at home and in the field, the sorrowed and maimed for life and the monetary consideration, what the freeing from bondage of five million ignorant inappreciative beings has cost this beloved land of ours—the lives of one-fourth that number of higher beings in whose veins true Caucasian blood flowed. Our people were wild in permitting themselves to follow such a cause. A gradual setting free—evolution and not revolution—would have accomplished the purpose so much better. It is true a longer time would have been required, but then slavery might have been settled right, that which is not now the case—for nothing is settled until settled right. . . . I attended service at the Episcopal Church down town this morning and heard a right good sermon, but frightfully long. To-night I propose going to the chapel. Williams and Cooper walked over to Monticello, leaving shortly after 9 o'ck. A. M., and returning at 2—just in time for dinner. Both were tired out but considered themselves amply repaid for the trip. I do not believe I will ever go there again, as I have been so often only to see invariably the same old landmarks—evidences of former grandeur, realization of hopeless decay. . . . The weather has been perfectly delightful so far this session, making every one inclined towards taking long walks into the country, or down town. I sent for the *Gazette* some days ago. Williams takes the *Smyrna Times* and Cooper the *Delawarean* and *Every Evening* (Wilmington), so you see we are flooded with Delaware news and doings," etc.

Sunday afternoon, October 29th. "Yours received Friday. Glad that father got off to the Centennial, as I am confident he will see much to please and cause him to pronounce it a big show. . . . Some of the wheat around here looks well, while other fresh fields have just been seeded, presenting a grateful contrast between red and green. . . . Am getting along very well with my studies, but spend most of my time in

the laboratory—blowing glass, making thermometers, barometers, etc., where often I find fingers apparently thumbs. Have attended a few political meetings in Charlottesville. The Tilden Club meets on Friday nights, when the brass-band makes deafening music and the politicians ranting speeches. Cooper is daft on politics—by the way, is a very good extempore stump speaker—and his enthusiasm often stimulates Williams and I to follow him. . . . Williams is now in my room debating whether or not he will write to his sister," etc.

From the beginning of the session one familiar personage was missed greatly—Professor Gildersleeve—whose presence, somehow or another, we innately fancied necessary for the completeness of the University circle. His pavilion was now occupied by Dr. Page and his chair by Professor Price, so nothing remained to disclose the personality except a beautiful memory of his worth and work—that which he left behind in the fullest abundance. His successor—much the smaller physically—came to us with a highly creditable reputation for erudition and scholarship, that which he notably evidenced in his inaugural address to the full satisfaction of the many present.

In the early days there was one initiation into the "Sons of Confucius," Charles Steele acting as the "Great Recorder." The ceremony took place on the plot of ground between the wood and road beyond the baseball grounds, this side of the cemetery, and was attended by some in oriental costumes, and many bearing fire-brands, tin-pans, horns, bells, etc., all manipulated energetically so as to produce a grand pandemonium. This was the only installation into the Order I ever witnessed, for which I am thankful, as it was a grave piece of misconceived fun since it misplaced the innocent dupe before his college-mates, giving him a prominence—stigma—which he never could evade or unload, be his after career ever so creditable and enviable.

The interest and enthusiasm that pervaded our country over the Tilden and Hayes campaign found a hearty response among us students, as nearly every one was in full expectation that their standard bearers—Tilden, Hendricks and Reform—would come out winners. From the beginning of the session to election day, Nov. 7th, much discussion of possibilties was indulged and great eagerness was shown in the political meetings of Charlottesville and elsewhere. While our studies were not neglected seriously, we kept in the knowledge of our

party literature, ever mindful of the pending upheaval through which we were passing. We recognized that the colored element, including our waiters, with an occasional exception like Tom Barbour, was dead opposed to our hopes and way of thinking. But in spite of this and their great numbers we at all times expressed ourselves boldly and defiantly, as though they did not exist among us—a fact that tended to inspire and perpetuate anything other than a kindly feeling towards us. Nor did this antagonism pass with the election day, as at once thereafter the validity of the vote of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida was challenged, and several weeks elapsed before the contest was narrowed down to a possible electoral vote of 185 for Mr. Hayes and 184 for Mr. Tilden, which in turn was followed by the appointment of an "Electoral Commission" that did not pass final judgment until March 2, 1877. During the first fortnight of this period of uncertainty there was much unrest in the University territory between the two races. We students would go down town every night to visit the telegraph and newspaper offices, in search of the latest and most reliable news, and in open speeches proclaim to our willing hearers the special reports that had come direct to each of us from our respective States. It was in one of these extemporaneous efforts that my friend and fellow State-man, Cooper, who, always lisping a little, innocently filled us with laughter when, in defence of Delaware's attitude towards the South during the Civil War, he gave expression to that afterwards much quoted sentence of alliteration, from its numerous words beginning with the letter "s" —Who did not *s*end a *s*ingle *s*oldier to *s*ubjugate her *S*outhern *s*ister *S*tates.

Our coming and going was always in crowds, most of us being armed with a reliable, sure-triggered pistol. These precautions were considered necessary for our own protection, as the negroes were much more insolent than usual, and lay in ambush with deadly weapons to resent anything from us they might regard as insult to their people or political creed. More than once I have seen in the dim-lit hovels, slightly remote from the roadside, colored men prostrate upon their stomachs on a bed or couch pulled near the window raised sufficient to admit the passing of their guns, ready to be dis-

charged, simply awaiting the least provocation in the form of some slight demonstration from us of the cause we espoused, as hurrahing for Tilden, Hendricks and Reform. I shall never forget two or three nights when we students had to call out the "Monticello Guards" to escort us back to the University, as upon reaching the triangle at the brow of Vinegar Hill we found awaiting us hundreds of negroes armed with various kinds of deadly weapons, including good-sized pieces of macadam-rock, of which loads had been dropped on the south side of the road for repairing purposes, and over which they stood high guard. On one of these nights, just as we were opposite this great crowd, firing began, and, being on the inside, I leaped over the seven-foot closely boarded fence, only to grope my way through back yards and by-streets to the Farish Hotel, where I spent the night out of harm's way. On the moment I considered "discretion the better part of valor," and, rather than continue to face a wild, excited negro mob, with no value of their own or others' lives, preferred to seek safety where I "might live to fight another day."

On Sunday night, Nov. 19th, Rev. William M. Dame, of Alexandria, delivered the first sermon of the session before the Y. M. C. A., having as a text, "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps." He was a very acceptable speaker, said to resemble Gen. Lee, and the large audience highly appreciated his management of the theme.

Home-letter, Sunday night, Dec. 3rd. "The weather here for the past few days has been severe, more so, I believe than in my memory. . . . The University expects to begin in the morning to cut ice from the pond, so that will for the time being put an end to our skating there, but we can go even to a better pond, Cochran's, a mile beyond (northeast) Charlottesville, which the young people of the town use and delight in having us join them. This is the spot where last summer I witnessed the baptism of so many colored people. . . . After giving the subject considerable thought I believe it would be best for me to remain here during Christmas. The trip home is not only expensive but means not a little loss from the laboratory. Several fellows are anxious for me to go with them to Richmond at that time, but that is attended with the same drawbacks. . . . I wish you would send me my Ganot's Physics, Silliman's Principles of Physics, and Deschanel's two volumes—one on heat, the other on electricity and magnetism—as I need them for reference. Williams received a letter from his father yesterday stating he would be down this coming week, when they could decide about

going home at Christmas. He also said that Miss Rosa Saulsbury was not expected to live," etc.

Sunday morning, Dec. 17th. "Williams and I have just returned from a nice long walk, which we thoroughly enjoyed from the crispness. He has concluded to go home for the holidays, and will leave here next Friday. Cooper will remain with us, having no special reasons for leaving his duties. He is a good fellow, and I like him, but apparently he has little attachment for his home or parents, only writing to them every four or six weeks. . . . We have a Minstrel Troupe composed of students that gave an entertainment Thursday night at the Town Hall for the benefit of the Charlottesville poor. They cleared over three hundred dollars—a very good sum for a very worthy object. Some of our boys make up into capital negroes, consequently the whole affair was a pronounced success. . . . The University ice houses have all been filled, but in the doing one colored man, of heavy weight, fell from the high scaffold, breaking both legs and arms, causing one or two amputations. This furnished some practical surgery for Dr. Cabell and the young 'Meds,' in spite of which their patient passed away on Tuesday. The new museum building is progressing nicely, and when finished will be quite an addition to the University. What a strange idea of the donor to conceal his name, for sooner or later, like murder, it will leak out. We learn very little of the presidential muddle, but believe that Mr. Hayes will be inaugurated President in conformity with the bold determinations of the Republicans. Gen. Wade Hampton was inaugurated Governor of South Carolina last week and from the papers must have had quite an ordeal in taking the seat to which he had legally been elected," etc.

Sunday morning, Dec. 24th. "This is another Sabbath and with it Christmas Eve, which makes the University atmosphere seem very quiet, as so many have left for their homes. In fact, it almost impresses one as another place, proving that after all in this life, it is friends not places that contribute our pleasures. . . . The trunk came safely to hand Thursday, and the contents brought me great joy. The wrapper is perfectly grand—so warm and comfortable in weather like this. I have not indulged much in the tempting eatables, but the sponge cake is delicious, and just as soon as all my friends return I will invite them around for a good feast. . . . Williams left for home Friday noon, seeming in great glee for him. I went down town last night with clubmates and others, but upon finding they were in the Christmas spirit—bent on celebrating it in good old royal style, as they called it, thoroughly contrary to my liking—I soon returned to my room and put in a good night's rest, that which makes me feel this morning far better than they. If Tuesday is pleasant I may run down to Richmond and return with my friends the last of the week," etc.

Sunday morning, Jan. 14th, 1877. "There is nothing happening in our lives worthy of special note. All have returned from their holiday and once more pursue their accustomed duties quietly and faithfully—as though the break had never been. Several dances this week have given pleasure to many, while sleighing has been indulged in freely by those with a fat pocket-book—for that sport here is an expensive luxury. The turn-outs, however, offered at enormous prices are far from attractive, as neither horses or sleighs approximate the highest order. . . . The papers this week have been filled with the Bennett-May duel, and I sup-

Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, LL.D., at forty-five
1831—

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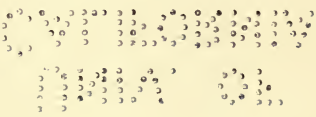


pose you even know more about it than they contain, as it took place so near home. Our students have taken considerable interest in the affair owing to May at one time having been a student here, while I have gone so far as to write up his University career for the *Gazette*—a copy of which will be sent you in the near future," etc.

Of those who completed their University course the preceding June, three had been close companions: Davis was to engage in business—mercantile and banking—with his father, and feeling the need of a few months' contact with a business college had sought Eastman's at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Wilson, in spite of holding a civil engineering degree, had entered upon teaching, with the intention of posting up along certain desirable lines, while Wright had gone abroad to perfect himself in modern languages. These young men were sound morally and mentally—delightful associates and sincere friends—with whom a correspondence continued throughout the session, indeed, much longer, until the activities of our business lives, along with newly established relations, precluded such enjoyment. To show the kindly spirit existing between us extracts may be taken from their earlier letters:

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. Nov. 17th, 1876.

My dear Old Friend:

Yours of the 12th, to hand, and although overrun with duties must hasten an acknowledgement of reciprocal friendly feeling. So much would I like to grasp your hand again; so much would I like to talk to and be with you as in days gone-by. . . . Success to you. Stick to the right and to principle in all that you do. Ask the blessing of Providence, and doing the very best you can, rest assured of success. Above all, Dear Friend, let not the cares of this world and the pressure of worldly duties keep you from securing an interest in that inheritance prepared for the Children of Christ. I write to you as to a brother, for I know you will listen to me kindly. Tell dear old Harding that my love for him is sincere and warm. Pleasant was our association, and my heart yearns toward him. Oh, that I could sit with him, as we once did, and drink in the information and sweetness with which his conversation was replete. . . . May the blessings of Heaven be upon you. Sincerely and affectionately,

CHAS. A. DAVIS, JR.

RUSSELVILLE, ALA., Jan. 8th, 1877.

My dear Culbreth:

I have to-day been looking over some old notes in my chemistry notebook, and came across your writing and name, which set me to thinking about you and wishing to see you, so I have determined to do the next best thing—write and inquire how everything is going with you? I would so much like to hear about some of our mutual friends—Davis, Harding, John Harris, etc. . . . My school pays me about one hun-

dred dollars per month with a likelihood of more next year, but its demands do not suit me, so I shall get into something nearer my direct line. . . . I expect you have frequently used the polariscope or saccharimeter; if so kindly give me some hints about its use, especially all you know in determining units of sugar and molasses. Have studied up the subject and think I understand it, but nevertheless would like to have your views, as you might have something new. Also tell me a good book giving details of sugar manufacture. . . . Would like to meet you in St. Louis next August. You might go there and after joining the Scientific Association return home free of any railroad expenses. . . .

Write soon to your true friend. M. C. WILSON.

LUNEBURG, PRUSSIA, Jan. 16th, 1877.

My dear Culbreth:

Your much welcomed and appreciated letter received a week ago, and you cannot imagine how much I enjoyed its reading, for when finished I felt as though it had been a delightfully long chat. How I long to be with you all and especially in the Chapter Room. I am so glad our Fraternity is in such a flourishing condition, and I hope it will never have to go through a year like that of 1875-76. True we brought her out with flying colors, but you know the trouble we had. . . . My German life is an improvement in some ways over that at the University, especially in rooms and board. Living here, however, is so different from that in the States, as Irish potatoes and pork seem the prevailing diet—that which at first came rather rough. But having become accustomed to this, now I relish a dish of potatoes no less than a German. As a nation I don't consider them clean or wise in many of their customs. Thus boys and girls are strictly kept apart, enjoying little in common, as walking, riding, talking, etc. When engaged it is published and then you may go with your fiancée unguarded—even kiss her before the "Old Folks." Engagements here mean marriage and they are seldom broken. I told Mrs. Lauenstein that her niece was very pretty only to make her horrified, thus one must be guarded even in paying deserved compliments. . . . Luneburg is a very old place with attractive environs, and its people, like those throughout this land, have no respect for Sunday—stores being open and business never ceasing. They consume much beer, I even indulging an occasional glass, but the working classes take considerable rum. Christmas, which I am glad to say is over, has a greater recognition than with us. It began on Christmas Eve with every household illuminating their Christmas tree—that which all have, the poor as well as the rich. And they think there are no trees outside of Germany—but how mistaken, as even ours are much prettier. Christmas Day was jolly cold —20 degrees below zero, Reaumur, how much in Fahrenheit I don't know. Snow lay on the ground, but it was too cold for sleighing. I had three invitations out, and managed to accept two. New Year's Night I attended a supper where a number of young ladies were in attendance with whom I spoke their language to my heart's content. I missed Massie's good dinner—mine being the same as every day. There were no fireworks, and although I enjoyed my German Christmas I decidedly prefer our way of observing it. I had my first experience at a German ball several nights ago. The ladies came with mamma, papa or brother, and we gentlemen with beaver in hand met them in the dancing hall. This beaver must be kept in the hand until beginning to dance—what a foolish custom. We started with a polonaise—a walk round, in which all, old and young entered; then came a waltz, at the rate of a mile a min-

ute, and after going around the room once I had to stop for a breathing spell. I was so tired and others seemed like me. There were only two square dances, the rest round. At supper I played escort to a blushing girl—not eighteen but twenty-eight, after which repast came three waltzes and the cotillon—our German. The girls cannot compare to ours, as I did not see one that I called pretty. The nobility here are distinguished by the prefix *Von,* and I have had the honor, if it may so be considered, of dancing and talking with many of that coterie. I am afraid you fellows are taking too much calico, but hope when the time comes for studying you will give the former a rest. . . . I trust the performance of your minstrel troup was good—tell me all about it in your next. I suppose Fawsett still plays funny for East Range. He is a great fellow. Give abundant love to all our companions—Harding, Davis, Campbell, Shawhan, Barringer, Shackelford, Turner, Marshall, John and Tate Harris. Hope to be able to give you a German letter next time I write. Answer soon, telling me all the news.

Your sincere friend and bro. in Tau Kappa Phi,
C. B. WRIGHT.

Home-letter, Sunday morning, February 4th. "To-day is beautiful as has been the past week, but a trifle warm for the season, and no doubt will set farmers to thinking about spring crops and work. It certainly has made studying more difficult, as we incline to enjoy the open sunlight strolls and the beauties of nature. I trust a change will soon come, when we can get back to accustomed ways and make up for lost time. Examinations are approaching and I certainly must pull myself together if I am to pass them with credit—so let the colder weather come right along," etc.

Sunday morning, February 18th. "There is nothing new with us consequently little to write about of special interest. Everything moves along smoothly and pleasantly, so we all seem happy and contented. Quite a number of the boys have already begun loafing, which they will likely continue until the end of the session. . . . Fruit buds are now so far advanced that I fear a cold snap would be serious, hence for your sake I trust the pleasant weather of the past few weeks will continue. I have no fire—there being abundant heat from the sun—and we sit much of the time with open doors and windows. . . . Williams and Cooper took a long walk this morning over the mountains—were gone four hours, keeping continuously on the move—and have just come in completely fagged out," etc.

On Sunday night, January 28th, Rev. T. D. Witherspoon delivered in the Public Hall the Y. M. C. A. sermon from the text, "But my servant, Caleb, because he had another spirit with him, and hath followed me faithfully, him will I bring into the land whereunto he went; and his seed shall possess it." As on other similar occasions our former chaplain was received with a hearty welcome, his address being highly appreciated for its words of wisdom so beautifully expressed.

The early spring-like weather stimulated many students to

indulge in out-of-door sports, especially baseball, of which during February and March there was much promiscuous practicing. In the latter month a permanent club was organized and thereafter the process of weeding and selecting the best began to take definite shape. On March 31st, we met defeat at the hands of the Charlottesville team—9 to 6—but this served well to show our weak points and to impress the necessity of their correction, as far more important games were scheduled to follow.

Owing to so many diversions and influences the Literary Societies this session seemed to suffer somewhat in popularity and attendance, but the same kind of work continued only in less degree. After the usual amount of campaigning and feverish excitement the Final Presidents were elected: Jeff., April 7th, Mr. Benj. D. Whiteley, Md. Wash., April 28th, Mr. Frank P. Farish, Va. The contestants for the medal and oratorical houors were: Jeff.—Messrs. C. A. Culberson, C. Denny, J. G. Garrison, A. G. Stuart, S. B. Woods; Wash.—Messrs. J. F. Ellison, V. M. Potter, Junius Rochester, W. W. Walker. The "Electoral Committee" of the Faculty after some deliberation made the awards as follows: Jeff.—Medalist, Mr. A. G. Stuart, Va.; Orator, Mr. C. A. Culberson, Texas; Wash.—Medalist, Mr. J. F. Ellison, Va.; Orator, Mr. Junius Rochester, Ky.

College rowing and regattas had become so popular and universal abroad and at home that our students often lamented the apparent absence with us of the two great essentials—water and money—for encouraging the sport. However, early in the year we were informed that at a meeting of the New York Alumni Society a very generous minded alumnus, Mr. Francis R. Rives, had expressed regret over our students having made no effort in this direction and a willingness to give material assistance should they ever so determine. This thought was taken up seriously by us students, and on March 20th, a committee of five—Messrs. Lamb, L'Engle, Macfarland, Stuart, Thom—addressed a letter to Mr. Rives, inquiring if he felt disposed to live up to his reported offer, stating at the same time that upon careful investigation they had found on the near-by Rivanna River sufficient water for a racing course, and that the students

were eager to aid liberally in establishing a rowing club. Four days thereafter Mr. Rives remitted a check of one thousand dollars in a letter filled with kind expressions for the proposed undertaking and the great good that might grow therefrom. A circular letter was sent shortly afterwards to all Alumni, stating the object in contemplation, what had already been accomplished, and asking for their financial co-operation. On April 17th, at a called meeting in the Jeff. Hall, a permanent organization of the "Rives Boat Club" was effected by the election of Mr. A. G. Stuart, President; Mr. George D. Fawsett, Vice-President; Mr. J. C. Lamb, Secretary; Mr. W. J. L'Engle, Treasurer. At the same time a crew of four was selected—Messrs. DeCoursey W. Thom (Captain), W. J. L'Engle, J. M. Macfarland, Charles Steele —that went into immediate training, and shortly thereafter a suitable boat-house was erected on the river's bank, a second handed scull-racer procured and a new four-oared cedar gig with sliding seats ordered. A challenge was dispatched to Washington and Lee crews, expressing the desire that the contest take place on neutral waters—James River at Lynchburg—but upon this invitation being declined the Tobacco City Club of Lynchburg, learning of our new adventure and ambition for additional honors upon an hitherto untried sea, extended a similar challenge to us—that which was accepted for June 30th.

Home-letter, Monday morning, May 7th. "I was compelled to delay my yesterday's letter until to-day as a small party of us went over to Staunton Friday afternoon and did not return until late last night. The primary incentive for the trip was a fine musical concert that night at their Town Hall, but secondarily we thought it a golden opportunity to see collectively the many proverbial pretty girls attending the several seminaries—some being sisters of our number and from whom we had learned that a general outpouring was expected at the musical. This latter was certainly a great success and at its close brothers and sisters, with the consent of chaperons, interchanged slight conversational civilities sufficient to institute a scheming for a general meeting on the morrow. In spite of the incessant down-pour of this next day we kept busy at sight-seeing and in planning to meet the girls in the evening. Both Mr. Phillips of the Virginia Female Institute (Episcopal) and Miss Mary Baldwin of the Augusta Female Seminary (Presbyterian) are very strict with their charges, allowing only brothers or some one having a letter from the young ladies' parents to make calls. One of our party was from California and fancied a surprise visit would be appreciated by a lady student from his State at Miss Baldwin's, but when he called in regular

form that morning was denied the permission of an interview. Whether his manner was awkward or suspicious I know not, but the fact remained, that the refusal grieved him much and stimulated us all the more to perpetrate the following practical joke. Knowing other University students than those with us to have sisters and sweethearts at Miss Baldwin's, whom they came over occasionally to see, we went to the office of the *Vindicator,* a newspaper there, and had cards printed with these young gentlemen's names, so that we might impersonate them in making a call. It was rather a daring procedure, and turned out to produce untold apprehension, confusion and merriment, with a result altogether unsatisfactory. I fancy so many cards staggered Miss Baldwin—although possibly she had received a cue—for she, after some deliberation, sent her maid to inform us that only certain sisters of the young gentlemen—those that were in fact sisters—would be allowed in the parlor. The reception room adjoining, with portieres partly drawn, had visitors who left early, so that the three young ladies, the home contingent of that party, came quietly and joined us, adding universal delight. Everything was moving to entire satisfaction until 10 o'ck., when suddenly we were left in complete darkness, the gas being turned off from that portion of the building. Fortunately we had abundant matches by which the ladies managed to find the stairs and we the front door. Evidently some one had lost sight of callers being in the parlor that disagreeable night and began the closing process according to usual custom. The visit was filled with incidents that can never be forgotten." . . .

Near the close of session 1871-72, immediately preceding my entrance to the University, two match games of baseball, of more than passing interest, were played between Washington and Lee and our own nines. That of May 8th, took place on the Military Institute grounds, Lexington, being won by our boys in the tenth inning, while that of six weeks later, June 20th, was played on our grounds, out towards the Cemetery, and resulted in defeat. A year later, spring of 1873, these games were held in vivid memory, and gracefully accepted to teach a wholesome lesson—that our nine must be of worthy material if to serve the good reputation of ourselves and the University. As my room then was on Dawson's Row, not far from the grounds, I remember distinctly that considerable practicing went on during all the pleasant weather of the early months, myself often participating, and that later several contests took place with minor teams. But as a matter of fact we believed ourselves at no time sufficiently trained to cope successfully with such a nine as we fancied Washington and Lee possessed, so it was regarded as puerile to think of giving or accepting challenges in that direction. Indeed, for several years right here an innocuous desuetude seemed to take hold of our athletic contingent, militating against the

doing of very much meriting comment—the only event being that of May 14th, 1875, when the Washington and Lee boys came over to be defeated by a score of 27 to 21.

Mindful of these results, and regarding themselves in the spring of 1877 possibly a whit stronger than before, the Washington and Lee nine issued another challenge to our club, including its usual contingent of supporters and rooters—the game to be played at Lexington. This being my last year at the University, and knowing well the personnel of the team, accounted for me making a bold effort to realize the hopes of years—a visit to that historic spot. I feel sure that no student ever entered the University without considerable knowledge of at least three towns bearing that name—those of Massachusetts, Kentucky and Virginia.

My first geography, as with many others, pictured and described the Natural Bridge as one of the greatest curiosities of nature in the world, giving as it did the name of the county of Virginia in which it was located—Rockbridge—whose chief town, Lexington, named after the one in Massachusetts, was the seat of the county as well as of Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute. To the preface of my physical geography was signed not only *M. F. Maury*, but also *Lexington, Virginia,* in consequence of which the names became indelibly impressed at an early age. At the approaching time to enter college every thoughtful youth in those days secured various catalogues, by whose comparison he hoped to form a preference, if that had not already been determined by some other cause or circumstance. Unfortunately the North and South still were divided widely in sentiment, and young men sought their educational training according to environment and feelings, so that the southern inclined students became more or less acquainted on paper with the workings of the Lexington institutions. Personally I had a trite family episode and youthful experience that fixed Lexington strongly in my mind. An only remaining single aunt, Frances (Fanny) Reynolds, was married Oct. 4, 1870, to Mr. William L. Clough, a gentleman then about forty, who had seen three years of active Confederate service. During those days in Delaware all wedding trips were directed northward—no one considering the South a desirable territory for a pleasurable

honeymoon—but this wise couple planned from the first to be exceptional, to do not as others—by spending three weeks in southern travel. My uncle Luther (her eldest brother) and wife came from Baltimore to attend the wedding festivities and remained thereafter a few days to visit, according to custom, other brothers, sisters and friends, and when ready to turn homeward I, much to my delight, was invited to share the vacant carriage seat—that to which my parents readily consented, thinking the absence of two weeks from school not serious, as upon my return an industrious effort would make the necessary amends.

We left my parents' farm, Robinson's Plantation, early Sunday morning, Oct. 9th,—a day bright and beautiful with roads in prime condition and horses seemingly inspired to cover quickly the forty miles separating our destination, Oxford, Maryland, near where on a fertile farm resided another uncle, Thomas G. Reynolds, with whom we were to spend the night, and where, as planned, we arrived at 3 o'ck, that afternoon. Next day about noon we boarded the steamer *Kent,* team and all, for Baltimore, reaching there shortly after dark.

The newspapers day by day gave accounts of Gen. Lee's indisposition, while those of Thursday, 13th, were in mourning lines and contained little else than that pertaining to the great Commander, whose character, deeds, motives, ambitions, disappointments, religious tendencies, manly probity and example they not only discussed and commended, but caused them to be by all the leading subjects of conversation. In fact the Civil War period and its experiences had a revivification, being made to exist as in the yesterday; buildings, large and small, throughout the city were draped profusely in black, entwining frequently in modest relief the Union and Confederate emblems—indeed making Baltimore Street appear almost its entire length a veritable palled avenue; business seemingly took a partial rest, and people went their accustomed ways not with usual energy and rush but in a spirit of sober meditation and humility. On Saturday all activity ceased, causing one to imagine the funeral taking place in our midst, and I was so impressed with passing events as to retain the papers of that week, which to this day are well preserved. None was issued then on Sunday, so a short extract from Monday's *Gazette*

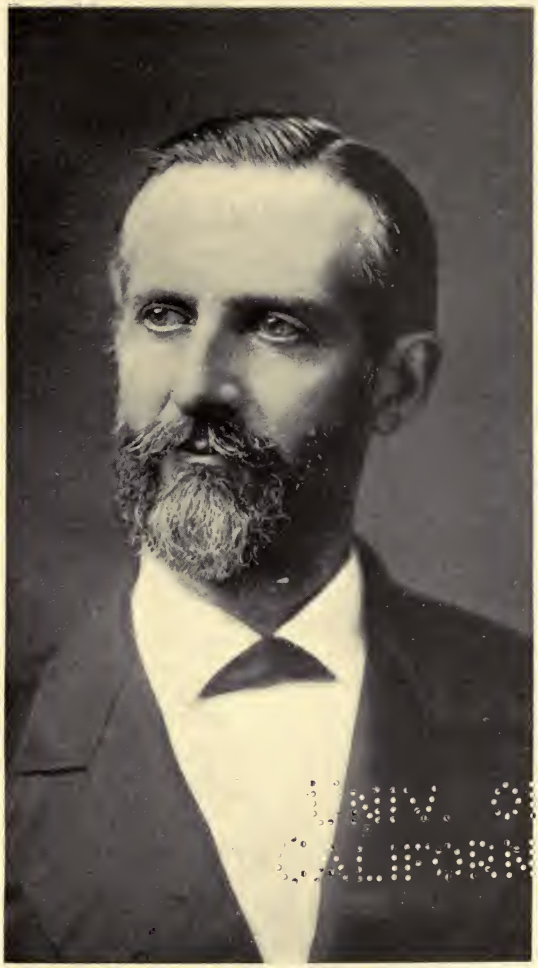
(17th.), the first following the burial at Lexington, may serve to convey the expressed sentiment of the place and time: "Never in the history of Baltimore has there been an exhibition of more earnest grief than has been inspired by the death of General Robert Edmond Lee. As soon on Saturday morning —the day of his funeral at Lexington—as the action of the two Branches of the City Council was known, the flags on the public buildings and shipping were hoisted at half-mast, and, before noon, many of the principal houses on Baltimore, Charles, Hanover and other streets were appropriately draped in mourning, evincing the sorrow and grief which the death of that noble patriot and Christian gentleman had spread throughout the length and breadth of the city. Those who shared with him the perils and privations of war walked the streets with heads bowed down and countenances saddened by the loss of one who had so often led them to victory and had spoken to them words of consolation after they had fallen. At noon the bells of the city tolled solemnly, indicating that the mortal remains of General Lee were about to be consigned to mother earth. Throughout the entire day there was a gloom over the faces of men, and strong men wept that one so great and good has been called from earth, where his noble character and exalted virtues made him the beloved of all."

Memorial meetings were held in every southern city and town, where resolutions of respect and sorrow were adopted, and appropriate eulogies pronounced by judges, jurists, generals, and others who knew and loved the illustrious dead, while to Lexington hundreds journeyed to take part in the funeral obsequies—Richmond appealing in vain for his body to rest finally in her favorite Hollywood.

Enough when it is said that each and every phase of honor paid the great man had a full corresponding space in the papers, which from careful reading inclined my mind to associate with General Lee a certain divinity and infallibility, and to his resting place, Lexington, an unusual degree of interest and respect. In entering the University two years later it was not likely that any of this sentiment had abated, but on the contrary that it had either remained constant or become strengthened. One thing certain—I had not been at the University many months before recognizing that our student-body

knew of and appreciated thoroughly the deserved popularity of Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute—considering them ideally located at Lexington, in the beautiful "Valley of Virginia," to whose fame and upbuilding they had been prominent factors. I also observed that from both of those institutions students every year came to us, if not for higher, at least for specific training, and while these were loyal to their newer seat of learning they possessed sufficient manhood to not forget or seriously disparage the older, where possibly most of them first saw the true light of an education—a sentiment that went far towards strengthening an already good reputation. I remember one or two in their comparisons inclined to make our University suffer, with what justice I was unable to determine intelligently, but there was never any contention concerning the relative merits or standing of the various institutions in the State. All contributed students to the University, and as the converse was not true we somehow intuitively accepted our institution to be the universally recognized head, as Mr. Jefferson designed, of the State's educational system, and like of old, "all roads lead to Rome," so all schools in Virginia were more or less preparatory to her University. As a fact, we had too serious troubles of our own to waste time and thought upon that subject, being convinced that every institution, large and small, high and low, played equally an important part in the great system, that there was no intentional overlapping or absorbing the province or functions of one another, that each endeavored to do effective work in preparing men for the greater walk of life, and that whether they alone, or in conjunction with the University, produced "shining lights," all were willing to claim with pride the creditable product as a common inheritance. We had the impression somehow that after West Point the Virginia Military Institute—the West Point of the South—was the best military school in this country, and that in Virginia next to the University came Washington and Lee, and here the matter rested defying and needing no controversy.

Many facts existed about Lexington and its literati of which most of us were ignorant: I do not recall a familiarity then with its somewhat classic nom de plume, "Athens of the Old



Professor John W. Mallet, LL.D., F.R.S., at forty-five
1832—

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CLEVELAND

Dominion," with its educational jewels and economic settings; or to any extent with the forceful and significant writings in prose and verse of Margaret J. Preston, the estimable wife of the distinguished Military Institute professor, John T. L. Preston, and the sister of the first Mrs. " Stonewall " Jackson, both ladies being daughters of Dr. George Junkin, President of Washington College, 1846-1861, the immediate predecessor of General Lee. Nor did we know much of Gen. Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of the Military Institute since 1840, except to consider him a great man, and to bear the same name as our beloved Professor of Natural Philosophy, the middle letter, however, of the one representing Henney, of the other Henry; nor of General R. E. Rhodes, the noted professor in the Military Institute with " Stonewall " Jackson, both sacrificing lives in the Confederate service; nor of Matthew Fontaine Maury, save through his geographies which were then reaping deserved popularity and praise; nor of General G. W. Custis Lee, a man of such distinguished parts that Mr. Davis would have placed him in command of the Army of Northern Virginia in the event of accident to its great commander—except that he was President of Washington and Lee University, the successor and son of General Robert E. Lee; nor of Rev. William S. White, for years a resident of Albemarle County, where he contributed successfully to the proper development of youths committed to his charge, ministered with self-sacrificing Christian spirit, as did the " Good Shepherd of old," to the betterment of his country mission, acted twice as chaplain to our University, presided over the Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, and then, shifting his field of labor to the Church of similar faith in Lexington, became the religious companion and adviser of " Stonewall " Jackson, preaching his funeral, performing the final solemn rights at the Lexington church and cemetery, and assisting in similar services over General Lee at the College chapel; nor of Rev. William N. Pendleton, the founder of the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, since 1853 rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Lexington—where General Lee held membership and worshiped—during the Civil War a Confederate Brigadier-General, and with three exceptions in every battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia from first Manassas to Appomattox, where

with Generals John B. Gordon and James Longstreet he was appointed to negotiate the terms of surrender, after which he returned to his Lexington Church, became the social and spiritual companion of General Lee throughout his later years, reading at his funeral the Episcopal service—the only sermon of the occasion—and two years later officiated at the final ceremony of Commodore Maury; nor of Professors Nelson, Joynes, Kirkpatrick, Humphries, White, Johnston and Tucker, save to accept them as standing high at and from home—faithful teachers of Washington and Lee. Even though some of these and other detailed facts came to many of us late in our University career, or not until that had closed, yet none while there, and that from the very beginning, failed to realize a few manifestations of the "fortune of fate" against our University. Of this from our selfish standpoint two notable examples created in our disingenuous youthful minds a certain degree of covetousness, pardonable if not laudable, against the Lexington institutions—the one for her Lee, the other for her Jackson. Indeed, I do not believe there were many of us who failed to appreciate as unfortunate the Board of Visitors letting escape when presented the proffered opportunities of connecting those great men with our University—certainly as "a tide in the affairs of men, omitted." Jackson made no secret of his ambition when he affirmed: "I desire to be transferred to my State University, as I regard it the duty of every man to seek the highest cultivation of his powers, and the widest sphere of activity within his reach."

The untimely death of our gifted professor of mathematics, Edward H. Courtenay, at the University, December 21, 1853, opened, as Jackson thought, a possible vista to his cherished promotion. Professor Alexander L. Nelson, for the past fifty years chief of the mathematical department at Washington and Lee University, then one of our promising Alumni, was selected to take charge temporarily of Professor Courtenay's course for the remainder of the session, June 1854, when the Board of Visitors would elect a permanent successor. The applicants were numerous, and among them Jackson, then thirty years of age, whose application was accompanied with many letters from persons of distinction testifying to his competent scholarship, energy, devotion to duty, courage, etc.

Upon entering the Faculty of the Military Institute, July, 1851, Jackson declared to a friend: "I know war is my true vocation, and my constant desire in life will ever be the career of the soldier, and I am only accepting this scholastic occupation during peace in order to enjoy a continued practical acquaintance with the art of the artillerist." When it became known that he wished to be associated permanently with the University, this same friend said to him: "Have you not departed here from what you told me, upon coming to this Military School, was the purpose of your life?" Whereupon this reply came: "I avow that my views have changed; while I still believe I am adapted specially to the soldier's life, yet my convictions concerning war as a pathway to distinction have greatly been modified, and I would now by no means accept a commission in any war the Government might wage, irrespective of its morality. If my country was assailed in such a way as to justify an appeal to defensive war in God's sight, I should desire to return to military life; but unless this happens I will continue a simple citizen." Jackson's hopes for the University professorship were not realized—the appointment falling to Albert Taylor Bledsoe, professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi—but he repined not the least the failure, rather sanctified the slight disappointment to the better training of a liberal and manly character. Professor Bledsoe only taught seven years at the University, and although the possessor of a powerful intellect, abstract and concrete knowledge, mathematical and otherwise, his mind was more philosophical than practical, so that the latter side of instruction did not appeal to him strongly—that which was just the opposite with Jackson. Mindful of how events have shaped themselves there is little doubt but that Jackson would have given the University an inheritance of greater value—an asset of permanent endurance and perpetual good.

CHAPTER XVIII

Incidents and Commencement of Session 1876-77

General Lee's possible identification and association with the University; deaths of Commodore Maury and Mrs. Lee. Off for Lexington, via Goshen; pleasant midnight reception, and sight-seeing of the next two days. Gen. Hunter's destructive visit in 1864; Baseball game and banquet. Commencement, June, 1877. Address by Maj. John W. Daniel. Final Day and Ball. First regatta at Lynchburg, crowned with accident and defeat, etc.

Although General Lee and his eldest son were graduates of West Point, his second was educated at Harvard, and his third—youngest and namesake, Robert E.—was sent to our University, where he spent two sessions, 1860-61, 1861-62, and from where he entered the Confederate service, a very young man, in the spring of 1862. These facts made the University, with her traditions, influence and faculty, thoroughly known and respected in the Lee family, and by none more so than the General himself.

In the spring and summer of 1865 the University, perforce, went through a process of reorganization and reassembling of its teaching staff preparatory to reopening on the first of October. Only the older members of the faculty had remained at their accustomed posts during the belligerent years, most of them serving the Confederacy at home or abroad in one or another capacity. But now after the restoration of peace it was quite natural that all would incline to return in order to put forth their strongest energies in re-establishing the famous institution along lines that might, perchance, even increase its former greatness and usefulness. It was a crucial period with General Lee, as with thousands of willing hearts and hands who anxiously stood ready to contribute, so far as possible, thought, word and act towards his welfare—him whom they loved, honored, yes, worshiped. To him during these several months a number of more or less tempting opportunities presented themselves, but as it was not the dollar and cent co-efficient—material remuneration—that played the strongest

part, it was difficult to make a final decision from his viewpoint—moral sense of obligation to his fallen country. This final selection had to be solved correctly according to his own question—What may I do that will bring the greatest immediate and remote good to my humbled people? Not a few thought this high conception of duty might best be realized by a connection with the University in some capacity—that from existing conditions seeming impossible, at least perplexing. The University, according to Mr. Jefferson's wish, had never been governed by an executive head or active president, and possessed unfilled no department in which General Lee had shown his greatest strength or would probably grow into liking. It was said that even the faculty disapproved an inflection of Mr. Jefferson's original plan of government—Professor Schele being the most pronounced and outspoken. General Lee, if consulted at all upon the subject, no doubt expressed himself as believing that his connection with the State University might have in the eyes of some an eleemosynary savor, and that others for his personality might incline to withhold substantial aid from anything receiving the fostering care of the State. We students knew most of these facts in the abstract, and, although possibly in error, felt absolutely confident that had General Lee been approached by the right power, in the right way, at the right time, he would not have hesitated a moment in waving such conceived vagaries and in taking up the presidency of the University—a great work found necessary for some one to assume forty years later. He was a man thoroughly open to convincing and telling argument, with a vision of light that readily dispelled all mellow shades of darkness; he only desired to be certain where duty lay, and any half-way persuasive counsel might have gone far towards shaping his interpretation of that duty to be at the University. The postponement of a President was simply an unwise delay —"hope deferred (that) maketh the heart sick"—the result of inefficient forethought and intuition on the part of those then in power. Oh, that they could have possessed a mystic inspiration, a prophetic dream, of the future and its revelations! Later came the accepted offer from Washington College, the most wise step in its history, as at once it took on new life and position, soon became recognized highly through-

out the country, and to-day furnishes the chief asset—more than all others combined—upon which it continues to feed and thrive. Had his life been spared another decade, even duly acknowledging the subsequent wise and aggressive administration of that institution, one can scarce predict accurately the progressive steps of its onward march; or instead, had his life's crowning work been ordered amid our University community, and there been bequeathed the perpetual touchstone of his living personality, what even greater strides she might have taken towards imperishable fame and renown! Every student took one or more newspapers, daily or otherwise, while those of Virginia, especially Richmond, were to be found in many rooms and always in the library. Those of early February, 1873, announced the death, after several months of severe illness, of Commodore Maury, professor of physics and meteorology in the Military Institute, Lexington—a position he had occupied with signal ability for four years, becoming a most popular teacher and esteemed citizen, and whose death was deplored throughout the scientific world. His body was placed in the Gilham vault of the cemetery on the hill, opposite the grave of " Stonewall " Jackson, where, according to his request, it reposed until spring and then was taken by way of his beloved Goshen Pass—famed in prose by his own writings and in verse by those of the gifted Margaret J. Preston, and decorated for the occasion not alone by nature but additionally by the willing effort of loving hands—to Goshen, and thence by the Chesapeake and Ohio train to Richmond, to find a last resting place in consecrated Hollywood, among legions of other distinguished dead. In early November of the same year Mrs. Mary Randolph Custis Lee, widow of General Robert E. Lee, also died at Lexington, causing the press to pay lengthy and deserving tributes to the memory of her noble character and life, at the same time recounting much matter incident to her distinguished husband and other members of her illustrious family.

Thus it seemed in those days a student at the University was meeting continually something that called his attention to the small, quiet and cultured valley town fifty miles away, such as intensified a desire for a visit—that which would be accepted at the first favorable opportunity. While a several

days' absence from lectures always implied much, it was far more serious in the latter part of May, when cramming for examinations was in order. But in the lives of every one there are times for chance-taking, and as these already had occasionally come my way, I felt again ready for such a demand—thus willing to make the trip with the baseball team. I indulged in many delightful anticipations during the few preceding days and in most respects there was no disappointment. My leave of absence bears the names, in their individual writing, of Jas. F. Harrison, Chai., J. W. Mallet, F. P. Dunnington, J. S. Davis, and was secured hurriedly the morning of departure. Our journeying party consisted of about thirty-five, but fully an equal number formed an escort and assembled at the depot to encourage, show interest and wish us Godspeed in the coming contest. Indeed not a few became enthusiastically demonstrative, expressing sincere regrets at not having arranged to go along.

Our train, amid many noisy exclamations from ourselves and those left behind, pulled out of Charlottesville shortly after 2 o'ck, P. M., the day being balmy and ideal for the full enjoyment of such a trip. Most of us had been grinding faithfully over studies for the past months without any "surcease of sorrow," and now felt keenly a delight over the forthcoming needed pleasures. A number of us being on an unfrequented route desired to make the most of it and occupied the rear platform of the last car, where could best be viewed the landscape becoming more and more picturesque as we sped to higher altitudes. The scenes continued to vary as the many view-points changed from the incessant curving of the road, each more impressive until the climax was reached near the mountain top (Afton), when was unveiled below a panorama of outstretched valley lands intuitively unsurpassed by anything in the world. Plots of stately trees, green cereals and grass, intermingled with the many fields that had recently been fallowed for spring crops, all so diminutive from the elevation, lay spread out as far as eyes could range in beautiful contrast, yet grateful harmony. It was the famous and fertile Piedmont Valley, revealing itself fifteen hundred feet below like one vast garden covering many miles, dotted with peaceful homes, fruitful orchards and vineyards—those giving to the

world the celebrated Albemarle pippin apple and the delicious Monticello brands of wine. To our immediate left towered the mighty cliffs around whose tapering sides we had made gradually a struggling ascent, while on the right high ranges seemingly extended into infinite distance. Onward we pushed to be shut in by huge boulders and a cloudless sky, to be appalled by a long damp dark weird tunnel, and delighted by an escape into the stately mountain peaks dissolving themselves into the far-famed Shenandoah Valley. In quick succession followed the newly established junction (Basic City) with the then Shenandoah Valley Road, the yellowish south-fork of the Shenandoah River skirting the western slope of the Blue Ridge, the prosperous village of Waynesboro, where on March 2, 1865, Gen. Sheridan's victory gave the Federal Army thereafter sole control of that entire territory, and finally the hilly town of Staunton, noted so favorably among us students as the center of southern female education. An hour later, 6 o'ck, brought us to Goshen, a small station partly bordered by woods, consisting of several dozen modest frame houses occupied by its entire population of one or two hundred. This was the nearest railroad point to the Rockbridge Alum and Jorden Alum Springs (ten miles), and to Lexington (twenty-one miles)—all three having to be reached by private conveyance or public stage. The hotel was rather an indifferent whitewashed building in close proximity to the north side of the track, but here we enjoyed a good substantial supper, taking thereafter stages for our destination that lay in a southward direction through a rugged mountainous country over a rough and tortuous road. As our journey, " like a wounded snake drew its slow length along," in the glimmer of that beautifully clear and starlight night distinctive outlines could be seen of the many towering cliffs and stately boulders. All nature seemed silent and at rest, save our little caravan and an occasional beast of burden or bird of prey, whose mingled shrill and mellow notes apparently bid us here and there a friendly welcome. As for ourselves, we were a noisy and mirthful band overflowing with pleasures present and those considered in sight. Viewing picturesque scenery—that of the Goshen Pass excelling all other—singing college songs and sacred hymns, telling jokes and stories, running and walking, all

served in turn to pass acceptably the earlier hours, but as it grew late even such a diversified program almost ceased to amuse, so that none of us regretted when our drivers shortly after midnight pulled up at the brick hotel on the south side of Main Street, Lexington. The Washington and Lee boys were out in force, and also a few from the Military Institute, to extend the late but hearty greeting, while our souls were thoroughly responsive to the genuine cordiality of the occasion. A rest lasting far into the morning completely invigorated the body and mind, so that the day broke in only to find us ready and eager to accept every avenue of profitable enjoyment according to individual taste and preference—walking, driving, riding horseback, visiting friends and ladies, inspecting graves, churches and things educational. In the very shadow of the hotel, slightly to the north and east, were the grounds, chapel and various buildings of Washington and Lee, while in a continued line eastward along the same ridge and road, separated simply by a skeleton fence and gate, stood those of the Military Institute—none having been seen by most of us until the dawning of that Sabbath morning, and possessing for each an endless interest susceptible of being satisfied only by personal inspection. Nor were the graves of Lee and Jackson remote—the former in the rear of the chapel on the University campus, shortly within the enclosure and to the right of the road; the latter in the cemetery on the brow of the hill at the western outskirts, to the left of Main Street as you leave the town.

Then again the several churches were presided over by clergymen of more than local distinction, the Episcopal and Presbyterian being noted especially—the one for the association of General Lee, the other for the many years of personal membership and attendance of General Jackson. On this morning the bells rang out their clear resonant sounds, appealing alike to all humanity, strange and familiar, and I was not long in deciding that the sacred line would be most resourceful to me. As a result several of us went first to the Presbyterian Church, a red brick building of creditable age and size on the east side of Main Street slightly west of the hotel, where entering the east door and accepting the last seat—not intending to remain through the entire service—we heard the

greater portion of a scriptural sermon by Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick. After leaving here we visited the Episcopal Church and the University Chapel in time to witness the dispersing of those in attendance, so that in comparing notes at the dinner table we all were gratified in having accomplished so much to our liking—heard many good words of advice, saw strange students, cadets and pretty girls galore, and also at close range most of the important and noted personages of Lexington, including General G. W. Custis Lee, his two sisters, Mary and Mildred, General Francis H. Smith, Margaret J. Preston, J. Randolph Tucker and other professors, with their families of the two institutions. In the afternoon some of us walked out to the cemetery, where rest many who had contributed their energies to the upbuilding of that educational center and town, finding it an inviting, well-cared-for enclosure of several acres with a few gravelly and grassy walks, much shrubbery and a number of smaller trees. Only a few lots had railing or coping, but all a goodly covering of grass with one or more graves marked with suitable slabs. The " Stonewall " Jackson grave in the Jackson lot, of course, claimed most interest and at that time seemed in hopeless neglect, barring the well-worn path thereto which gave evidence of the extreme respect and homage paid by untold journeying pilgrims. This lot, as I remember it, was in the southeastern section of the cemetery, not large but enclosed by an iron fence having several broken stiles and a gate bearing the name Jackson. Within were several graves—his own, nearest the east fence line and the town, was unmarked, except by a green mound bearing some faded flowers, while those at his side, first wife and small child, had plain marble slabs much discolored by the ravages of time. After an hour we retraced our steps down Main Street through the town, and on our left first entered by an unpretentious wooden gate the University campus, following a road—the common artery of the two institutions—which with slight ascent bore to the right, thence eastward in a straight line through a second gate into the Military Institute grounds. To the left of this road and parallel with it, but at some elevation and distance, stood in a straight row the University buildings, General Lee's residence and those of several professors; to the right in close proximity was the Chapel,

Professor George Frederick Holmes, LL.D., at fifty-five
1820–1897

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library and General Lee's tomb, and nearly parallel with it, but further onward within the Military Institute grounds, a row of cottages occupied by its professors.

Although the day was a holiday, on which ordinarily the buildings would be closed, the janitors in consideration of our visit stood ready to direct and admit us to all that could possibly be of interest. Here, of course, the Chapel and General Lee's tomb claimed first attention—the former being of good proportions and design, possessing to an unusual degree an air of brightness and comfort. The galleries on either side were low, supported by round columns and terminated with curved ends near the rather high and deep platform spanning the entire southern end of the room. This platform was furnished with a red carpet, a lecturing stand in front, a sofa and several chairs back near the wall, and above on the wall hung portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall and other great men. Under the Chapel was a basement of which the south room was used by General Lee as an office that obtained light from southern and western windows, being entered by a door on the east. The room was of good size, low ceiling, white walls and furnished with several heavy antique pieces—desk, center-table, small bookcase, sofa and chairs upholstered with green leather—and the contents were claimed to have remained untouched since General Lee's death, everything being just as he left it the day of his final sickness. The southern or rear wall of the Chapel building being down a hill was some feet higher than the front, and as General Lee's room and the library occupied the lower floor it was found possible to construct in the library area, in contact with this southern wall, a vault whose top when covered with the white marble lettered slab was level with the library floor. Here a few feet from his working office reposed his remains, also those of his wife and daughter (Agnes), which long since have been transferred to the other side of the wall where has been erected a beautiful mausoleum, the corner stone being laid November 29, 1878, whose lower story is a crypt of twenty-eight burial chambers—intended to be solely the Lee family vault—and whose upper story is continuous with chapel room —being connected therewith from its platform by a graceful arched entrance, first into the smaller ante-room, thence into

the larger monumental chamber where rests the sarcophagus surmounted by a beautiful white marble recumbent statue of General Lee, head eastward, chiseled by Valentine, Virginia's noted sculptor.

This statue was conveyed from Richmond to Lexington, April, 1875, creating at the time no little favorable comment and respectful attention from our student-body, and on this occasion of our visit received from each of us close inspection in its temporary well-guarded room. I distinctly recall extending a finger within short range of the right arm of the statue with the remark—in this arm old Traveler broke a bone during the summer of 1862, seriously handicapping the General at Antietam—whereupon the attendants quickly seized my arm, imploring to keep hands off as the oil in the body might discolor.

On the upper (north) side of the sloping lawn, just opposite the Chapel and at a higher elevation, stood the main University building, about two hundred and fifty feet long, of brick construction, and of irregular height and depth. The three-story central portion, with cupola and tall round columns, projected a few feet in the foreground beyond the adjoining sides with square columns, and these three portions were connected by smaller and lower links. While the lines were decidedly broken, yet the *tout ensemble* was far from bad—indeed rather attractive. It was this building that General Hunter, during his encampment in Lexington, June 12-15, 1864, ordered to be burnt along with the Military Institute and Governor Letcher's residence, but fortunately was rescued (the others meeting the designed sadder fate) through the merciful intervention of subordinate officers, who seemingly possessed a greater respect for education and the memory of Washington. They were helpless, however, in preventing the destruction of its apparatus, books and other useful interior furnishings, as well as much valuable property that contributed to the material worth of the community. On this visit we found lecture rooms, apparatus, laboratories, museum, and hall of literary societies all thoroughly equipped as though forgetful of the direful past.

From here we leisurely walked eastward by several residences, including General Lee's, and intersected at an angle the

roadway running south, entering the adjoining Military Institute campus through a gate, indicating the dividing line between the contiguous properties. The imposing main granite building, beautifully elevated as a tower of strength to the overlooking southward valley, four or five stories, and several hundred feet square with fortress-like turrets unfurling flags straight to the breeze, a cannon here and there, and manly uniformed cadets at every turn, made our approach on that Sabbath afternoon ever grateful and lasting in memory. It was in this building that " Stonewall " Jackson had taught for ten years and from whose halls hundreds had gone forth well equipped to bear with distinction the trials of bloody warfare. Indeed, it was her battalion of youthful cadets on that memorable May 15, 1864, that went far towards making New Market a signal victory, and for several months thereafter continued to be an element of usefulness. But the further service of this building was doomed to be of short duration, as General David Hunter, the immediate successor of General Franz Sigel—the Federal commander at New Market—was not unmindful of that defeat and the part played thereto by the gallant young men of her training, and determined if opportunity presented her career should cease. He had been directed to advance from Staunton to Lynchburg by way of Charlottesville, through Rockfish Gap, but fancying this strongly guarded diverted his order by accepting the course up the Valley, via Lexington, Buchanan and Peaks of Otter, applying the firebrand at every turn and leaving merciless desolation in his wake. At Lexington he halted several days, quartering his men in and around the handsome Military Institute building, and upon evacuation paid the miscreant's gratitude for a tenure of hospitality by firing it in numerous places only to leave as pathetic sentinels the tottering walls. Thus perished that around which clustered in the hearts of so many an inseparable sentiment—a choice library of ten thousand volumes, the teaching rooms and philosophical apparatus of " Stonewall " Jackson, museum, chemicals and all that contributed to a properly assembled teaching equipment. Surely vengeance was his—Shylock-like he demanded his pound of fair flesh and received it together with its veritable life's blood. But Phœnix-like, it arose from its ashes, as on this

memorable visit there was nothing to remind one of that sad epoch—for through the munificence of Virginia everything had been restored to its pristine glory, barring possibly slight improved changes in the interior spacing. Indeed, the lecture and living rooms, laboratories, engineering and drawing departments all showed age, use and abuse.

Monday morning was taken up largely in retracing some steps of the yesterday, visiting spots of minor importance and walking to points of vantage to view the surrounding country, so beautiful and picturesque. Some of the players went to the ball-grounds for preliminary practice; many of us talked and speculated on results, while a few supported their favorite nine with small monetary consideration—betting without odds, thus indicating supposed equal strength. Our colors—(cardinal) red and (silver) gray, could be seen here and there upon the fair as well as sterner sex, but naturally the blue predominated. The game was called shortly after 3 o'ck, and continued for three hours with unabated interest—often wild excitement. The attendance was considered large and representative, the nines well-matched, and the result in positive doubt until the last man was out—when the small contingent of red and gray gave a deep sigh of relief over victory being theirs, with a score of 19 to 17. The Military Institute following proved most loyal friends, doing much to encourage and make us realize that we were not altogether strangers in a strange land, while the Washington and Lee boys that night took us again into good fellowship with a finely prepared supper, at which toasts, songs, jokes and unbounded merriment prevailed. Late hours found us seeking and leaving bed that morning, Tuesday, and the afternoon hour for leaving, 2 o'ck, dawned upon us sooner than could acceptably be realized.

The return trip homeward was largely a repetition of the going, except daylight and nightfall were happily interchanged upon the extremes of the route—thus affording full view of the rolling valley lands, running streams, Goshen Pass and other rugged mountainous scenery as we slowly journeyed along the uneven and tortuous pike. Every soul seemed self-satisfied and joyously contributed his share of fun-making to the pleasant passing of the hours. Goshen was reached about

dusk, where, after taking supper, we boarded our train for Charlottesville, arriving there at midnight. The end had come and with it no sorrow; victory had been won and the University's good reputation sustained. Practically two days of student-life had been sacrificed, but we were more intelligent beings, as a veritable equivalent of knowledge in another direction had been gained—that which at the time was helpful and diverting, and has continued to shed occasionally pleasant recollections along the many intervening years.

Home-letter, Sunday night, June 7th. "Providence certainly has been very kind to me while here in ordering my social ties—those that have been most delightful and sincere. As large and small communities usually divide according to religious belief, so in Charlottesville this is not only true but very noticeable, giving a kind of class distinction which I understand is in conformity with other portions of the State. The Episcopalians seem most prominent and select, although the Presbyterians are a very worthy second, while the Baptists—most numerous—Methodists and Catholics take position as named. Through some fortuitous power I affiliate to the extent of my limited time, with all alike, visiting homes irrespective of faith, and making it a point never to discuss seriously religion or politics. I must specify several families whose confidence and hospitality I frequently enjoy. Of the Episcopal I may begin with Mr. Antrim's, whose daughter, Miss Emma, possesses a strong cultivated mind, coupled with striking animation and sparkling wit. Their residence, in the rear of the Episcopal Church, is commodious, attractively furnished, and occupies a large plot of ground filled with shrubbery, flowers and trees, so that one feels amid country although in the heart of the town. Another home of equal charm—The Farm—is that of Mr. Farish's, on the eastern outskirts, whose grounds of several acres are covered with stately oaks, ornamental walks, rustic seats, trellises, etc. Although his older daughters, Anna and Julia, are ladies of much dignity and intelligence, it is the younger, Miss Emma, that has most attraction—she being of bright mind, vivacious manners and strong womanly personality—characteristics that surround her with not a few appreciative gentlemen friends. Mrs. Farish was a Miss Stockton, of New Jersey, and now beautifully maintains the dignity and grace for which many members of that family have been noted. Of the Presbyterians I am most intimate at Colonel Duke's, whose home—Sunnyside—is located quite a mile northeast of the University. Here myself and clubmates always find a happy greeting, since the two sons, Tom and Willie, are active members, while the only daughter, Miss Mamie, is ever loyal in the defence and admiration of her brothers' affiliation and friends. Of the Baptists I have found the home of Mr. John T. Randolph's—Verdant Lawn—a most delightful spot to visit. This is three miles from the University, just at the western base of Carter's Mountain, which lifts its green serpentine crest to a lofty altitude reflecting throughout the valley below in striking contrast the shadows of frequent passing clouds. The daughter, Miss Julia, is very refined and attractive, with good musical talent and lovely disposition—the possessor of many friends." . . .

Home-letter, Sunday afternoon, June 17th. "I finished my last examination on Friday, so I am resting upon laurels won or lost—time alone

will reveal which. Two carriage loads of us club-mates drove out to Rev. John T. Randolph's yesterday afternoon, where we spent delightfully a couple of hours. I am invited to spend several days there this week, previous to Commencement which begins next Sunday. The Regatta comes off at Lynchburg on the 30th, and of course I propose to take it in, but will return here the following day to remain until Wednesday, when I will leave for home, stopping over in Baltimore until Friday. I regret for some reasons that this is my last year here, but I feel equipped, after a little rounding, to take my place in the field of laborers, and now being twenty-one I recognize it a duty to launch out in order to produce rather than consume. If one is unable to bring success after having enjoyed my advantages then I will be surprised beyond measure. We must talk over and reason concerning my future possibilities as soon as I reach home—let us have a conclusion, the sooner the better. . . . I could have made more out of my years here by grinding continually over books and lectures, but I am perfectly satisfied with results. I have preserved a happy medium—neither bored myself or others, attended to my own business and let others alone, had much pleasure and learned a very great deal. Education is not altogether centered in books and what wise men say, for it is my belief that such matter is only of value to the extent it becomes assimilated and creative of mind development, fertility and originality. With or without knowledge the personal equation counts for much, so that mother-wit and inheritance may shine brightest, if it shines at all. I feel ready for the fight—it is only health I ask."

Commencement this year began Sunday, June 24th, when at night Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus delivered the annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A., in the Public Hall, which was packed with an intelligent and cultivated audience. This gentleman on several previous occasions during my University career had delighted the students with his forceful reasoning and thought, and this time proved no exception.

Monday night—Wash. Celebration. After prayer by Rev. Robert J. McBryde, the President, Mr. Frank P. Farish, Va., in a neat speech introduced the Orator, Mr. Eugene Williams, Ala., who emphasized the fact that the orator selected by the Committee of the Faculty had resigned several days before, and that he under solicitations but disadvantages had consented to take his place. He soon announced his theme, " England's Conquered Neighbor, Poor Downtrodden Ireland," laid special stress upon the lack of interest we feel towards Ireland, gave a vivid account of her conquest and the harsh laws by which she is governed, eulogized her orators, statesmen, poets, warriors and patriots, and predicted the coming of her disinthralment at no distant day. While this oration was brief it was well-written, well-delivered and frequently elicited ripples of

applause. After this the President conferred the debater's medal upon Mr. J. F. Ellison, Va., who received and acknowledged the same in a short but highly creditable speech.

Tuesday night—Jeff. Celebration. In spite of the rain the Public Hall was crowded, and after prayer by Rev. Robert J. McBryde, the acting President, Mr. J. Allen Southall, in the absence of the regularly elected President, Mr. Ben. D. Whiteley, introduced the Orator, Mr. C. A. Culberson, Texas, who at once announced his subject as, "The French Revolution." He eloquently insisted that the excesses of the Revolution were merely incidental and that the hearts of the French people longed for freedom—that for which they were willing to die; he sketched the Revolution giving an analysis of the principles which guided the revolters, recognized their denial of the truth of revolution and the rock on which they split, admitted the errors and crimes of their many leaders, but held up Lafayette as a better product of revolutionary principles, comparing him, to the unbounded applause of the audience, to our own beloved—General Robert E. Lee. After this the President conferred the debater's medal upon Mr. A. G. Stuart, Va., who, in the presence of his honored father—A. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior under President Filmore—made an exceedingly felicitous response in which he pledged himself not to regard the prize as the goal but as the starting point of his aspirations.

Wednesday night—Joint Celebration. The address before the two societies this year was delivered by one of Virginia's most gifted sons, Maj. John W. Daniel, then spoken of generally as the next governor of the State. He began his address with a beautiful allusion to the circumstances which surrounded him and the hallowed memories which clustered around the place where he stood, and then graphically introduced his theme, "Conquered Nations." In substance he affirmed: While in one sense there is no conqueror but God, and the hand of God could be traced in all history, yet he proposed to show that the fate of the South had been but the fate of the whole human family, and that solace and hope may be gathered from well-nigh every page of the world's history. That America is the spoil of conquest and the refuge of the conquered and oppressed, and that the settlers of New Eng-

land, Pennsylvania, Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia were all conquered peoples fleeing from oppression. He then inquired into the origin of the conquering English, and showed how they, too, had been conquered, and how the rule of the Norman conqueror had been "woe to the vanquished." Then followed a vivid picture of the doings of "Norman carpet-baggers," and the sportive cruelties and cruel sports of the conquerors, showing at the same time how this state of things developed the "English Kuklux," whose existence is verified by better testimony than that of a partisan congressional committee. He portrayed the benefits which the Normans brought to the English, and how Norman and Saxon blood gradually blended together until "conquered England came to the front as conqueror." Magna Charta was wrested from the barons, great ideas of constitutional freedom were generated, and the conqueror's yoke became at last the triumphal arch of freedom. He showed all nations to be conquered nations, illustrating his position by reference to Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Carthage, Rome, Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Asia Minor, Turkey and Prussia. He drew illustrations from history to show how frequently the little nations are the conquerors, and argued that "the survival of the fittest" is the true philosophy of conquest. He deduced a number of "truths of conquest," illustrating and enforcing them by bright historical examples, showing the results of conquests. He alluded to the results of our own late war, and the effort to enthral the Southern mind by partisan conquerors, showing that while the intelligent master was stricken down, the rude, untaught slave was elevated to the highest places of government. He argued that physical geography, to a great extent, conquered the South, the configuration of the continent to a large extent preserving the unity of the American race. Then he related the great disadvantages under which the South went into the war, and declared that the wrath of the tremendous revolution left no condition of her people at its close which the beginning found. Between North and South the war eliminated, annihilated its cause. What was that cause? Slavery was the material bone of contention; secession was the formula fiction of law adopted in pleading for its defence. The war ended, but slavery has departed for evermore, and by the arbitrament of battle seces-

sion was buried with it in a common grave, and there is nothing more to divide us. He further ably argued the duty of the South in the present crisis, and declared that the South is rising up, and emphasized the sentiment—let the gallant South and generous North rejoice alike that the South is looking up. " Standing side by side by the bier of the honored dead, let the North and South alike raise their eyes to the mild and gentle majesty of true faith; with one voice let them speak faith and friendship between North and South for evermore—there is no conqueror but God." At the conclusion of this brilliant address, Professor Thomas R. Price conferred in a happy manner the *Magazine* medal upon Mr. William P. Kent, Va., who made an appropriate speech in acknowledgment of the honor.

Thursday morning—Commencement or Final Day. At 10 o'ck, the entire University contingent and numerous strangers assembled in the Public Hall for the usual conferring of diplomas and certificates of proficiency, which lasted about two hours. At night followed the great event to those fond of the terpsichorean art—Final Ball—which, owing to the near completion of the museum building, was held there amid many of the specimens that rested here and there in temporary position.

Every student this session had great expectation of our boating crew, for we had followed in a measure the gallant four in their daily training—that prescribed in the gymnasium, on the path and at the oar—and felt convinced if honest effort and well-seasoned muscle meant anything it was soon to have a creditable manifestation. It was our first attempt at gaining laurels on the high-sea, and thus knowing our honor bearers we believed they would bring new distinction to the University. While, as usual, many of our number returned to their homes several weeks before Commencement, yet the great majority of those remaining were interested sufficiently in the cause and crew to accompany the latter to Lynchburg, the scene of contest. Although an excursion train was scheduled to leave Charlottesville on Saturday morning, June 30th, and return the same day after the race, many of us preferred to make the downward trip Friday afternoon on the regular southern train from Washington, especially as the railroad management

had side-tracked a couple of cars for such a contingency. Our party was rather numerous, consisting not only of students but their lady friends chaperoned by matronly ladies, all grouping themselves in the cars according to most congenial companionship, fully alive to the fact that it was a lark in support of our University colors, and that we were to enjoy several days together at hotels or the homes of mutual friends. Senator and Mrs. Daniel who had been with us several days, he having delivered the Joint Address, returned home in our car, and others were along with sober and settled tastes, but all seemed in the spirit of youth—possibly through propinquity or the imbibition of sparkling vivacity—and repressed not in the slightest the gush of enjoyment. The day was beautiful—clear and hot—as were those that immediately followed, so in spite of the pleasures of the hour we all were right glad to reach, shortly after 4 o'ck, our destination when a refreshing bath and a change of linen could be indulged. Most of us stopped at the Norvell House where our University contingent of boys and girls spent delightfully the two days as one happy family. The first night and next morning passed too quickly in visiting, seeing that hilly town's various points of interest and making arrangements to attend the race in the afternoon. A canal boat took us up the river about 2 o'ck, to the grand stand erected on the southern bank near the beginning of the race course, where we accepted positions of advantage as best we could. To most of us the view was perfect, the start satisfactory, and as the crews passed us on the upward lap they seemed evenly matched, pulling with a firm, steady and deliberate stroke—evidently reserving all spurting for the homeward stretch. Every one seemed wild with excitement, containing themselves with great difficulty, little conscious of anything save the pending contest and result. The stake was reached when all eyes watched intently the turning in the distance—some to say beautifully done, others, a foul—and soon the prows seemingly advanced side by side, saying apparently, "all is well," but in reality a far different story, for in turning the power exerted by our men was so great as to cause one of the sliding seats to slip its bearings, thereby deadening its occupant the rest of the course. But onward they came with this complete breakdown, the remaining three struggling as

Professor John Staige Davis, A.M., M.D., at fifty-two
1824–1885

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best they could, frightfully unbalanced—two on one side pulling against one on the other thereby taxing the coxswain and adding excessive resistance—until near the finish, when, relinquishing all hope and effort, they allowed themselves to come limping along far behind their competitors much to our audible expressions of mortification and sorrow. For a brief time we were ignorant of the cause of defeat, believing it a case of pure exhaustion on the part of our crew and of superior strength in the winners, but when the truth became known a sentiment of disgust prevailed, as virtually it was no contest at all—only a sham combat between the able and disabled, the afflicted and well. And yet no one censured our contestants for claiming victory, nor would we have permitted them to have done otherwise, but what we wanted and expected was an honest exhibition of training, skill and strength—that which failed to be realized. "What is one man's meat is another's poison," so the cause that grieved us delighted the town-people, consequently we had to accept the situation with becoming grace and magnanimity. We decorated ourselves with large and small badges of black mourning, assumed a more modest and quiet attitude, and entered into the gayeties offered as though we were the victors. Everything was done by the citizens of Lynchburg to make our visit pleasant while our crew by defeat made it all the more memorable. Sunday morning found us more reconciled to the inevitable and with a disposition to turn homeward—that which we did shortly before noon, leaving behind ineffaceable pleasure and regrets.

CHAPTER XIX

Professors—Personal Characteristics and Traits

The Professors—Mr. Jefferson's high ideal; a noble band of faithful, painstaking workers, especially interested in industrious students to whom they extended social courtesies; our appreciation of their talents and personalities—profound attention and respect in class, etc. Charles S. Venable—appearance, dress, quick insight of students; interviews and visits after my University career; his address in Baltimore. William E. Peters—appearance and characteristics; great interest in his ambitious students—annoyed by stupid laggards. Last visit to him, April, 1904.

"You know we have all, from the beginning, considered the high qualifications of our Professors as the only means by which we could give to our institution splendor and pre-eminence over all our sister seminaries. The only question, therefore, we can ever ask ourselves, as to any candidate, will be, is he the most highly qualified? The college of Philadelphia has lost its character of primacy by indulging motives of favoritism and nepotism, and by conferring the appointments as if the professorships were entrusted to them as provisions for their friends. And even that of Edinburgh, you know, is also much lowered from the same cause. We are next to observe, that a man is not qualified for a Professor knowing nothing but his own profession. He should be otherwise well educated as to the sciences generally; able to converse understandingly with the scientific men with whom he is associated, and to assist in the councils of the Faculty on any subject of science on which they may have occasion to deliberate. Without this he will incur their contempt and bring disreputation on the institution." Thus wrote Mr. Jefferson to Cabell, February 3, 1824, a year before the University opened.

Passing over the brilliant array that prior to my day held in hand the destiny of the University, according to this high ideal of Mr. Jefferson, I approach with a respect most profound that noble band of faithful teachers I personally found in command —those that impressed and taught me facts as well as prin-

ciples which have served as useful guides throughout my life. Yet with this pleasurable task there is associated intuitively a slight but certain hesitation, since it enforces to a degree an undue liberty with the personalities of the minority that live, as well as an inadequate tribute to the majority that sleep. To both in life such estimation from pupils would no doubt in a measure prove distasteful, but towards only the helpless, if need be, should protection be extended. A third of a century has not effaced in the least their earlier impressions upon the youth, as to-day they stand out precisely where we left them—the embodiment of wisdom and knowledge, the students' exemplar and guide, the possessors of ever helpful and willing counsel for all those entrusted to their care. Some were known only during my university life, others have been seen occasionally at long intervals, gradually growing old as I have been growing older, but to them all remain in strongest light the simple personal contact of student days.

The Faculty of that period consisted of fifteen members, each an active, healthy, enthusiastic and inspiring leader in his department—all competent masters of the ground they trod. For it those of other institutions entertained the highest regard and respect, since they recognized it to be composed of the broadest-typed scholarly men—such as were too magnanimous to be interested in, or laboring for other than the general good. In the South it was accepted to be the center of higher thought and knowledge, especially learned and fitted for training those who were to occupy honorably the leading professional and professorial positions. This flattering recognition of our Faculty, be it to its credit, did not cause an assumption of stately arrogance, but on the contrary rather a courtly humility—that so well calculated to inspire an abiding faith in the honest desire to serve others without stint or favor in the hour of need, and never to abuse knowingly a reposed confidence. Here truly the comity of interest and intentions seemed centered and complete, ever void of jar and friction, in consequence of which, whenever any teaching corps became depleted by death or resignation, it was chiefly to the University and her well-trained sons that the eyes of those interested were turned, in the hope of finding a solution in some suitable personage.

Most of its members were in their forties, several just beyond; none youthful, only two or three whom we considered advanced—a commendable quality in our young eyes, as these, somehow or another, were accepted to be the most learned and distinguished teachers—so that as a capable teaching body we regarded it with scarcely an equal in our land, certainly without a superior. As a fact we recognized that a few of the higher institutions had one or more equal shining lights, but we felt convinced of our superior numbers—proud that no other was so fortunate when considering all departments. This sentiment was so strong that it made some of us intollerant of others' views which differed from or tended in the least to make our Faculty suffer by comparison, even though we bore in mind times when we thought this or that professor made his exactions and requirements unnecessarily severe, indeed, tempered with little mercy. At the same time we believed that they dispensed to all concerned justice as they saw, read and interpreted it, and as a result I never heard of any student upon failing in examination, be it ever so dependent and vital, visiting the professor of that department for the purpose of giving some elucidation and explanation that might possibly help his cause, or with even the request of re-reading the paper, alone or together. No more would this have been resorted to than would an attorney appeal to a judge after his rendering an adverse decision. When the lists were posted from time to time and our names failed to appear we accepted the situation manfully—without repining, with no reproach to others and very little censure to ourselves. Under the existing conditions we knew whether or not we had done our best, our whole duty towards any given course during the year—for nothing less would pass us successfully—and generally we could size up our attainments in the respective subjects sufficiently well to predict final results, consequently placed criticism, if any was needed, exactly where it belonged—upon self. Even when inclined to accord ourselves passing credit we did not wish that unless our teachers, after a careful weighing in the balance, adjudged us thoroughly deserving. For what was a diploma without its *sine qua non*—knowledge—except a lamentable mockery, a deception upon its face—that for which we had little tolerance, and from which we were

struggling to make an honest escape. Among us there was not the slightest disgrace attached to failing, because sooner or later the majority did this somewhere along the line and accepted it simply as indicating deficient knowledge in the particular department—the need of adding more thereto by taking it over. Nothing savoring of unfairness was ever ascribed to the professors, as we considered them nearly infallible, incapable of doing any one of us a wrong, the impartial censors and judges in assigning indisputable ratings, and whether we passed or failed there was manifest rarely any dissatisfaction, far less resentment, on the part of the students, while the professors faced their decisions manfully, yet sorrowfully in our temporary misfortune—which they considered small and capable of easy correction in a subsequent year, possibly redounding to an ultimate good.

No doubt every one is made a stronger individual by an occasional adversity, experiences from misdirected effort, as they usually teach a wholesome lesson that otherwise would remain untaught—to be alert in anticipating and avoiding pitfalls through the exercise of our best energies at the right time. While the smooth and level road ever continuous, brings passive satisfaction ending in ennui; yet the rugged and slightly used leaves a more permanent mental impression and better circulation upon those needing physical development. If students along with all humanity would accept the good that a failure holds out they would not look at it askant—with a certain degree of despondency, possibly an irreparable loss. Fortunately most of us made the best of accidental failure—considering it a happy warning against laziness and the undertaking of too much in a given time—and never in the least was intimidated by it in completing our proposed university course or in striving for success in the more strenuous walks of life.

The professors accepted us socially on a common footing through direct or indirect acquaintance, personal letters, correct deportment, inferred kindly nature or class standing, and whenever we called at their homes any slight embarrassment on our part was quickly relieved by them laughingly engaging conversation upon some subject having a common or local interest. While they inclined to keep class burdens apart from such occasions, yet sometimes reference was made to them but

always with added words of counsel and encouragement. At evenings when time afforded, and that was seldom, we visited their wives, daughters and such lady friends from a distance as were being entertained by them for one or more weeks—there always being a few of these domiciled somewhere within the University precinct. Some time during these two-hour calls the professor would make his appearance, at least for a short spell, and thereafter excuse himself on the plea of having work and troubles of his own to solve. This tended to make us regard the professors just as we did other human beings of phenomenal talents and educational position—not with a degree of austereness or frigidity so calculated to interrupt that feeling of confidence and reliance absolutely essential for the students' best advancement. In the class-room much of the same goodly feeling existed, although both the teacher and the taught fully realized this to be a thoroughly business place. In the languages, laboratories and mathematics contact with the professors was most intimate, as during each recitation and experimental session many of the studious members were singled out to make difficult explanations. In the sciences where theories were taught by lectures as well as by personal experiments the atmosphere was more formal. Those unfamiliar with the existing conditions could scarcely imagine the attention and respect accorded at all times when under instruction—nothing less than that so universal in churches on the Sabbath. Rarely was a whisper or a noisy movement heard during the entire class-period, even the assembling and dissembling was conducted with perfect order and dignity. We sat through lectures as though spellbound, and when someone thoughtlessly punctuated the nearing end with a deep respiration it met with disapproval and served to interrupt very little the undivided attention of the many. Every one was the busiest individual unto himself, catching and recording into note-books the professor's thoughts and explanations, and for the best accomplishment of this the strictest silence had to reign. A more faithful set of note-takers never existed, as each student considered it necessary to record every fact enunciated by the professors and strove to acquire a degree of proficiency as early as possible. Those writing well and fast did so with pen and ink direct into strongly bound note-books

of stereotyped size, nine by twelve inches and containing 2-4-6 quires of good quality ruled paper, while those less fortunate took down in class with pencil, as best they could, into cheaper and smaller books, and shortly afterwards made therefrom in their rooms a pen and ink copy into the better style of books, adding such matter as memory correctly carried.

A good note-taker was usually popular as his talents produced worthy products—books in demand by class-mates borrowing them for either comparison or absolute copying—and while every one was careful not to abuse this privilege, lest he be considered an impostor or bore—short of the gentleman—yet it was availed of especially by those missing an occasional lecture through sickness or unavoidable detention elsewhere.

The necessity of note-books and rapid note-taking grew out of the fact that few of the professors in those days were authors of text-books, and when recommending those written by others—chiefly Englishmen—so added to, changed or departed from the contents as often to challenge recognition. As a result we soon learned that the professors stood masters of knowledge in their departments, imparting in class most of the essential material for graduation, and were not slow in realizing the necessity of possessing this in some tangible form for future reference—to lessen the bitter sting of preparing for examinations. It was no wonder, therefore, that we came to place the greatest confidence in a complete set of notes—not those taken by others in previous years but those having the spark of one's own vitality through self-compilation from lectures individually attended. Indeed, one's ability to record acceptable notes brought a kind of assurance, comfort and reliance in ultimate success at examinations and consequently in graduating in the departments desired.

The professors recognized obviously that while text-books told the truth they did not always tell the whole truth, and it was the few last drops of the cocoanut-milk they often considered so important for their students—an attitude very laudable to assume but one quite susceptible of over-indulgement. Most of them were thoroughly zealous in furthering the mental development and progress of their students, resorting to many extremes to stimulate, encourage and elicit co-operation. I remember one day answering "*Unprepared*" when called upon

by Professor Peters to recite, whereupon his whole manner visibly changed—as though he had another grief to bear—and as the bell rang out the hour he boldly announced his desire to see me. As the others filed down the center aisle I marched up to his desk at the window on the platform, whereupon he expressed sorrow and inquired the cause of my lack of preparation. Upon telling him a forced absence from the University the previous day had prevented me giving that hour's subjects proper study and expressing a willingness to stand chances of being called upon with negative results rather than miss the lecture, he became somewhat reconciled but did not omit the concluding appeal—try and not let it occur again—which I accepted as a partial command and knew better than to violate provided I wished to retain his favorable opinion.

The chief thing needed in any student was to evince signs of comprehension—desire to learn—then one could rest assured of suffering nowhere any neglect. The professors, however, were only human and naturally lost patience sometimes in their efforts at well-doing, because there were always a few drones; some indeed delighting more in social than in student life as they regarded the literary atmosphere and association a compensating return for time expended; others starting out brilliantly—studiously—would gradually become tired and discouraged only to lapse into innocuous desuetude, while others would be handicapped seriously by weeks of sickness. All such were looked after faithfully, with the same persistent care, until the student's indifference was recognized as intentionally wanton, when the professors' interest would wane, resulting in a seldom call for recitation—an easy escape all around from embarrassment—but never omitted from roll-call as this gave a record of attendance, that which was imperative in order to avoid a request for withdrawal or final expulsion.

The professors' individual characters, sincere, honest purpose, interest in us and what they taught, their daily lives as gleaned from continued intercourse and observation, engendered, as it should, a kind of magnetism in us, an ambition towards emulation—that which we felt near impossible to realize in its fullness, but even in a partial degree a most worthy possession. I sometimes question, which in a university training counts for more—the restricted learning from the educa-

tional lectures and books, or the more liberal learning, culture, from the educational society and atmosphere? When both are of the highest type it is by no means certain which conduces towards better development or claims the strongest gratitude. It is easy enough to possess the best text-books—those compiled by most knowing, practical and conscientious scholars, but it is far more difficult to find the most ennobling manhood in professors, subjects as they are to worldly temptation and vice, from whom the impressive example must emanate for inspiring the young towards good or evil. Those at the University in the seventies could well boast of a professorial association of unusual distinction, morally and intellectually, for they certainly so let their light shine that it continues yet to illumine the pathway of thousands, who without that personal contact, influence and inspiration would now be stumbling half blindly or grappling slowly in the dark.

Charles Scott Venable—This kind paternal gentleman was the first professor I met upon reaching the University—he being the head of the mathematical department and Chairman of the Faculty—an incident to which sufficient allusion has already been made. From his serious, thoughtful and reflective bearing he appeared to me at least fifty years of age, although that mile-stone was not passed until my last session, April 19, 1877. He was the only member of the Faculty that inclined to be corpulent, but this was not to the extent of interfering in any way with his active disposition or physical demands. He had practically a height of six feet and a weight of two hundred and twenty pounds, being built strongly and compactly—broad thick shoulders, deep full chest, slightly protruding abdomen, well-developed extremities; rather large face of the roundish type covered mostly with heavy brownish-black beard and moustache, the former worn after the style, but slightly longer, of our then President, General Grant. His head was well-proportioned and covered with a fine suit of brownish-black hair at times allowed a trifle long; forehead broad and bold; nose shapely and of proper size; eyes bright, clear and bluish; voice deep but a little thickish, yet penetrating and sonorous; manners easy, affable, genial and sunshiny—filled with smiles and audible

laughter when occasion demanded, the kind indicating thorough enjoyment, that which no one can ever forget having experienced its ring and heartiness; step firm, rather quick and elastic, serving well to cover distance speedily. He was easy of approach, seemingly appealed for recognition from even the stranger, and yet never lost a manly, dignified and inspiring address. He was a little careless or non-conventional in dress, wearing usually sack coats, turned-down collars, simple-tied black cravats, broad-toed roomy shoes, broad-brimmed felt or straw hats—I do not remember ever seeing him in a derby or tile—but his linen was always immaculate. He was generous with his knowledge, delighting to impart it to the earnest and needy in and out of season; he was a free-giver at all times of wholesome advice, such as benefited alike the student, the friend, the stranger; he was keenly sensitive and considerate for the deficiencies of others, never reprimanding so as to wound feelings; he read quickly human nature and character, so that it was not difficult for him to gage by short contact the caliber of those he taught—a quality of advantage to him and a blessing to his students when assigning problems to any half-dozen of them at the blackboards, as here the contingent that possessed inferential and deductive minds had to pay the penalty of superior endowments by receiving from him theorems and riders taxing their utmost capacity, while the less favored by nature were given usually something from the text, wherein partial or complete solutions could be found. This intuition frequently converted a "cork" into a "curl," produced untold satisfaction, stimulated the sluggish to work as best they could—but never to graduate—and in all prevented signs of discouragement. Although recognizing thoroughly that many had very ordinary mathematical minds, he chided them not in the least for that, nor thought less of them so long as they were good at something else—for of their general record, especially while Chairman, he kept well advised. I was only under him my first year, but he never lost sight of me or my work. Indeed, his relative, Carrington, who boarded with him and became one of my intimate friends, conveyed now and then throughout my second year pleasant tidings—his delight at seeing my very satisfactory progress in Latin, etc., as gleaned, I inferred,

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Professor James L. Cabell, LL.D., at sixty-one
1813–1889

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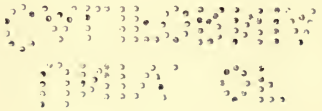

from the monthly reports passing under his inspection. In class-room, second floor of Rotunda, to the left (west), Professor Venable was always quiet and meditative, never excited or irritated. The first few lectures after his wife's death were conducted by his assistant, Mr. Thornton, but thereafter he appeared regularly, more or less depressed—visibly endeavoring to conceal beyond recognition his mental troubles. He kept himself busy and also those under him, and never hesitated to tell us the necessity of putting more work upon that in which he found weakness—always in a spirit of kindness, however, far from any dogmatic edicts.

At his home on Monroe Hill he extended to all visitors that simple and sincere hospitality so characteristic of his generous nature. On the highway and elsewhere he passed no one without giving signs of recognition, usually calling your name distinctly without hesitation, often with a halt, shake of the hand and the inquiry: How are you getting along with your work? I shall never forget witnessing as we all stood that disagreeable afternoon by the side of his first wife's grave, at a moment of most trying mental anguish and torture to him, a manifestation of that never failing fatherly tenderness, when, with a daughter cuddled under each arm, the son, Frank, occupying next position, he slowly lifted the younger from the wet muddy earth and placed her little feet upon the arch of his goodly proportioned right foot, there to remain standing through the interment service, thus removing her as far as within his power from the ravages of exposure. And so he lived—ever thoughtful of his own, never thoughtless of others.

Much to all the students' regret he resigned the Chairmanship of the Faculty at the end of my first session, June, 1873; consequently on Commencement Day, July 3rd, when conferring the last few diplomas the Hall resounded his name from many voices, and true to the call he stepped forward and gave among others these inspiring sentences: "I sincerely hope that these laurels may never fade, and that you graduates will not strive alone to write on your banners that low idea, 'Success in life,' but will go forth with truth, honor and duty written on your flags and in your hearts, having as one motive in life to walk the path of truth, and the one guiding star to direct you through life and to the port of peace. In laying aside the

office of Chairman of the Faculty I desire to thank the students for the high sense of honor they have shown for me, and for their courteous bearing in all their intercourse with me, and I can do no more than express the perfect confidence that you will extend the same in your future relationship with my honored colleague, Dr. James F. Harrison, who is to be my successor. I can say in no formal way, but from the heart, 'Farewell, God bless you.'"

We all felt it was chiefly the declining health of his wife that necessitated this resignation, and hoped for his speedy return to the helm of the University—that which he did, but only for two years, a decade later.

After completing my University course, still retaining friendly relationship with a number of students, clubmates and families within the University circle, I returned to the Commencements of 1879 and 1881, and then enjoyed talks with various members of the Faculty, including Professor Venable. In 1888 he spent several days in Baltimore, stopping with his life-long friend and war-time companion, Colonel Charles Marshall. The occasion of this visit was to deliver the annual address before "The Maryland Line"—those having been in the Confederate service—which took place at the Lyceum Theater, in the presence of a large and deeply interested audience. In preparation and delivery I did not think Professor Venable reflected laudable credit upon himself, as he recalled now and then the precise position and doings of certain commands, which must have left in the minds of some a little uncertainness in events and facts as even related by an eye witness. Indeed, was convincing that the lapse of twenty years suffice to efface mental accuracy of details unless they are studied over, worked out and reduced to definite writing. At that reunion General Wade Hampton and Hon. C. R. Breckinridge were present, while General Bradley T. Johnston introduced Colonel Venable as a member of General Lee's staff at the surrender of Appomattox, and at the then present a professor in the University of Virginia, therefore eminently fitted for the subject he was to discuss, "From Appomattox to Petersburg," the story of the last days of the war. Colonel Venable reviewed at length the situation of the two contending armies during that final week—Grant having one hundred

and sixty thousand men against Lee's thirty-nine thousand—and then continued: "Lee looked to a junction with Johnston across the Roanoke and tried to make preparations for leaving the lines, either by being forced or to join Johnston and strike a blow at Sherman. But sad to relate the desertions to our army averaged one hundred a day—all brave men, yet without sufficient devotion to keep them at the front under such existing conditions. Lee even then said: 'If the people were in earnest they might yet win.' Then came the necessary retreat from Richmond and Petersburg along the south and north banks of the Appomattox; the misfortune of the wagon train falling into the hands of the enemy, but happily rescued by Fitz. Lee's cavalry in the handsomest saber fight of the war; the disaster of Sailor's creek, where we found ourselves without artillery to answer artillery, ours by mistake having been allowed to pass along, for which we reaped untold criticism. But it was a question of minutes and not of hours. When such men as Ewell, Kershaw and a Lee surrendered, the time for surrender had come. It was Lee's endeavor to reach Farmville thus bringing the troops to the Cumberland hills, but failing to burn the bridge across the Appomattox after passing over it allowed the enemy to seize and use it to our disadvantage in reaching Appomattox Court House. Onward we marched to Lynchburg, where was found in its defence three or four batteries of artillery. There we may say was the last battle of the Army of Northern Virginia. The men immortalized themselves, but were overwhelmed, suppressed by numbers. Lee slept that night on a hill a mile from Appomattox Court House, and asked me for a light by which to read Grant's letter from Farmville. I was shocked. I thought no one would have dared to ask the surrender of that army. I went off to sleep and I am glad I was not at the council of war. I will give one or two pictures to illustrate the grand character of our commander. He said: 'I must go to see Grant, but I would rather die a thousand deaths.' He was thoughtful of others in the midst of the great disaster. He told me to get my parole and go home to my family, and send word to President Davis. He knew that the Confederacy consisted of his army and that of Johnston's, and that there was no Confederacy if they could not be united.

Then came the thought of home and family, of the children who did not know you, of the wife left behind so long, the idea that there would be peace; we went home. There was peace, but in it a great deal of bad blood and bayonets. It was such a peace as one brother having another by the throat and lecturing him. We went home to obey Lee. After a lapse of a quarter of a century I hope another peace is coming."

My last interview with Professor Venable was in September, 1894, when my wife and self called at his University home, fourth pavilion from the Rotunda, East Lawn, occupied in my day by Dr. John Staige Davis. Here we had a very pleasant hour's talk upon University matters, educational subjects and portions of his service in the war—the latter being near and dear to him, and equally interesting to me, as it included personal experiences and characteristics of his great commander, General Lee. His mind, however, reverted several times to his physical infirmities and decline, especially that of one eye, whose sight was much impared owing solely, he thought, to wartime exposure. This he pathetically affirmed, defied all medical treatment and would in all probability necessitate in the near future his retirement from active service as a teacher. While his stately form and outline had changed little by time, except in visible wrinkles and silvered strands, yet it was sad to realize that powerful physique and frame weakening under the ravages of years and pain—that beyond which he realized the help of fellow man was without avail. With it all, however, he still remained that same sincere, genial gentleman, safe and wise counselor as of former years—qualities that endeared him to every student and entitled them to use with profound respect the sobriquet, "Old Ven," or with more dignity and frequency, "Colonel Venable." Every student knew his military record and delighted during social visits to hear his vivid descriptions of various encounters and personages. He, however, was no idle talker—simply for amusement—but thought seriously and expressed himself deliberately with justice and mercy to all. He died August 11, 1901, and was buried in the University Cemetery.

William Elisha Peters—I was only at the University

three days before meeting Colonel Peters—called more generally but affectionately "Old Pete"—in his Latin classroom, second floor of the Rotunda to the right, opposite that used for mathematics. The first hour's contact sufficed to convince me of his seriousness—a thorough painstaking teacher tolerating nothing in class except business. Although then only forty-three years of age he certainly seemed to me more than middle-aged. His height was about five feet ten inches and weight one hundred and fifty-five pounds; walk erect and graceful with a quick easy step; eyes dark and penetrating, of normal size; hair, moustache and beard jet black; voice mild, clear, a little thin; nose of good size and proportion; forehead rather broad and full. He saw the mirthful and ludicrous side as evidenced by an occasional smile or subdued laugh which never ventured into absolute heartiness. He was partial to plain simple dress, but his small shapely feet were clothed always in neatly fitting shoes, which in winter might be considered thin, certainly affording much less protection than those worn by most of us students. I never saw him wear rubbers, that which became a necessity to most of us. His manner was always quiet, thoughtful and reflective, but in class he did not hesitate to reprimand in a few poignant words whenever he considered them deserved and likely to do good. I distinctly remember the first gibing shaft sent in my direction the second or third week, when asking me some rule in grammar I concluded my supposed correct answer with the words—*and so forth*—whereupon he quickly retorted: It may be the *and so forth,* but it certainly is not the rest you have said. He was a very literal but beautiful translator of Latin, rendering it, owing to his perfect knowledge of linguistic equivalents, absolutely smooth and satisfactory without the necessity of any additional English words. Nothing provoked him more than slovenly translation, and explaining one's self with the subterfuge of certain words *being understood* incited his disgust, sometimes with the reminder, *"you understand nothing in Latin."* When any such blunder was perpetrated, he with a positive air of disapproval would quietly say: "That will do, sir," and immediately call on him for the case, tense or point of grammar with which liberty had unnecessarily been taken, thereby disconcerting the individual and making a last-

ing object lesson to the entire class. In exercises he was equally exacting, if possible more so, not allowing the slightest paraphrasing of his English, which was not always the best, even though the same sense and sentiment were preserved. He wrote for a certain construction and point of syntax to be covered and nothing short of that would satisfy him. The wrong use of the infinitive, subjunctive, *fore ut,* etc., in the final examination was accepted by us as fatal to graduation. No one who came under him can fail to recall his unyielding precision, and when discussing our exercises (composition) how he would throw his right hand around to what he had just written on the black-board as the best possible form, saying with his characteristic smile, "But gentlemen, this is the Latin!" Nor can we forget the promiscuous use of that long pointer, and the abundant material he would write daily upon the black-board for us to copy—that which we did as religiously as take our daily food, both being absolutely essential to live and master the course. The task of note-taking, however, was spared the seniors my second year, when for the first time these notes were printed. This was done in Charlottesville, and each week, although the printers occasionally disappointed, a single folder of four pages—the two first numbers being of smaller size—was given to the class. Of these there were thirty-one numbers, each bearing the same title, "Senior Latin Class. Outline of Lectures," along with its specific number. Unfortunately they contained many errors, owing to the poorly formed letters of the Professor and imperfect proof-reading, so that a little of each hour was consumed in making necessary corrections of the part discussed and covered. Later these "Notes" were published in a more creditable form under the editorial management of Professor W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg, Virginia.

Somehow or another Professor Peters was always very friendly to me, and my monthly reports sent to parents, yet preserved, contained usually such pleasant remarks as: "Doing well. Doing very well. Has much improved. A faithful student and is improving. A fine student, improving rapidly. Improving rapidly, is a fine student, etc." He, however, had little use for those who did not try to stand well with him, and very seldom called on such after knowing their short-comings.

He had always abundant good material in the classes to answer promptly and correctly, in whom he took the greatest pride—a sentiment he could not avoid showing by kind and gentle expressions of satisfaction in and out of class. As a teacher he was ever ready to help those who would help themselves, but there it ended. When sick in the Infirmary for a few or more days he invariably came to see me, sometimes more than once, and after his second marriage whatever general functions were given by his good wife I received formal invitation.

During my first year he roomed at Professor Smith's, but in the summer of 1873 he married a sister of his first wife, Miss Mary Sheffey, and thereafter occupied the McGuffey pavilion, last or fifth from the Rotunda, West Lawn, where he remained up to a short time of his death. At the little office, south side of his home, I used to call whenever his subject gave serious trouble, and there I invariably found him most willing to supply needed help. Sometimes he would introduce irrelevant subjects in order, I dare say, to draw from me whatever information or ideas I happened to possess pertinent thereto; again he would simply inquire: "Is there no other point you wish cleared?" If I should say no, he would arise and impress the desire of my calling whenever in need of assistance. This I accepted to imply—he was busy—that I must extend thanks and bid adieu. I frequently found him correcting exercises with a liberal use of red ink—a duty that consumed not a little of his time, but one against which I never heard him utter a complaint, for he considered that a part of his work and conscientiously performed it. My last visit to him was on the afternoon of April 15, 1904, about a year after he had retired from teaching. I found him pacing the pavement south of his home, as was his custom so to use his side of the triangle in my student-day, and after introducing myself he at once insisted upon me spending an hour with him in the sitting room—that nearest the Rotunda—and there in the face of a dying open fire, for it was rather warm and sunny without, we talked pleasantly on various matters. His wife was quite sick and he more or less apprehensive for her recovery, but he would not listen to a shorter stay. He was very solicitous of the University's future, as it so badly needed money, and thought possibly that some Baltimoreans might

reach Mr. Morgan through his associate Mr. Charles Steele, one of our distinguished graduates. We discussed the part played by the University towards higher education; the great men she had sent forth in various avenues, when he concluded that such representatives as Hunter, Dabney and Broadus were sufficient lights to establish forever a creditable record. I referred to the strong Faculty I found at the University upon entering, affirming it "hard to beat," to which he gave a hearty assent. He alluded to his fondness for Gildersleeve, and to the separation being a blow from which he had never recovered—"for we were so congenial." "I would rather have given him five hundred dollars a year, yes a thousand, from my own salary than to have seen him leave us. I offered to take the revenue from our two chairs and divide it equally between us, but he would not listen to that—he seemed possessed to go. I wonder if he is really as well satisfied or better off by the change. I doubt it." I distinctly remember at the time (1876) hearing that Professor Peters used all known persuasion to retain Professor Gildersleeve, such as loyalty to the South and her great University, the urgent need therein of the very best classical scholars, and that personally the only way he would forsake the University would be as a dead body—an assertion afterwards verified. He also inquired affectionately after Professor Garnett, expressing regret at seeing him go from the University. He enjoyed not a little my repeating the conversation that took place in the Museum a few years before, when my wife and self were making a somewhat close inspection of certain specimens, and the janitor noticing the unusual interest came forth and inquired: "Is you a graduate in dis department?" Upon my answering yes, he asked: "How long ago?" And when I replied about twenty years, he indifferently remarked: "It was nuffin den." In reciting this circumstance to the Professor, I queried: "Of course this implication holds good in all departments—that the requirements for graduation in my day and generation were nothing compared with those of the present!" He smiled, and ridiculed the idea, saying: "I assigned the same sets of parallel my last ten as I did my first ten years, and my course after the first five years has always been practically the same." During our student days we were ac-

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Professor James F. Harrison, M.D., at sixty
1815–1896

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quainted thoroughly with his brave war record, from which he was called occasionally "Fighting Pete," and above all wondered at and repeated often the Chambersburg incident—when ordered by his superior officer to burn the town, positively refused on the ground: "He was not in the war to destroy the homes of helpless women and children," an act of disobedience approved by General Lee.

Professor Peters died of pneumonia at the University, March 22, 1906, and was buried at Marion, Va. Of his death *The Sun* (Baltimore) had the following editorial: "A Soldier and Educator.—The death of Colonel Peters, emeritus professor of Latin in the University of Virginia, will be regretted by his large circle of friends, particularly by the thousands of former pupils who are scattered throughout the world. A teacher of unusual excellence, earnestness, Professor Peters spared no pains to interest students in Latin and was very successful. Extra hours and extra lectures were given without stint to those who wished to make good their shortcomings in his specialty. During the Civil War he was similarly indefatigable, leaving his professorship in Emory and Henry College for the tented field. Entering the army as a private, he rose to the rank of colonel of infantry and later had command of the Twenty-first Regiment of Virginia Cavalry. He was thrice wounded and once left on the field for dead. But his vigorous constitution, fortified by years of active campaigning, pulled him through, and he survived to do thirty-six years of splendid work in one of the first educational institutions in the land. As an educator and as a soldier he held a deservedly high place in the esteem of his contemporaries."

CHAPTER XX

Professors—Personal Characteristics and Traits

Francis Henry Smith, characteristics, accomplishments and popularity; loyal to his teacher and predecessor, William B. Rogers—sketch of latter. Maximilian Schele De Vere, characteristics and popularity; students' pranks; last visit to him, 1894; his semi-centennial; value as an American scholar. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, characteristics and traits; war incidents; class-room diversions; regret at his leaving the University; personal letters, etc.

Francis Henry Smith—It was my privilege to receive two years of instruction from this gentleman, a period sufficient to observe and study his delightful personality. No one could come in contact with him, for ever so short a time, without favorable impressions, such as implied manly instincts, moral rectitude and sincereness of purpose—the true Christian character. And as the acquaintance became more extended and intimate these traits appeared manifestly a part of his real nature. He was only forty-three years of age, but, in spite of a smooth clerical face, seemed considerably older—possibly from his quiet serious bearing and kind gentle manners. He was already the father of a half-dozen children, some about grown, others very small, and the health of his wife, frail, petite and highly cultured—a daughter of Gessner Harrison—had given him some concern. As "into each life some rain must fall," his had been no exception, but he passed along life's journey with smiles that frequently broke into audible laughter. His stature was of the smaller type—about five feet seven inches high and one hundred and fifty pounds in weight; face without beard revealing a clear healthy complexion and a gentle refined expression; forehead high and broad; nose, upper lip and lower jaw strong, more or less positive; eyes bright, bluish and of good size; step quick, firm and elastic. He possessed a beautiful flow of language and a voice that was clear, musical, sonorous with volume and power—qualities that made him an exceptional conversationalist, an attractive and engaging speaker. He had a heavy suit of dark-brown

hair, frequently worn long, which with his benign countenance suggested the ministerial cloth. He was careful to be clean-shaven and well-dressed, often lecturing in a frock coat and on the street with a silk hat. I think beyond doubt he was the most oratorical and polished lecturer then at the University, an impression not only shared by the majority of us, but of assured outside recognition to attract frequently to his lectures strangers and former students upon return visits. The secret of this high distinction lay in natural gift of voice, phraseology, ready impressive convincing manner, facial expression and a masterly knowledge of his subjects—not upon scraps of paper or manuscript, but at tongue's end. At times he wrote syllabi on the blackboard, incidentally working therefrom, but such were chiefly for the students' benefit—in a measure taking the place of text-books—as he himself never followed them strictly. Then again his subjects appealed to most persons, being susceptible of great or small possibilities according into whose hands they fell for treatment and he fortunately was capable of making much out of them. He was void of sarcasm, resentment, vindictiveness and that element ungenerously used by some persons in trying to appear brilliant—especially at another's expense. Be conditions and attitude what they may he never lost his dominant individuality and nature—the gentleman; nor did he ever try purposely to embarrass students, although this was accomplished in no uncertain way by his searching and intricate method of class interrogation—that which was accepted by us to be in the line of gaining most knowledge in his departments, and by him a moral duty even though at the expense of our personal discomfort. His class-room was immediately under the rear half of the Public Hall, the space under the first half being divided in the center by a six-foot hall-way, having on the left (west side) his laboratory and apparatus room and on the right (east side) Professor Minor's lecture room. Here he knew no distinction of personages, as every one of us was subjected practically to the same trials and tasks. When calling at his home, third pavilion from the Rotunda, West Lawn, he was affable, agreeable and seemingly with abundant time at our disposal. Upon the highway he never passed by us without a bow and smile, and if need be made a halt for a pleasant ex-

change of words. Thus under all circumstances he was urbane, kind, considerate, helpful and cheerful, disliked by none, liked by all—characteristics that went far towards encouraging and benefiting those with whom he came in contact. We gave him no nickname, as might have readily been coined—"Old Frank" or "Old Smith"—but spoke of him always as "Professor Smith" or "Professor Frank Smith." He was a close and persistent reader with a quick retentive mind, from which little escaped having value; his powers of observation, inference and deduction were well cultivated and accurate. The ridiculous and serious alike appealed to him—for his liberal caliber accepted all conditions philosophically, those regarded necessary for a full development of manly character. Although his duties were many, having little time for other than preparing and making ready class experiments and lectures, yet he was also a good resourceful citizen to his community and State, serving both well when occasion called. He could become so absorbed in thought as to lose sight of immediate surroundings, and possessed, therefore, that power of concentration accepted by some psychologists as belonging alone to great men. During the hour before lecture, especially towards its latter portion, while the class gradually assembled, I have often seen him so thoroughly absorbed in the preparation of apparatus and syllabus that he was lost apparently to the outside world. He might happen to see one of us enter, but the sight was semiconscious, as he seemed almost possessed by a charm or spell, and even though his attention be diverted by one of us approaching to ask a question, yet he did not relinquish himself entirely from the serious condition until the lecture was over. It was during such a mental halo that we always expected beautiful expressions and descriptions in English—masterly oratorical efforts—and usually there was no disappointment. He was an ardent admirer of Newton, occasionally speaking of his genius in brilliant and glowing terms —once I distinctly remember his concluding words to have been Pope's beautiful tribute:

> "Let darkness prevail over mind and night;
> God said let Newton be, then all was light.

Such bright lights as Leplas, Lavoicier, Cavendish, Kepler,

Galileo, Descartes, Davy, Franklin, Agassiz, Dana, LeConte, Lyell, Fraunhofer, Thomsen, and scores of others in turn came in for a song of praise. Happily he had enjoyed for years a close intimacy with his gifted teacher and predecessor, William B. Rogers, whose life had been to him an inspiration and worthy of emulation—that which he strove manfully to approach, if not to equal. Consequently of his own countrymen none received such frequent mention or more loyal recognition of gratitude, and inasmuch as no member of the University Faculty, past or present, has ever enjoyed such prominence in the scientific world and had such close fellowship with men of letters throughout our country, it may be pardonable to give a few incidents pertinent to this great teacher. Professor William B. Rogers in August, 1835, then thirty-one years of age, was called to the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University. During the preceding seven years he had presided over the same department, including chemistry, at William and Mary College, where at an earlier period his father had been professor many years, and where he himself along with three brothers were educated—all to become distinguished teachers and scientists. Owing to the malarial climate of Williamsburg Professor Rogers regularly spent vacations at remote points and continued so to do while connected with the University. Here he became much interested in geology, and with his brother Henry made many summer expeditions in the Appalachian region, recording results in numerous original contributions that caused his name to be well known then throughout the scientific world. His natural gifts as a speaker, beautiful control of thought and expression, and unusual attainments in everything educational brought him in strong favor with American men of letters, especially members of the "Association of Geologists and Naturalists," whose annual meetings he attended and there usually enunciated something new and interesting. Thus he became intimate with Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, Sumner, Phillips, Pierce, Gray, Wayland, Silliman, Everett, Murchison, Lyell, Sedgwick, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Faraday, Parker, Owen, Bailey, Henry, and dozens of others who spent their summers more or less together in congenial latitudes. His vacation of 1845 was passed for the most part in the White

Mountains in company with his brother Henry, and on the latter part of the journey they became fellow travelers with the family of Mr. James Savage of Boston, in whose eldest daughter, Emma, Professor Rogers became much interested, and finally married, June 20, 1849. His acknowledged ability and popularity caused invitations to lecture before many large educational bodies, including the Mercantile Library Association, Lowell Institute, Smithsonian Institute, etc., while other universities endeavored to possess him by tempting offers. Such a large typed man of diversified knowledge, family ties and scholarly associates could hardly be expected to remain indefinitely outside of a great metropolis or city-center. Indeed, as early as 1846 he and his brother Henry conceived the idea of establishing a Polytechnic Institute in Boston, fashioned somewhat after the University of Virginia, and even the year before Henry took up residence in that city. Professor Rogers' frequent visits North convinced him of the need and possibility of such an institution, and that coupled with Henry's assurance, along with a desire to be with him and other mutual social scientific friends, actuated a serious determination to resign his professorship at the University—that which he did several times, but finally with effect in the spring of 1853, thence going directly to Boston. Although a few years later Henry was chosen professor in the University of Glasgow, Professor Rogers pushed forward his favorite scheme with indomitable energy until he succeeded—Jefferson-like—in founding the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, becoming its first president, April 19, 1862.

While Professor Rogers retained a fondness for the University, where he spent eighteen very active years, and continued to hold a strong liking for Southern people, yet at the outbreak of the Civl War he took a decided stand against slavery. Thus in relation to the John Brown episode he wrote: "The conduct of Wise has been I think weak and absurd; the course of the Court of Appeals harsh if not iniquitous." This antislavery sentiment also pervaded Mrs. Rogers' family, even to the extent of her gifted brother, James Savage, organizing a company, becoming its captain and a part of the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He was promoted to Major for gallantry at the Battle of Win-

chester, and a short time afterwards, August 9, 1862, received a wound at Cedar Mountain from which he died six weeks later, October 22nd, at the Confederate hospital in Charlottesville. Professor Rogers, upon learning of the injury to his brother-in-law, set out on the hazardous journey to reach him, but upon arriving at Culpeper and the battlefield found it impossible to cover the remaining few miles. He, however, wrote many letters to old friends and associates at the University and Charlottesville imploring compassion and mercy in his family affliction. Thus it seems passing strange that the field of labor, once so congenial and delightful to Professor Rogers, should from his view-point become his enemy's camp and the death scene of one he recognized so near and dear, where in spite of his known disloyalty kind friends did his bidding by tenderly nursing and endeavoring to restore to health an uncompromising foe.

Indeed, at the close of Professor Smith's course one could not fail knowing considerable, and wishing to know more, of the Rogers brothers.

In hydrostatics and other connections Mr. Jefferson's genius was emphasized favorably, his many experiments recited, his small telescope exhibited with which he daily watched the progress of the University buildings from his home, four miles distant, and his great part played in advancing general science highly commended. Professor Smith during the session had no way of knowing the progress of his students except by the little quizzing of each day, and as our numbers were large it required time to make the rounds. The remarks on the monthly reports, outside of attendance, were few, but on mine I find several of this style: "Very attentive. Highly commendable," etc.

Maximilian Schele De Vere—One had only to hear a few sentences of the first lecture under this gentleman to recognize him of foreign birth and tongue. The hissing *s's,* the rolling *r's,* and a slight distinctive pronunciation of most words gave evidence that he was neither an Englishman nor an American. From his suave manners and personal *tout ensemble* many of us in our earlier days believed him to be of French descent—that which was found later untrue. Some years

after my University course I asked him the pointed question, when he gladly emphasized being a pure Swede. To that I remarked: "You then have the happy fortune of belonging to that nationality which in my judgment has furnished the greatest naturalist, Linnæus, that has ever lived." To this he replied: "You certainly place a very high opinion upon my fellow countryman—indeed, science not being my life's work, I had not associated with him so great a distinction."

During my student life we never called him "Professor De Vere," but either "Professor Schele" or "Old Schele," meaning thereby not the least disrespect, for no professor seemed more removed from criticism and dislike than he. In fact an unverified rumor prevailed among us that he would not *pitch* or *throw* any student with good class record unless his final examinations were woefully deficient. This, true or false, stamped him universally—*professor cum laude.* In spite of his nativity he was a profound and well-trained linguist, speaking fluently more than a half-dozen languages, possessing in English a rich and choice vocabulary. His enunciation, though clear, deliberate and distinct, carried a peculiar intonation that required on our part a few lectures before becoming satisfactorily intelligent. His voice was moderately heavy and decidedly agreeable; delivery filled with quiet enthusiasm, well calculated to give inspiration and encouragement even to the laggard; manners refined and cultured, never losing courteous instincts and gentlemanly bearing. He was then fifty-three years of age, which he bore with unusual grace, heavy set, possibly five feet six inches high, and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. His face was of the roundish type, with florid complexion relieved by a thick grayish-black moustache groomed with much care and precision; hair abundant and black mixed with gray, always neatly arranged; nose well-formed and proportioned; forehead broad and deep; step quick, light and elastic, carrying the body straight or severely erect; eyes dark, penetrating and of good size; feet small and always clothed in neatly fitting shoes of light texture. He wore a silk hat except in summer, when it was replaced by one of high priced straw. I never saw him move slowly when alone, always appeared in a little haste to reach the objective point, but when walking in the afternoon with a colleague for

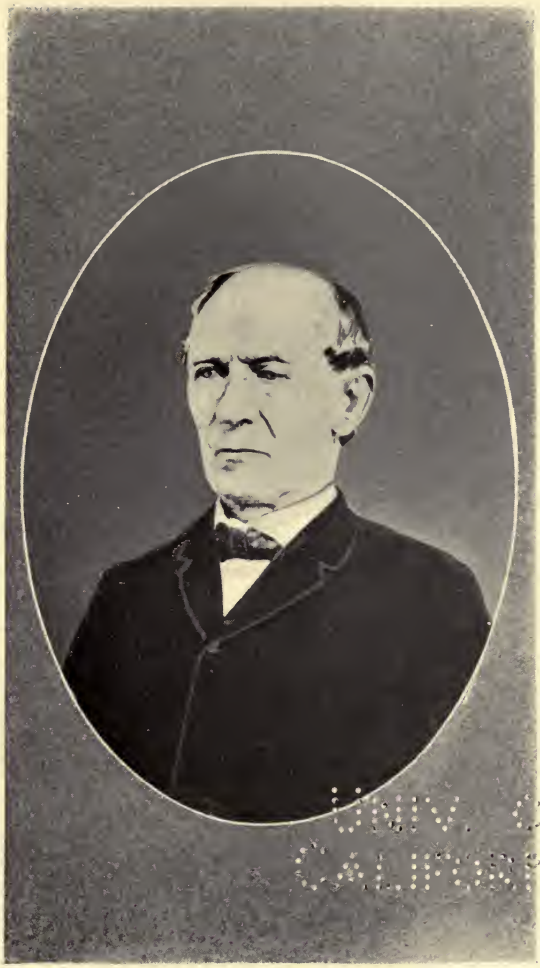
recreation and pleasure his steps were noticeably more deliberate. Under all conditions he was well-dressed, observing conventionalities in greater degree than any of his confrères. Indeed, among us students it was understood he abhored one indifferently clothed, as did nature a vacuum, while to be decorated in a brilliant cravat (red) atoned in his sight for many defects. For the accuracy of this legendary impression none of us could vouch, nor did we know its origin, but the truth was that few among us lived up to such a fancied ideal, and the princely, few, as well as the modest clad, many, received alike his approval for graduation.

He invariably entered the modern language room, in the one story west wing flanking the Rotunda, a minute or two before the hour, remained standing until " Henry " finished ringing the bell, called the roll deliberately, and at once began earnest work—being all the time either busy himself or energetically hastening those under him in that direction. In his rear was a good-sized black-board, and in front a small skeleton table with stout rungs a few inches from the floor upon which one or the other foot frequently rested while lecturing. The benches to his front which we occupied were in straight rows, each slightly elevated above the other from front to rear, as was the case in nearly all lecture rooms, thereby affording for all a commanding view. He was not so much given as some others to writing set syllabi on the blackboard previous to lecture, but when lecturing often turned around and wrote such matter—rules, examples, etc.—as he considered most important. He disliked all kinds of interruptions, and when a student happened to enter late he would pause in order to punctuate the discourtesy and to give the offender a look indicating surprise and disapproval. His was rather a volatile disposition, showing quickly dissatisfaction at one's recitation not measuring up near to perfection—this being manifested by insisting to the bitter end in a positive stern manner upon having that which was correct. When this was not forthcoming his displeasure was recognized readily, although he never expressed madness outwardly. Perfect answering, *curl,* always evoked his smile, and often the commendatory words, " Very satisfactory."

Students inclined occasionally to take advantage of his

impulsive nature by pulling in rapid succession his front door-bell during the late hours of night, thus arousing him from slumbers and annoying him into calling out the window in rapid excited phrases. One night a small goat was tied to the bell-knob, only to have the little fellow rush frequently to the end of his rope giving vigorous pulls, when those rooming near and into the secret, in order to harbor the miscreants, affirmed the scene to be highly amusing as the professor appeared at the front-door and released the captive amid excitement and a pyrotechnic display of dialectical English. At his office, room north of home, I visited him occasionally, where he was affable and friendly, with the exception of one call made the day prior to our Junior French examination, when my mission was to ascertain definitely whether or not we were to be held accountable for all the irregular verbs given in his grammar. To this he quickly affirmed: "Most assuredly," and in manner, I thought, indicating provoked surprise—equivalent to a reprimand for asking what appeared to him such a foolish question. At his home, second pavilion from the Rotunda, East Lawn, he was a most charming host, as was his wife a hostess, and therein dispensed to a select coterie a decidedly beautiful and sincere hospitality. Usually one evening during the "Finals" they gave a large reception, and those students whose presence was desired received written invitations delivered far in advance through the mail. Indeed, those of us thus singled out considered ourselves rather favored and fortunate, as he was recognized somewhat seclusive in drawing the social line. He was a fine teacher, having the rare faculty of getting work out of almost every student, chiefly through commanding great respect and tolerating nothing that was trifling—qualities that reduced his class-failures to a minimum. His classes were moderately large, but in quizzing made the rounds in quick succession, thereby being enabled along with the weekly exercises to keep pace with each one's work and progress. My monthly reports contain mostly the simple words, "Doing well," relieved occasionally by, "Doing very well" and "An excellent student."

My last visit to him was in company with my wife, September, 1894, when we spent the evening delightfully—both he and Mrs. Schele being at their best. As one of the collabora-



Professor William H. McGuffey, LL.D., at seventy
1800–1873

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tors of the Standard Dictionary he had been busy some months and then was about finishing the portion assigned him. We talked not a little of the University, discussed the value of his own efforts and faithfulness in educating the youth of the South, while I endeavored to impress his merits as comparing so favorably with Whitney and Marsh. His modesty, however, was pronounced, disclaiming any relative position for himself—that which I was equally firm in maintaining. In appearance he had changed considerably since my student days —more fleshy, less shapely and distingué, but that gracious mannerism, courteous deference and open-handed friendship remained just the same. He was loath to see us go, exacting another call in the morning, that which we gladly lived up to. His mind was still strong and resourceful, his body active, healthy and responsive to will, while he expressed the hope and expectation of performing professorial duties for years to come —a desire unfortunately never realized. In fact he almost quoted the language used on another occasion: "I may venture the hope that God, in his great mercy, will permit me to devote my life and my work to my beloved new home—the land of my choice and the people of my love—till it pleases Him to summon me to my eternal home." A few weeks later, September 23rd, he completed his fifty years of active service at the University, an event that received appropriate recognition in the form of a testimonial gift from a number of his past and present students. This consisted of a large punch-bowl of solid silver lined with gold, and a ladle to match, all enclosed in a handsome quartered oak case mounted with brass. The bowl bore this inscription: "M. Schele De Vere, University of Virginia, Professor of Modern Languages. Appointed 23rd. September, 1844. Presented by his colleagues and former pupils, on this fiftieth anniversary of his appointment, in recognition of the lasting value of his Half Century of distinguished service, and in testimony of their enduring regard." A letter of congratulation accompanied the gift from which a passage may be quoted: "When your graceful contributions to literature are reviewed, your fame seems well grounded and abiding. But your renown does not depend upon these, for your reputation is safe in the affectionate and grateful remembrance of your old pupils, who recall with

pride your eloquent lectures and acknowledge with gratitude their indebtedness to your faithful instruction." The account of this occasion would not be complete without a few paragraphs from Professor Smith's tribute: "I knew him as his students knew him, as a professor, and as his colleagues know him, in the courtesies of social life. When I was a student here he was in the vigor of manhood, a master of English, but speaking it with a foreign intonation, to which becoming accustomed it was delightful to attend his lectures. After an unsatisfactory tussle at taking notes under a rapid talker, it was exceedingly pleasant to pass into the modern language lecture-room and listen, pencil in hand, to the clear and not too fast utterance of the perspicuous teacher, who frequently paused, of purpose and yet naturally, to pass to the blackboard and write down an illustrative word or sentence in that well-remembered beautifully distinct and elegant chirography of his, thus giving even the slow writer ample time to jot down every word, both spoken and written. It was my opinion then, and is now, that Dr. Schele was, on the whole, the best teacher of modern languages with whom I was ever brought in contact. He taught four languages at that time, and had classes in all. He showed the same points of excellence in each, as I judge from the remarks of friends who attended the classes I did not. His bearing on the lecture platform was a model of propriety. In the years during which I attended his classes I recall not a single disagreeable incident. It seemed to us students as if Dr. Schele was by general consent regarded as the arbiter of 'good form.' What he indorsed was questioned by no one else, and what he did not indorse was, *ipse facto,* of doubtful fashion. His appearance in the social circle, his tact, his command of English, which one would have thought to be his native tongue but for the slight intonation, his easy polished manners, indicating habitual contact in his early life with people of culture in his native land, all conspired to make him a social leader, and endowed him with that strange influence which culture often gives to men of less talent than his over strong intellects."

While students, we did not look upon Professor Schele as our most distinguished scholar, but simply one among the four or five strongest lights. In the retrospect of years, however,

an acquaintance with his writings, the versatility of his knowledge and subjects, and his mastery of so many languages incline one to recognize him as the most liberally educated and cultured member of the Faculty. He was so active and industrious that his mind and hand were creating always some contribution to literature that brought to himself and the University immeasurable distinction. Passing over his Spanish Grammar (1853), several French books, and translated novels from the French and German, his first work that attracted attention was, "Comparative Philology," 1853; then followed as important companions, "Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature," 1855; "Studies in English," 1866; "Grammar in French," 1867; "French Readers," 1876; "Wonders of the Deep," 1869; "The Great Empress," 1869; "Problematic Characters," Spielhagen, 1869; "Through Night to Light," Spielhagen, 1869; "The Hohenstein," Spielhagen, 1870; "Americanisms," 1871; "Romance of American History," 1872; "Modern Magic," 1873.

Professor Schele outlined some religious views in his "Modern Magic" to which no doubt he attached faith, and whose summary here may be of interest: "I believe that our inner life—including memory, imagination and reason—continues after the body's death; that the living soul can commune with the outer world only by means of the body, with which it is united in this life, but at times it may act independently of the body—developing the forces called magic powers. When the body becomes an instrument unfit to serve the soul the tie formed before or at the moment of birth is gradually loosened. The soul no longer receives impressions from the outer world such as the body heretofore conveyed to it, and with this cessation of mutual action ends, also, the community of sensation. The living soul possibly becomes conscious of its separation from the dead body and the world, but continues to exist in loneliness and self-dependence. Its life becomes only more active and self-conscious as it is no longer consumed by intercourse with the world, nor disturbed by bodily disorders and infirmities. The soul recalls with ease all long-forgotten or much-dimmed sensations. What it feels most deeply at first is the double grief of its separation from the body and its sins committed during life. After a while this grief begins to

moderate and the soul returns to a state of peace; sooner by those having secured righteous peace on earth, later by the worldly and sensuous. At the same time the living soul enters into communion with other souls, retaining its individuality in sex, character and temper, and proceeds on a course of gradual purification, till it reaches the desired haven in perfect reconciliation with God. During this intermediate time these living souls may continue to maintain some kind of intercourse with the souls of men on earth, with whom they share all that constitutes their essential nature, save only the one fact of bondage to the body. Reciprocally the souls in man may perceive and consort to a degree with souls detached from mortal bodies. Man leaves behind his dead body but continues to live a soul with peculiar powers in another world. This soul has no longer earthly organs of sense to do its bidding, but it still controls nature which was made subject to its will; it has, moreover, a new set of powers which represent in the higher world its higher body, and the character of its new active life will be all the more elevated, as these organs are more spiritual. Man cannot continue to develop, grow and ripen in the next world as he did in this; his nature and destiny are alike incompatible with sudden transitions and with absolute rest. The soul must become purer and more useful, its organs more subtle and powerful yielding a life of gradual improvement and purification."

Professor Schele, owing to physical infirmities, resigned his connection with the University in 1895, and accepted linguistic work under the government at Washington, where he died in Providence Hospital, May 10, 1898. He was buried in Rock Creek Cemetery, where a few months later was laid to rest by his side that accomplished companion in life whose social charm and exquisite refinement had dominated so many years their University home and atmosphere. When considering his long connection with the University, and the thousands of sons trained in part by his knowing hand, it may be said in truth that few of her professors have brought her more renown or made a greater impress towards scholarly attainments and gentlemanly culture. It is sad that in death he failed to find the resting place deserved—within the sacred precinct of his life's work, under the shade of its trees.

BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE—It was my intention to take the "green ticket" upon entering the University, in fact so matriculated, but after attending three lectures in each school and hearing discouraging comment by older students upon the many inevitable difficulties of the combination, I accepted the substitution privilege, granted alike to all, and replaced Greek with Natural Philosophy, thereby deferring for a year the renewal of Hellenic study. The slight contact of that initial week with Professor Gildersleeve seemed sufficient to establish me in his memory, at least, to courteous recognition ever thereafter, so that when in my second year I came under him in reality we appeared somewhat acquainted. He was a very familiar personage in and around the University, being thoroughly democratic in his ways and doings, and showing himself without reserve at all functions of an educational character—those calculated to bring out the student-body and improve the literary atmosphere. He worked hard but with method, recognizing that exercise played no little part towards satisfactory mental activity. Afternoon walks, therefore, were indulged in daily, weather permitting, sometimes along one of the divergent roads, again on the highway toward town, in company with one of his several colleagues—usually Professor Peters, apparently the most congenial and healthful companion, due possibly to their life's work being along kindred lines. Occasionally he would be alone and then frequently absorbed in thought as to lose sight of other than general surroundings, thus allowing those *en passant* to be unnoticed. This habit evoked some little criticism from students, giving occasion for the prevailing idea that "Old Gil," as he was often called—but in no spirit of opprobrium—would only speak to those standing well in his department—an idea, although thoroughly false, that served well in stimulating some to study in order to merit and receive his coveted approbation. He was just forty-three years of age, but seemed to us youthful fellows at least fifty—due possibly to his sober reflective manner, general bearing, favorable reputation, and what he had accomplished already in the world of letters. He was about six feet high and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His face was full but mostly covered with a good growth of jet-black beard and

moustache, worn rather long and giving thereby a decidedly distinguished appearance; forehead broad and high; nose shapely and of good size; hair black, thin towards the occipital front and center; voice of the upper gamut—clear, distinct and penetrating; delivery thoughtful, rather slow but not tedious; eyes darkish, clear, penetrating and of full size. His gait was interrupted, for during the Civil War he performed double duty—taught the sessions and fought the vacations—so that while serving on General Gordon's staff he received a severe wound during Early's campaign of 1864, resulting in making his left leg slightly shorter. This, however, was not without an element of compensation growing out of a happy romance —if the then current impression among us students could be credited—in that the pretty daughter of her who so tenderly ministered to his tardy recovery found a cord of interest that ripened into life companionship. Fortunately this halting step was little noticed, from the higher heel worn upon that shoe, but was sufficient usually for recognition in the distance. Truly like Tyrtæus, in body only was he a lame schoolmaster. In an address made at Princeton in 1899, on his fiftieth anniversary of graduation, when he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Humanities (L. H. D.), he said in part: "For all the kind words that have been said about my career as a scholar and a man of letters, for the high honor with which you have crowned that career, I am deeply grateful. How far short my achievements have fallen of the aims and aspirations with which I set out from Princeton fifty years ago need not be recalled. I learned early from the Bishop of Hopkins, whose teachings molded the Princeton of my time, *that it is better to limp in the right road than to run in the wrong*, and thanks to the glorious Princeton spirit, I have not been trodden down or faltered in all this time. For that reason, it is a great gratification to me that my Alma Mater has found me fruitful. The sweet memories of my college days are the cherished ones of my life."

Professor Gildersleeve dressed well but not conspicuous, favoring the cutaway or frock coat, the derby or silk hat. At his home, first pavilion from the Rotunda, West Lawn, he gladly received and gave help at all available hours to those students who called. His wife possessed personal charm and

popularity, so of evenings was not neglected by those of us that vied in social pleasures. During these visits the Professor would usually show himself in the parlor for a few minutes, and those not under him, therefore unacquainted with his ready wit and repartee, often recounted their discomfort, not to say embarrassment, at something bright gotten off at their or another's expense, while those familiar with his characteristic gifts and inclination in never losing a good opportunity for witticism, accepted the situation with greater resignation. His class-room was that usually called the "Moral Philosophy Room," Rotunda basement, right hand (east)—it serving conjointly the two departments—and here we found him always serious, frequently relieved, however, by a vein of wit, a little sarcasm, or a mild (?) criticism of some article, book, or author that breathed imperfectly, from his viewpoint, the Grecian atmosphere and spirit. His humor seemed never studied, but spontaneous to the occasion—often prompted by immediate conditions—and always found a happy response in the class; his joking proclivity was famed, his jokes numerous, often new, rich and laughable, going far towards lightening the gravity of the moment by a mirthful application to the manners, personalities, or localities of the passages under consideration. The classes being of medium size allowed the rounds of individual recitation to follow in quick succession—a fact that not only marked soon for us the good, bad and indifferent members, but gave him opportunity for encouraging and helping along the needy. This he did faithfully for such that showed inclination to profit, but those willfully and persistently neglecting duty met with a reciprocal apathy that permitted them to remain in their seats—uncalled and unnoticed.

Somehow or another we considered Professor Gildersleeve our best English scholar, in spite of his having nothing to do with that department—possibly owing to his acknowledged beautiful equivalents of Latin examples throughout his grammar—while of Greek we believed him the most profound master in our broad land. As a teacher he required correct translation, but inclined rather to the free than the literal, thus preferred *rain* to *water from the clouds,* as the Greeks would have it, and in every connection an interpretation conforming

best to our language. In exercises (composition) he was liberal in giving credit for paraphrasing his English when the same sense was preserved, even though it evaded an idiom or construction he desired—that from which we endeavored to escape as a result of insufficient knowledge. I think he, as did the other language professors, placed more importance upon the exercises than all else combined, and certainly it was these that gave us most concern and trouble.

A frequent posture while lecturing was to lean easily upon one elbow resting on the desk in front, stroke his long beard, roll his eyes upward, and slowly enunciate that which was either serious, pathetic, or extremely amusing. When so positioned we felt sure that extremes, or something beyond the ordinary, were likely to happen, and as a rule we met no disappointment. The "twinkle of the eye" along with a smile—sometimes an audible hearty laugh—was a delightful solace that frequently followed some slight reprimand. I do not recall the slightest unpleasantness to have ever passed between us, although some others were not so fortunate—those who took exception to certain manners or methods. I was rather a faithful student, by no means brilliant, and he seemingly appreciated honest effort, even though it fell short of the highest and best results. In my monthly reports he employed occasionally such remarks as, "Doing well" or "A good student," but nothing more commendatory—indeed, quite all I deserved, but sufficient to encourage me and to show that he recognized I was doing work—not idling away time and opportunity.

We all were very loath to have him leave us in 1876, to become identified with the Johns Hopkins University, and on Commencement Day of that year, June 30th, after the diplomas had been distributed and Dr. Harrison was about taking his seat, a wild cry for Gildersleeve rang throughout the Hall —an appeal that brought forth a sad response including these sentences: "In this Hall years ago I sat and heard Gessner Harrison read his farewell because he could not trust himself to speak it, and even then he scarcely could proceed for the blinding tears. I thought at that time how glorious it must be for a man to stand as he then stood, with such an audience sobbing at his departure; but I little dreamed that I too would

one day stand on the same spot and say good-bye to the same audience; I had not thought of saying farewell to you till I should bid the world good-night. Here to me love, labor and sorrow have found their keenest expression, while friendship for these colleagues around me has become the strongest —as dear as between brothers—and the thought of separation saddens my heart. I may have spoken many ill-advised words since coming here, but have spoken naught in malice. I think I may say without fear of contradiction that I have striven faithfully to do my best; I hope some of my old pupils are not altogether ashamed of their preceptor; for them, at least, my heart swells with pride, and if I have turned out in the twenty years of my professional career only the one noble scholar who is to succeed me, I shall not think my life a failure. To the University I shall give my allegiance, her fame is mine, and her lofty standard of morals, her unswerving adherence to truth and purity, and all high and noble learning shall be my standard forever." It surely was a most pathetic scene—himself very quiet, with partially bowed head, slow, deliberate expression, evidently feeling the pathos of each sentence, seemed all that was needed to bring tears to many and to suppress in all a mirth that an instant before had been so pronounced.

Since those University days I have seen far more of Professor Gildersleeve than any other of my old teachers, as for the past thirty years we have trod daily the same streets and by-ways. Even our homes approximate a stone's throw, and yet our lines of work are so divergent, our interests seemingly so little in common, that we seldom interchange more than passing salutations—never beyond a short hurried conversation. On one occasion he related an incident that had occurred in the then near past, so illustrative of a phase in his personality as to deserve repeating here: "When returning this summer from the Old Sweet Springs, as our train neared the University, I walked to the rear platform of the Pullman in order to view better the scene of more youthful years. A young man soon joined me, evidently desiring to convey information, who remarked, pointing with his hand, "That is the University of Virginia"; to which I replied, "Yes"; whereupon he added, "I used to be a student there," only to receive

the same monosyllabic reply, "Yes." Thus leaving the personal identity of both unrevealed."

On his seventieth birthday, October 23, 1901, I extended him congratulations by letter, to which the following is a reply:

Dear Dr. Culbreth: Nothing could be more gratifying to me in this season of good wishes than your assurance that you owe something to your old teacher. Few echoes come to the professor from those who have sat under his teachings. Only when a memorable occasion arises does he learn how his teachings have told on the world and his pupils. The completion of my seventieth year has brought out many expressions of good will and many kindly remembrances not only from those whom I have trained for my own calling but from those who think they owe more to the man than to the Hellenin. And if it be a weakness, let it be a weakness, for I prefer to be remembered as a personality than as a teaching machine of so and so many donkey powers. I have no quarrel with those who have not kept up their Greek studies, but those who will recognize the idealism of the School of Greek, I hold to my heart as I have ever done. I have read your letter to my wife who pronounces it beautiful and who unites with me in thanking you for your tribute to your old teacher, to whom you have ever shown a loyalty and affection that are exceedingly precious in a forgetful world.

Yours faithfully,
B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

Since then, as a feeble mark of personal appreciation, I sent him one of my medical works, and in acknowledgment received the following:

Dear Dr. Culbreth: You may not be aware that in my youth I had seriously considered the study of medicine as a profession. At college there was no course that I enjoyed so much as the lectures on anatomy illustrated by a manakin, and I have always had a fancy, though nothing more, for botany and materia medica generally. So you see that I am not altogether unprepared to appreciate your valuable gift, which I expect to consult very often. But above all I prize the manifestation of your continued interest in me and your kind remembrances of the old times. Nothing comforts me in my old age more than the affectionate regard of my former pupils, and I pardon most readily their exaggerated estimation of their obligations to me as a teacher. At all events I rejoice in their success as if it were my success, and surely the fourth edition of a good work means success of a high order. With renewed congratulations, best thanks and best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

On October 1, 1906, he had been professor of Greek fifty years, an event allowed to pass unobserved until a year later —his seventy-sixth birthday, October 23, 1907—when he was

Professor John B. Minor, LL.D., at fifty-eight
1813–1895

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accorded by his many educational friends a befitting golden jubilee. Teachers of Greek and other classical scholars contributed beautiful testimonials of his life's worth and work, while newspapers noticed the event at length in the local columns and in brief editorially. I wrote him personally, receiving this reply:

Dear Dr. Culbreth: Some years ago I published a criticism of a translation from Lucian. When I met the translatrix a few months afterwards, she said to me: "You reflected on my moral character and bore lightly on my Greek. So I suppose I must thank you for I am certain of my moral character; of my Greek I am not certain." Now I am just the other way except that no Greek scholar is very certain of his Greek. At any rate I am glad that in your congratulatory letter you emphasize the value of my example, for when we reach the age of maturity we lay more stress on character than on talent. And if my old students think that I have exemplified any of the cardinal virtues I become reconciled to the part I have played despite the many shortcomings of which I am conscious. Accept my best thanks for all the kind words you have written to your old teacher and friend, and all the kind thoughts you have cherished of him and his colleagues of the University of Virginia.

Yours faithfully,
B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

Of all my teachers, Professor Gildersleeve has lived to gain possibly the greatest distinction. Many degrees and honors have been conferred upon him by various institutions, and to-day he undoubtedly stands in our country the leading exponent of the Hellenic tongue. While not following literally the example of the more ancient Greek scholar—who, spending his life's work on the article, admitted a mistake in not restricting himself to the dative case—he has been wise enough to heed the fact that no person can do well more than one thing, consequently has adhered chiefly to his chosen department, Greek, allowing little mind-diversion in pursuing deeply other avenues of knowledge. This strong factor fails to be observed frequently only to lessen the possibility of renown—for certainly the mastery of one crowns the slavery of many.

CHAPTER XXI

Professors—Personal Characteristics and Traits

John William Mallet—characteristics and traits; beautiful lecturer, accurate, safe and pains-taking experimenter; fine teacher with much dignity. George Frederick Holmes, characteristics—tall, gaunt form; enjoyed students' applause, our strong regard for him; a public lecturer of merit. John Staige Davis—personal traits and magnetism, brilliant and healthful teacher, high sense of honor, facetious humor, kind and sympathetic. James Lawrence Cabell—distinguished personality, strong character, gifted intellect, kind, knowing physician; personal letter. James Francis Harrison—characteristics, brusque mannerism, popular with students and in the University management.

John William Mallet—Of the faculty, this professor was the only one of Irish birth and English parentage, and although educated in his native land and Germany he had migrated to our country in early manhood for the purpose of teaching chemistry—that in which he had gained already a world-wide reputation. He possessed, however, none of the more noticeable attributes of the typical Englishman, as he was rather tall and slender, and without ruddy complexion or the slightest provincial dialect. He was about forty-five years of age, six feet high, and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His face was of the elongated type, covered mostly with a good growth of blackish-brown beard and moustache—the former trimmed occasionally to prevent unnecessary length; forehead broad and prominent; nose rather large and well-shaped; eyes clear, bright and bluish-gray; head finely proportioned, of good size, held thoroughly erect and carrying a thick suit of brownish-black hair. His voice was strong and sufficiently deep to be rich and sonorous; language full and elegant; manners easy, reserved, positive and gentlemanly—qualities that never failed him during my two years' contact, be the provocation what it may. He was dignified, possibly a trifle formal, and while kind to students tolerated not the slightest familiarity with them. He stood and walked absolutely erect, with a quick, elastic and quiet, almost noiseless, step. In conversation he was given to smiling only when

occasion really demanded, which at times ran into audible laughter, so that with those of his age and liking he became very agreeable and companionable. He was popular with students despite the dignified and unbending personality, for in him we recognized a master mind and hand—such as could and would guide us properly, as well as do all that was possible to promote our interest and welfare. He received from us most universally the one title, "Professor Mallet," although a few accepted occasionally the liberty of, "Jack Mallet." He dressed well, in good taste and quietly, preferring the cutaway coat and silk hat.

In spite of his three children—John, Robert, Mary—I fancied the home life more or less retiring, as Mrs. Mallet was understood not to enjoy perfect health or hearing. I never called there, nor did others I fancy unless specially invited, as this was not necessary in order to see the Professor—as he spent all of his time, except evenings, in the laboratory where he had a well-ordered office. This was accessible to all students and here he seemed always glad to see those needing advice and assistance, as well as others for a social visit whenever time permitted. During the session, however, he was continually busy, and could spare few moments for pleasurable diversion, consequently when occasion demanded did not hesitate to excuse himself with satisfactory explanation and apology. So far as in his power he allowed nothing to conflict with set duties, these being performed accurately with the stroke of the clock. In the class-room he was absolutely self-possessed, serious and busy, never ceasing the conversational side while performing experiments, so that from the beginning to the end of the hour and a half not the slightest let-up or opportunity occurred for playing soldier. He neither recognized nor accepted from himself failure in experiments, as all such work was verified carefully in advance of the lecture hour, and at the conclusion seemed always pleased to have members come up in front of the long table to ask pertinent questions and to inspect the products upon which he had lectured. Somehow or another we felt as though behind the table was his own private area upon which we dare not trespass, but possibly there was no ground for this, unless it be after the lecture on fulminates and other explosives, when for safety

sake we considered it best to keep a respectable distance. He manifested no timidity in performing experiments attended with most startling reports, or in handling chemicals that with the slightest abuse would produce serious results; and yet he was careful, never over-daring or inviting risk—simply did what he regarded duty and necessary for the best exposition of his subjects. He lectured without manuscript, but had lying before him a single sheet of legal-cap paper containing matter desired, such as headings, divisions and quotations, and beforehand always placed on the blackboard for class observation and profit the several needed formulæ of reactions, and outline drawings of any special apparatus involved in the process of manufacture. Turning at a slight angle he would refer to these, in proper connection, with his long pointer, often without scarcely moving from his lecturing position. He was not an orator or a flowery speaker—one to lose us in the giddy maze of expression, as was Professor Smith—but his clear, concise sentences were uttered abundantly rapid and seriously, often precluding the taking down of all in our note-books, even though writing at greatest speed. He reiterated nothing—that which we missed at the appointed moment was gone, unless caught through conference or the notes of others. His usual custom was to consume the first half hour of each lecture in calling the roll and quizzing, but for one or two months he tried the experiment of lecturing twice a week (Monday and Wednesday, 11 to 12.30 o'ck.) the full hour and a half, devoting the entire third period (Friday) to a general quiz. This I personally did not like so well, as it gave less variety, and required such continued high tension, each after its kind, and as this no doubt was universal, the innovation possibly has long since ceased to prevail.

He was Americanized to the extent of appreciating a joke or pun, at which when of merit he laughed heartily. I will never forget how I placed (misplaced) him one afternoon while quizzing me on the early industrial process of calico printing, wherein wooden blocks a foot square, with raised metal design attached to the under surface carrying the proper colored dye (ink), were placed together with art and precision upon plain fabric, then hammered gently to make certain a perfect impression. Instead of repeating him *verba-*

tim, " tapping the blocks gently with a hammer," I substituted, " tapping the blocks with a little mallet," whereupon the class quickly accepted the pun with a ripple that aroused his own sense of humor. It was seldom, however, that he sanctioned in class-room the slightest notice of anything irregular—a diversion, inattention or noise—as he considered all such marked evidence of disrespect, and no one felt sufficiently great unto himself, or defiant, to antagonize his pleasure, or the will of the large majority that invariably supported him. In the laboratory he was extremely precise, methodical, industrious and punctual, and in all others under him he expected the same good qualities, or a serious endeavor in that direction. Here he was quick in movement and thought, giving suggestions and reasons in terse language, tolerating in himself and others nothing except work—but notwithstanding was of easy approach and friendly. His assistant, Professor Dunnington, assumed general charge of us, who as an intermediary left little need of direct contact unless for personal and specific reasons. In fact Professor Mallet remained nearly all the time in his own private laboratory, entering therefrom the general laboratory only occasionally each day, and then for the briefest period. The proximity of the two laboratories—separated by a thin wall with communicating door often left open—served to preserve the greatest order and quietness among the students, for none wished to annoy or disturb him in his continuous painstaking work. I remember in making a large alcoholic thermometer when sealing the end finally, the bulb burst with a loud report, only to bring him to the spot in an instant to inquire the cause and possible damage. Nothing beyond the ordinary could go on in his domain to which he was insensible—a fact we soon observed and accepted as a powerful influence toward forcing us to make the best of golden moments.

Since leaving the University I have seen Professor Mallet several times—indeed attended a course of his popular lectures at the Johns Hopkins University—when always a pleasant memory and recognition was evinced for his old student. My last conversation was in his laboratory a few years ago, where I found him in the midst of work and apparently at a time he could ill-afford more than a few moments, but these he will-

ingly gave, taking occasion to acquaint me with some of the changes and improvements going on in his specific department.

George Frederick Holmes—This gentleman was an English subject, being born, however, at Demerara, British Guiana, and might readily have been taken for a foreigner or some native eccentric personage. He was tall, lean and lank—more so than any member of the Faculty, although Dr. Cabell shared honors in height—and of all seemed to give the greatest evidence of years, in spite of his accepted uniform good health. He was fifty-five years of age, about six feet one inch high, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. His face was long and angular, but covered with a growth of grayish-black beard and moustache; hair of similar color, abundant and worn long; forehead bold and high; mouth large with firmly appressed lips; nose thin and of the Roman type; eyes deeply seated, large and prominent but not strong—one more affected than the other—and reinforced by gold spectacles, which always were wiped carefully, without losing time, when beginning and several times during lecture; voice strong and penetrating, becoming at times a little thick and husky, but used frequently with fine effect approximating oratory. His subjects, History, Literature and Rhetoric, gave opportunity and range for the higher qualities of the speaker, and realizing this he endeavored successfully to measure up to the possibilities. He appeared always in a slight hurry, as though never allowing sufficient time for various duties and diversions, but this may have been second nature, acquired through necessity of excessive work in editing his various books, which were appearing then one after another as fast as he could do the compiling. He was rather careless in mode of dress, as to both fit and fashion, wearing usually a cutaway coat of longish skirt, poorly shaped pantaloons, low crowned soft black hat, turn-down collar and the thinnest apology of hand-tied cravats. But when attired for special functions, in full-dress or frock coat and silk hat, made an appearance highly creditable.

He invariably came into the class-room, Rotunda basement, to the left (west), having under arm or in hand several historic or classical works, and a somewhat worn, medium size note-book containing his own annotations, commentaries and

memoranda—not any completely written lecture, simply the skeleton or brief portions. He usually greeted his classes with a smile, wiped his eyes and glasses, adjusted the latter, and at once called the roll in a serious manner, yet never refusing anything susceptible of a little fun. Thus I recall the rhyme he made one morning at the expense of Mr. Berlin, who frequently came in late or not at all. Every name was preceded by Mister, so having called " Mister Berlin " with no response, he quickly added, giving a twinkle of the eye and a smile, " He is not in." Of course not being given to such crude liberty with euphony, we all accepted it with a decided outburst, evidently to his satisfaction. It is unnecessary to add that for several weeks thereafter the calling of that gentleman's name evoked some little disturbance of normal quietness. In classroom Professor Holmes wasted no time, making every moment count for something—chiefly discussions and criticisms of subjects under review, in which we often failed to see value or take interest. Although highly educated—indeed, a fine scholar—I did not consider him a teacher of the highest order, as in quizzing he extenuated errors in a canny manner and often became so enraptured with his subject while lecturing as to lose sight of minor violations of class decorum. His lectures were severely didactic, containing much for which he did not hold us accountable, and a great deal to be found in books—it is true differently expressed and often from new viewpoints. Of course even this quality was highly commendable, as it required great intuition and research to deduce through reading and judgment sufficient knowledge to solve accurately doubtful literary problems—such as the personality of Shakespeare; whether his reputed writings were his own product, or that of Bacon or some other Solon, etc. It was questions of this character he delighted to unfathom—to be convinced of absolute correctness—and to proclaim the results with methods by which obtained. He was a great believer in and searcher for truth, sparing no time and toil to reveal it.

He was rather a rapid speaker, warming up to the demands as he advanced in the subject, and seemed delighted to hold students somewhat spellbound as they took in quietly what he said. He appreciated a recognition of his efforts by others—a very common element in man's nature—consequently there

was more demonstration and noisy punctuation of well-rounded sentences and brilliant thoughts in his classes than in any others. On such occasions, and they were many, no one can fail recalling, after a continuous round of applause, how prone he was to hold up his right hand and smile—a modest invocation for silence, not always heeded until good and ready, especially when the cause was rich and deserving. There was very little note-taking under him, possibly less than with any other professor, as we had specific text-books that could be followed satisfactorily and considered the lectures simply an elucidation or extenuation of their contents. But as a matter of fact his lectures supplemented much that was important and pertinent to places, persons, scenes, dates and writings, which, if retained, would have been useful and helpful to our general store of knowledge. There was, however, so much in the course, that most of us gladly escaped the retention of non-essentials for graduation even though knowingly we became the weaker thereby. Owing to this fact and his seeming indifference (?) there was more inattention and whispering in his lectures than those of other professors, for, unlike them, he became so engrossed, self-centered and oblivious to external doings as to continue talking despite the usual disturbing conditions. Sometimes, however, he would awake to the occasion, pause, scan the room from over his spectacles, only thereafter to receive perfect respect and order. Thus it was we happily knew how far to go—simply awaited his alarm to stop—and dared to overstep his pleasure-mark.

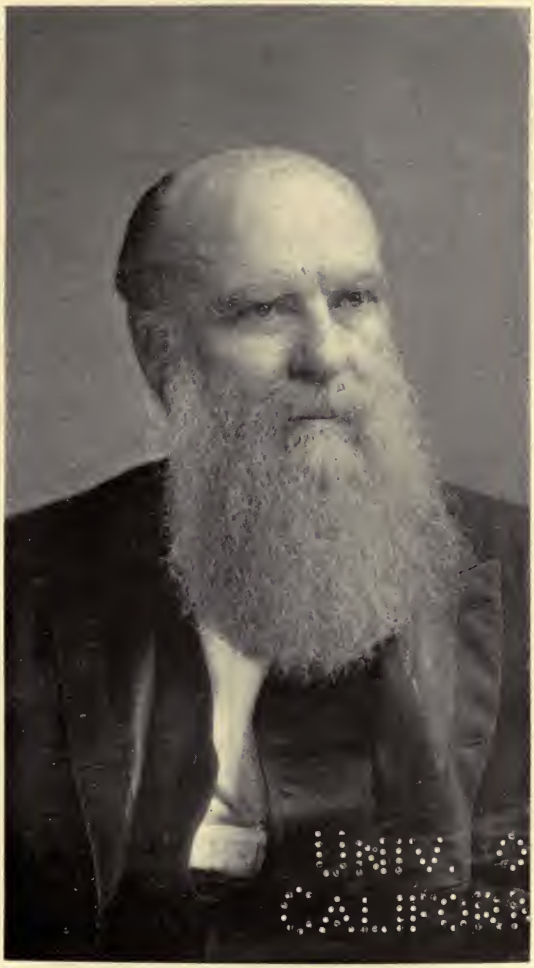
While he often found out what we knew, or did not know, in his department by the regular process of examination and quizzing—that which he continually exercised—we none could judge his attainments in the various subjects he taught. They were so comprehensive as to demand study along many lines, and in any one he had given little that ever reached our youthful hands suggesting great mastery. So far as we were concerned a very good small History of the United States, a commendable Series of Readers, and an average English Grammar marked his authorship—such as in our opinion might have been compiled by one of less reputed talent. His voluminous writings and criticisms in educational journals, encyclopædias, and standard works were either then unknown,

inaccessible or unappreciated by us. The gift of repeating from memory the stronger parts of famous compositions—orations, poems, dramas and tragedies—seemed to us almost essential to one occupying the chair, but all such Professor Holmes felt satisfied in simply reading. He even rarely gave the shorter familiar quotations—that which might have reasonably been expected from one of rare literary taste and ability. Somehow I always believed the theme or creative cause—historic side of a work—appealed more to him than the language or style employed. I knew several ladies attending Mrs. Long's school, Charlottesville, where a portion of their weekly work was—assigning the correct authorship to a number of quotations, each a line or two. Sometimes I was applied to for assistance, and whenever the various "Quotation Works" in the Library failed to help me, I would after class ask Professor Holmes, and he was never able—possibly inclined—to give me any light beyond: "It sounds a little like so and so." Usually he would say frankly: "I do not know—you cannot tell where to find a thing unless you have seen it there." This struck me as strange, coming from one of his reputation and position, but possibly I expected too much. He might have offered to help me out, yet this even he never did, in spite of my enjoying his friendship in extent equal to other class-members. For this I gave him no censure, but accepted it to imply a lack of interest in matters outside of his course, an extremely busy life, and a thoughtlessness in extending a helping hand to others. While this characteristic failed to win hearts or to make him a favorite professor, it did not create enemies—simply called forth from us all moderate respect. We had to accept him as a fine critic, a close and painstaking student, a widely and thoughtfully read scholar.

I fancy he lived simply and prudently—eating to live rather than living to eat—and therefore required little exercise, that which he seldom accepted unless indoors, as he was seen rarely on the street outside of duty's demand. He seldom attended the Chapel services at which I was present, but that was condoned from the fact of us students understanding incorrectly him to be a Romanist, therefore adverse to Protestant creed—that which was not true, as he was an Episcopalian.

His home, third pavilion from the Rotunda, East Lawn, was not recognized in my day a strong factor in the University social life, although the youngest daughter, Miss Bell, still enjoyed favor with a certain few and entertained to a limited extent. It was here that R. M. T. Hunter (Finals of 1875) and Ralph Waldo Emerson (Finals of 1876) were cared for pleasantly while visiting the University, and in whose honor beautiful receptions and other functions were given—that to Mr. and Miss Emerson being so over-crowded as almost to defy admission. The University certainly had a faithful and efficient servant in Professor Holmes, who proudly endeavored to extend her creditable reputation and add to her good name. By his teaching, readers, grammars, histories, criticisms and other writings he became widely and favorably known, often receiving and accepting invitations, carrying adequate compensation, to deliver courses of lectures in other institutions. After an association of forty years he died at the University, November 4, 1897, and at his request was buried at the Old Sweet Springs by the wife's side, causing deep regret that his bones should fail to repose in that sacred enclosure hard by the spot he spent so much of life, giving to the world his richest, best and fullest energies.

John Staige Davis—While I cannot claim a strong intimacy with this Professor, taking in his department only materia medica—one lecture a week for two-thirds of a session, 1876-77—yet every now and then throughout my University course I received his medical advice and treatment, a service that brought a kindly fellowship and a grateful heart. Indeed, no one could come in touch with him for the briefest period without feeling impressed with his personality—those striking characteristics that make the true man. Although deep in his power of apprehension, penetration, absorption and retention, yet he was no enigma to others, as they could understand and comprehend readily his manly nature. He possessed nothing hidden or secretive, but his ambitions, desires, intentions, hopes and methods were held in the open—figuratively, "worn upon the sleeve." Whatever was equitable, honorable, just, right and best for all concerned—not for himself alone—was advocated always by him, in fact written legibly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Professor Noah K. Davis, LL.D., at sixty
1830—

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in his face. One had only to inquire of himself the truth—not superficial—and merits of a given case or condition in order to predict the attitude of Professor Davis towards it. He was, like all wide-awake, observant men, thoroughly conversant with the corrupt doings of his day, and fully realized that thereby many seemingly benefited and prospered, but that was no incentive for him to emulate the example—if anything it stimulated him all the more to tread the narrow path of strict integrity and morality. Of course he liked money, but not in the prevailing spirit of to-day—whether obtained by methods questionable or otherwise—consequently he could not have been tempted into any kind of transaction savoring of indirectness, that which happily his intuition was sufficiently acute to detect and to vouchsafe always a high sense of honor. I never saw a person more eager to discharge what he conceived to be the whole duty—not a part—and this alone made him a very careful, painstaking imparter of knowledge, never being satisfied with his part until it was comprehended and mastered properly by his students. He was just fifty-two years of age, well-proportioned and compactly built, about five feet nine inches high, and one hundred and sixty pounds in weight. His face was full and smooth, with determined vertical upper lip and strong angular lower jaw; forehead broad, full, vertical and high; nose of good size and outline; hair abundant and dark; voice rather fine, soft and effeminate, but agreeable, penetrating and with volume; language concise, clear, never over-abundant, but beautifully expressive and explanatory; manners courtly, affable and friendly—never familiar. His dress was plain, neat and fresh—mostly black suits, sack or cutaway coats, turn-down collars, soft felt or straw hats. In meeting him casually one would not probably feel himself in the presence of more than an average individual, as his general appearance and behavior suggested little other than the polished, refined gentleman—never aiming at personal show or advantage. Indeed, he was a modest and retiring man with mild, precise speech, but in thought and expression how different!—aggressive, impressive, concise, original, incisive, witty and sarcastic—sarcasm, however, not willingly intended to injure or offend, but which sometimes left momentarily a sting upon the deserving and extremely

sensitive. This truly was a natural gift, one, in spite of falling occasionally on unwonted soil, to discomfort the few, that made no enemies and always brought some amusement to the many. There seemed no better place than the class-room for giving vent to this proclivity, where alone most of us chanced to meet it, and we invariably expected some manifestation, especially when quizzing. On one occasion I remember he asked a stalwart Texan the dose of digitalis tincture, and upon getting the reply—one to two tablespoonfuls—simply retorted: "Alas, doctors will differ." Again upon inquiring the treatment for aconite poisoning, and receiving a lengthy preamble with a hesitation, he queried: "Well, what next?" Whereupon the young man continued to a finish, when the Professor remarked: "Oh, indeed, no need for that, you would already have caused a funeral." Again when asking the dose of croton oil he received the reply—one to two teaspoonfuls—and with uplifted hands coupled with an expression of sad disappointment, if not disgust, he quietly remarked: "In this class we have no reference to lower animals—that quantity would even make a goat pass its horns." This type of incorrect answers doomed the perpetrators for that day, as, without further interrogation, they were allowed to rest on their laurels—sad object lessons for themselves and fellow classmates. These terse, pithy remarks served as caustic reprimands, and, beyond avoiding a waste of time at correction and discussion, forced the lame to seek out for themselves at the first opportunity correct knowledge, driving it home not soon to be forgotten. He never referred by word or act to any of the "flings" passed, but met us afterwards in the same urbane manner that characterized his life—just as though nothing beyond the ordinary had occurred. In no place did he show to greater advantage than the sick-chamber, where it was my lot—unfortunately several times at examination season—to fall under his care. One could not forget, even with effort, his easy manner, beautiful sympathy and paternal watchfulness at the bedside—always bright, kind, cheery, talkative, encouraging and inspiring—causing joy at the coming, sorrow at the going. The middle of one June I found myself with headache, fever and lost appetite, and, without knowing or sending for the physician in charge, marched over to the In-

firmary, related my troubles to the matron, Mrs. Brown—a very sweet, affable, oldish lady, ideal for the position and known to me through former tender manifestations—and requested a room as well as medical attention. In the natural sequence of duty it happened to be Dr. Davis's month, who upon entering my door first inquired: "How did you get over here? who told you to come?" Both speech and attitude were as though somewhat aggrieved—that his prerogative had not properly been observed—but when I appealingly looked him in the face with the reply, "Don't criticise the liberty taken, Doctor, I am so sick," his entire mannerism changed, so that in a moment he was feeling pulse, looking at tongue and seeking other diagnostic symptoms. It proved only a case of remittent fever aggravated by the prevailing hot weather, consequently ten days saw me well and out again. During one of the "Finals" we chanced to meet on East Lawn, near the Rotunda, when he stopped me to say he had mutual friends, Whiteleys, stopping with him for the occasion who would be glad to see me. Later in the day I received a written invitation to a function on the morrow, 4 o'ck, P. M., after which he placed the word—*sharp*. Few men ever lived who observed and desired promptness more than he, and, realizing the average youth's proneness to violate the social law of time by five or ten minutes, he did not hesitate to emphasize the hour of engagement.

He enjoyed far more than a local reputation, received solicitations for city practice, and invitations to join Faculties of other medical institutions, but all such were declined invariably on the ground that he was doing good and satisfactory work, was happy and contented, and his own University needed him most. I met him for the last time in the summer of 1881 at the Rockbridge Alum Springs, where he was the resident physician and had been for many years. Having our party of young friends and seeming plenty to pass the few weeks together pleasantly I neglected to call at his cottage the first few days, and did not see him until one morning we found ourselves on the same path approaching each other. At once he extended his hand with the query: "Why have you not been to see us?" His recognition was so cordial that for the moment I was confused into admitting the truth, "Well, Doc-

tor, I thought you had long since lost sight of me in the multitude of students and that it would be a kindness not to annoy you unnecessarily." At this he disclaimed the possibility of such forgetfulness, became a trifle generous with pleasant memories of the past and insistent upon seeing much of me during my stay. It is scarcely necessary to say that thereafter we came together frequently, always to interchange kindly greetings and congenial thoughts that made me feel the better.

His life was cut off unfortunately in the midst of its greatest activity, after having served the University he so much loved twenty-nine years, as professor of anatomy and materia medica. He died July 17, 1885, in his sixty-first year, and was buried in the University Cemetery near by many faithful friends and co-laborers, within the sound of the bell that ever continues to summon ambitious students to the same old subjects he so ably taught.

James Lawrence Cabell—Some days after entering the University I began to feel more or less languid, and, in spite of symptoms differing somewhat, to apprehend intermittent fever—that which in the autumn was so prevalent around my home, and in previous years had given me no little annoyance. Another more hopeful solution of the malady was that due to climatic differences, such as was to be apprehended—indeed, previously commented upon—in going southward for the first time. As days brought no relief and as my many duties demanded a sound mind in a sound body, I determined to seek medical advice, and upon learning that Dr. Cabell was the visiting physician for October, hastened one morning shortly after breakfast to his office—first door south of his home, first pavilion from the Rotunda, East Lawn. I had never seen him before, and though a stranger, he was not long in removing all incidental feeling by friendly talk and interest in me. He inquired minutely concerning my home, State, family, and finally myself, with the conclusion that my symptoms were of the trouble surmised—malarial and atmospheric. He cleared the *primæ viæ,* prescribed additionally a dozen quinine pills and a half-ounce of Fowler's Solution, to be taken in five-drop doses with a little water, three times

daily—remarking it was poisonous and the quantity must not be exceeded. I followed his directions to speedy cure, and the circumstance has always remained vivid from it being my initiative need of a physician's care—all previous ailments having been simple and amenable to mother's treatment. Indeed, she was not only a kindly nurse, but possessed fair acquaintance with medicines and diseases—children and adult—causing others besides myself to have abiding faith in her powers. After this event Dr. Cabell and I always knew each other, although likely he failed to carry my name until subsequent circumstances made it more impressive. We saw each other quite often to exchange courteous recognition, occasionally to enjoy short conversation, but I had no need for him professionally until three years later, when, injuring my foot and hand in the gymnasium, I again called at his office for medical advice—that which he cheerfully gave, with speedy curative results.

Dr. Cabell was in his early sixties, six feet one inch high, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. His face was smooth except a suit of well-clipped whitish side whiskers that gave him a resemblance to Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. He was particular in keeping the rest of his face cleanly shaven, thereby showing a healthy florid complexion. His nose was of good size and shape; forehead broad and high; hair scarce and whitish; voice clear, sonorous, and agreeable—used with deliberation and impressiveness; manners quiet, affable, dignified, gentlemanly—inspiring; language full, precise, elegant—forceful; dress neat and becoming, usually black—frock coat and silk hat. By us students he was recognized to be one of the most scholarly members of the Faculty—capable of teaching acceptably any branch of medicine and several in the department of letters. Upon the death of Professor McGuffey he took partial charge of the course during the remainder of the session—the honor being shared by Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, our chaplain, one of the previous year's creditable graduates in that department.

Dr. Cabell was a persistent reader and a close student of all matters educational, contenting himself not alone with medicine—far less with his branches, physiology and surgery. His mind was retentive and elastic, making him a veritable

store-house of knowledge—that which coupled with a delightful personality assured at all times and places a position of respect, power and eminence. His distinguished appearance, fine address and magnetism caused the more observant of multitudes to inquire his name, while those who came in close contact were impressed by his strong individuality and gathered inspiration from his manly character. He seemingly possessed few weak points—none but what was servile to judgment—and revealed the highest type of the old-time gentleman. The medical students thought him a very exacting teacher and believed he only showed mercy when demanded by unqualified justice. How far this was true I am not prepared to say, but one thing is certain, that he and Dr. Davis were faithful watchdogs of their diploma's sanctity—seeing that no one undeserving possessed it. I distinctly recall one second-year applicant for graduation receiving several weeks after his intermediate examination in surgery a note from Dr. Cabell, stating his failure and expressing surprise at one of his mental caliber thinking he could ever take a degree in medicine at the University. This so incensed the young man that he left at once and finished his medical training elsewhere a year later. Thus the courtly Cabell could say offensive things, absolutely without varnish, when he believed the end justified the means.

The last time I met him was in the summer of 1882, when coming from the White Sulphur Springs, he joined our train at Covington, having previously secured in our sleeper a berth near my own. He was on his way from the Hot Springs to Washington in connection with duties incident to the National Board of Health, of which he then was president. The hour was late, permitting only a short talk, but he gave no evidence of weakened faculties—still preserved the quick movement and undaunted energy characterizing him during my University days, such as belonged to one of more youthful years. On December 21, 1887, he completed his fifty years of continued service as "professor of physiology and surgery" in the University, and as a memorial of the event and a tribute to his distinguished labors for universal sound medical education his old pupils, representing thirty States and countries, and his colleagues, presented to him a beau-

tiful and costly golden goblet, appropriately inscribed, accompanied by a congratulatory address. His pupils of that session did not let the event pass unnoticed—sending him a handsome cylindrical escritoire as a token of respect and confidence.

In February, 1889, I received a letter from Mrs. Mattie M. Minor, asking a donation for completing the University Chapel, with the request that any contribution be forwarded to Dr. Cabell. I enclosed with check a personal letter, to which the following is a reply:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, February 26, 1889.

Dear Doctor Culbreth: Your favor of the 23rd ins., enclosing your check for ten dollars as a contribution to the new Chapel at the University, and generously offering to make a further subscription in a certain contingency, was duly received yesterday afternoon. The check has been turned over to the Ladies Chapel Aid Society, and I am authorized to convey to you their grateful thanks for your actual contribution, for the promise of further aid if such should be needed, and last but by no means least for your generous expressions of filial devotion to Alma Mater and of your purpose to do all in your power to advance her interest. In all of this I cordially join, and am with sincere regard,

Yours truly and faithfully,
J. L. CABELL,
Treas. University Chapel Fund.

Dr. Cabell did not long survive this period, for owing to impaired health he retired from active professorial duties the following June, having by the Visitors been given an efficient assistant, Dr. Paul B. Barringer, who had been trained by him as well as abroad. Unfortunately, however, Dr. Cabell did not survive to give form and fashion to his work in another's hands, as he died August 13th, at Morven, his country home, a short distance from Charlottesville and the University. His death was unexpected and seemingly very untimely, being due to a general failure and some stomach disease preventing proper assimilation. He was laid at rest in the University Cemetery, by the side of his wife, who preceded him fifteen years (1874), and near many others who in life were his sincere friends and co-workers—faithful unto Death.

The following day, *The Sun* (Baltimore) gave this short and deserving editorial: "The Late Dr. Cabell.—The medical profession has sustained a loss in the death yesterday of Dr. James L. Cabell, of the University of Virginia, at his residence near Charlottesville. Dr. Cabell had been professor

of surgery in the University for over fifty years, and there are hundreds of physicians, scattered over the country, who learned valuable lessons in his lecture-room. The news of his death will cause general regret, particularly among members of the profession of which he was an ornament."

James Francis Harrison—One day, shortly after my entrance to the University, while walking along West Lawn to a Latin lecture, I saw, for the first time, this gentleman standing in the doorway of his office—the door itself being partly open. The perspective was singularly impressive from what I considered a strained attitude—severely erect with spraddled legs and stern expression—answering well to an ungracefully posed picture in a rough frame. As time went on, granting many opportunities of passing him on the street with a bow of recognition, I observed this to be one of his favorite positions—assuming it frequently for a few moments as a method of obtaining either fresh air or a general survey of the campus and possible doings thereon. In spite of these semi-contacts we never came to meet until after he succeeded Professor Venable as Chairman, July, 1873. He occupied the second pavilion from the Rotunda, West Lawn, his office being the room just north, thus making it very convenient for students calling to get information, commands or reprimands, as each after a fashion desired or deserved. His wife possessed a sweet but sad face, and mingled little with the social contingent of the University, being prevented, we understood, by precarious health. But a daughter well beyond the teens, tall and lank, a brunette of attractive and striking features, did the honors of the home. A son of good manners and address was then a student, and enjoyed considerable popularity in the medical department, from which he graduated, and like his father became professor in a Southern institution. The Doctor himself was about sixty years of age, but seemingly experienced not the slightest impairment of faculties in spite of visible dermal wrinkles and silvered strands. He was exceptionally vigorous, active and alert—well calculated to perform the double duties of Chairman and his chair. He was about six feet high and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. In dress he was somewhat careless, but on stated occasions so attired himself as to give com-

manding appearance and the impression of a strong personality. His step was firm, positive, rather long and deliberate; face of the angular, elongated type, mostly covered with brownish-black beard and moustache worn slightly long and shaggy; forehead somewhat broad and high; nose large but thin, with graceful ridge or outline; voice deep, of lower register, and used generally without kindly modulation—indeed, I considered him abrupt in speech, very outspoken, mincing neither word nor sentiment. He expressed boldly and impressively what he had to say, and there was no need of mistaking his meaning; yet I never thought he intended to be harsh or severe—it was simply his individual way and manner. Having been for years a surgeon in the United States and Confederate navies, where positive command and discipline prevailed, and being without that innate gentle refinement characterizing many of the professors, it was not strange that his brusque abruptness showed in forceful contrast with those of a more retiring nature. At the same time we all recognized in him a good mirthful heart, one who often came down to the students' level and impressed them as desiring to be their true friend and adviser. While he was not a general favorite, he shared our respect and admiration—none of us harboring the slightest feeling against him. There was one thing to his credit in common with the other professors—he always knew his mind, never vacillated or wavered between opinions.

We did not regard Dr. Harrison much of a student, and I believe the medical students recognized him the least learned of their triumvirate, in spite of his rounded experience in general practice where he seemed bold and fearless—qualities often counting to advantage at the bedside. Personally I never happened to be sick any month he was on duty, consequently cannot speak knowingly of his bearing and impress in the sick-room—factors of inestimable value to both patient and physician—but I fancy him to have been cheerful, encouraging and well calculated to inspire confidence, as he was moved little by trifles and inclined to make light of that which others often thought serious. I distinctly remember a friend dropped into my room one morning very much provoked over the visit just made to Dr. Harrison for medical advice, when in describing his malady he laid special stress upon one symp-

tom—" every time I take a long breath a sharp pain is felt about my heart." To this the Doctor seriously remarked—" You don't have to take long breaths; cease annoying yourself with the effort, breathe normally." After a few moments' conversation, however, he changed the pleasantry by prescribing that which soon brought a cure, but not an obliteration of the undignified command. I never heard but parts—endings—of several lectures, and the talks he gave on Commencement Days, when conferring diplomas, but from these I should not imagine him to have been a winning lecturer or speaker, as his voice, deep and penetrating, was used in quick, somewhat jerky sentences without much modulation—qualities that in time become monotonous and tiresome.

My relationship with him was always most pleasant, and as Chairman of the Faculty he apparently measured up to the students' complete satisfaction. I never was before him for reprimand—that which he did not hesitate to administer to the deserving—but came near on one occasion when, owing to a previous engagement, I declined taking a Sunday horseback ride with some clubmates and others, who rode to Edgehill, entered the Seminary grounds, waved handkerchiefs at the young ladies, and indulged in mannerisms open to criticism. Upon Miss Randolph sending out to inquire what manner of men they were, each wrote his name on a cigarette paper, which were handed to the servant, only to realize them the next afternoon in the hands of Dr. Harrison, to whom they had been sent by morning's mail with an explanatory letter. The guilty students needed no reminder of what they had been summoned to the Chairman's office for, as filing in one by one they encountered the identical faces upon which they had gazed the previous day in sportive delight. The Doctor, much to their surprise, was very lenient—invoking for the future a proper regard for the University's good name and a promise not to depart again from gentlemanly behavior.

We called him mostly " Doctor Harrison," but occasionally could be heard the more familiar name, " Old Harry." He continued Chairman and professor until 1886, when he resigned and moved to Prince William County, where he died ten years later.

Professor Francis P. Dunnington, B.Sc., at forty-three
1851—

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THE GIFT
OF
MRS. ELLEN D. WILLIS

CHAPTER XXII

Professors—Personal Characteristics and Traits

William Holmes McGuffey—appearance and dress, liberal thinker and Presbyterian; sickness, death, funeral, burial; successor; life work and greatness. John Barbee Minor—great moral and legal teacher; appearance, hard worker; Christian home life; loyal to the University during the Civil War. Noah Knowles Davis—personal characteristics, close observer, deep thinker, hard worker, mingled little with the world; Sunday afternoon Bible lectures. Francis Perry Dunnington—appearance, reserved manner, accurate worker and good teacher.

William Holmes McGuffey.—When accompanying Professor Venable home for dinner the afternoon I reached the University, he halted near the center of the campus and pointed out the various pavilions occupied by the several professors, emphasizing the last on West Lawn, by which we soon passed, as that of the oldest member of the Faculty—Dr. McGuffey's. I inquired his relationship to the author of the popular "Readers," only to receive the information that he was the author himself and a learned philosopher. In public school I had been brought up on the "Eclectic Series," but nothing on the title pages indicated the writer's identity—all being by Wm. H. McGuffey, LL.D. One can imagine my great desire to see and hear lecture the man who had collated so much of my youthful reading matter—that which had an early realization. He was about five feet nine inches high and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. His face was smooth and beardless; cheek-bones prominent and straightly angled to the chin; forehead unusually broad and high; complexion good—more vital than sanguine; voice clear, sonorous, lower register, fine volume and carrying power; eyes small and bright. He dressed in conventional black cloth, with long full-skirted coats and high collars—silk stock—and a silk hat. He walked erect, with firm, deliberate step, but carried a cane, upon which he placed some weight; he seemed always thoughtful, but never oblivious to surroundings, noticing persons passed-by and conditions en-

countered. He spoke in a reflective, absorbed and convincing style, repeating premises and conclusions wherever he thought it possible for students to find stumbling blocks; he argued as he explained, taking much delight in both, until he felt assured that his meaning was understood by all. He never worried or despaired from a failure to comprehend the first enunciation of a truth, but recognized all such to be golden opportunities for exercising his varied resources as a master teacher. I was never introduced to him, but we frequently met, always to tip my hat and have the salute recognized with a slight bow and kindly smile. I only heard him lecture twice on his regular course, but a number of times on Sunday afternoons upon Biblical subjects, of which he had been a close student and gave beautiful interpretations. Although a consistent Presbyterian, he did not hesitate to ridicule and denounce its doctrine of predestination, but otherwise was firm to the creed. He gave forth many educational thoughts apart from the subjects he taught; even grammatical construction and questions of rhetoric received sometimes in class a straightening process, while students often sought him for such purpose. I heard him deprecate on one occasion the prevailing use of the comparative for the superlative degree—thus contending that of several articles one was not the better, but the best of the lot. His lectures were among the few attended by outsiders, and no one at their close—be the subject discussed ever so dependent upon reasoning—failed to be profited and to wish for a repetition of the sitting. When considering the merits and popularity of our professors, it was soon found that none stood higher among the student-body, for we accepted him as a model teacher and a master of his profound subject—a tower of strength in the Faculty. When, therefore, in early April of my first year his serious indisposition was announced, one could not be surprised at the gloom cast over the entire atmosphere and the interest taken in his daily condition. Sometimes he had rallied to bring joy to every heart, again unexpected complications had arisen, or, as did occur, mental aberration and delirium, to spread inexpressible sadness and regret. Sunday, May 4, 1873, was a delightfully balmy day—well calculated to stimulate in nature the unfolding of imprisoned vitality, in youth an appreciation of

the privilege of living—but with its setting sun faded the light of our immortal philosopher, as death came shortly after 6 o'ck. All exercises of the University were suspended the following Tuesday—a day likewise of beautiful sunshine and warmth—when at 10.30 o'ck, the funeral assemblage began collecting on the lawn in front of the Rotunda, arranging itself in two parallel lines ten feet apart, extending nearly to the first terrace. Shortly thereafter the casket was borne by loving colleagues through these lines, followed by respectful friends, citizens and Moral Philosophy class—the standing lines joining the procession in regular order—all ascending the Rotunda steps and proceeding to the Public Hall, whose pillars, gallery and stage had been entwined with black and appropriate mourning symbols. The bier, covered with floral wreaths, rested at the foot of the stage, while upon this were seated the professors, assistants, ministers, noted scholars and friends. The Hall was overcrowded, mournful and silent—only the mellow sunlight reflecting through the shuttered windows bringing to the occasion the slightest evidence of brightness. Rev. Edgar Woods, of the Presbyterian Church, Charlottesville, a close personal friend of Dr. McGuffey's, read the Scriptural passage, while our Chaplain, Rev. Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, delivered a very sympathetic sermon from the text, " But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth forth the sickle because the harvest is come." During this discourse many were moved to tears, especially when touching reference was made to the Professor's great kindness to the speaker personally and to his frequent visits throughout the final sickness, in which the great teacher's one thought seemed to be his present class. After this the Rev. J. H. Bryson gave expression to that which appeared most pathetic and affecting—the dead professor's last message to his class.

At the conclusion of these services the casket was conveyed by the pall-bearers from the Hall, down the front Rotunda steps, to the right by the Modern Language room, thence to its rear through the opening between it and Professor Gildersleeve's pavilion, where the hearse and several carriages were in waiting. The procession, consisting of the few vehicles and long line of professors, students and friends on foot, pro-

ceeded toward the Medical Hall, turned left into the road along West Range and thence to the University Cemetery, where, with the simple interment service, in the presence of that vast concourse of uncovered heads, the body was consigned to its final resting place—in the rear or western section, near the graves of Professors Bonneycastle, Courtenay and Harrison, to which have been added later those of Howard and Bledsoe. During the greater portion of Dr. McGuffey's sickness until the close of the session, his class was looked after by Doctors Cabell and Witherspoon to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

Of the several books written by Dr. McGuffey none bore directly upon the great subject of his life's work, Moral Philosophy—there remaining extant of this only his own notes and those taken by students as best they could in lectures. It was a great disappointment that after teaching the subject so many years he failed to place on lasting record his own opinions, deductions and theories of mental processes, and we were delighted to learn early in the session (1872-73) that his long proposed work was about completed and could be expected from the press at any date—that which after his death failed to materialize. Nor had he trained anyone especially to his liking and method of thought suitable to be a worthy successor, but recognized many of his graduates equal to the duties. These conditions, however, from the students' standpoint made the position very difficult to fill, as we believed that no other method or system than his would be acceptable. As a matter of fact, in keeping with Dr. McGuffey's belief, he had molded abundant material out of which to make an excellent choice, but what surprised us students most was the elimination of his own product and the selection of one who had been trained far differently. This step, be it said in truth, yielded most happy results, and convincingly proved that a new man with changed ideas and ideals may sometimes strengthen a department that already is very strong.

In the life of Dr. John A. Broadus (1901), unquestionably one of the University's most loyal and gifted sons (1827-1895), occurs much pertaining to his own student-life and subsequent identification with the institution. Among the

letters written while enjoying his many visits there, one to his wife, June 6, 1872, is of special interest here: "Took tea at Dr. McGuffey's. His work on 'Mental Philosophy'—like Heaven in size and design—is printing, and he showed me proofs. He looks as young and vigorous as ever. I attended a lecture of Gildersleeve's at half past twelve, and got ideas. In the evening he and Holmes and Peters called, and Dr. Davis was prevented after proposing. Gildersleeve was glad to meet somebody interested in grammar, and sat late, very full of talk."

Immediately upon Dr. McGuffey's death, Professor Smith wrote Dr. Broadus: "May 4, 1873—At 6.15 o'ck this evening our venerated and valued professor, Dr. McGuffey, quietly and in unconsciousness passed away. He lingered for weeks, having rallied after his physicians despaired of him. His daughter, Mrs. Hepburn, and his wife were the only relatives with him. . . . Other gentlemen of the Faculty besides Dr. Davis (John Staige) have spoken to me most earnestly in reference to his successor, and indeed, so far as I know, if the alumni, faculty and friends of the Institution were polled, their well-nigh, if not altogether unanimous, choice would light on you. These gentlemen desired me to approach you or cause you to be approached on the subject. I know of no way save that of simply and directly telling you the facts and asking you to deliberate upon them and give us your matured decision, earnestly hoping that this decision will be favorable to us. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to argue the matter with you. I could say nothing which would not occur with greater force to your own reflections. I can very well understand the strength of your love for the Seminary, the child of your care and toil."

This sketch cannot be concluded more appropriately than by quoting from at least two, out of the many, of Dr. McGuffey's graduates who have not only become distinguished, but have willingly paid a high tribute of respect to the memory and worth of their beloved teacher. Thus one says: "It is impossible to enter even in outline into the great work of his life in its four departments—the Christian ministry, educational authorship, college presidency, and University professorship. In each of these departments his life was emi-

nently successful and useful. As a preacher, in his earlier days he had few equals, attracting great crowds wherever he was announced to preach, and to the last his sermons gave evidence of rare powers of exposition and masterly acquaintance with the great truths of redemption. His 'Eclectic Series of Readers' has made his name as familiar as a household word throughout the land. In the discipline and government of young men as college president he was eminently successful; but it was in his chosen field, the professorship of Mental and Moral Science, that his great powers found their widest and most congenial field, that the labor of his life reached its highest and most perfect fruitage, and that the basis was laid for his most enduring and illustrious fame. Rarely does there appear in any one man the combination of so many qualities as a successful teacher. His mind was not only endowed with a power of subtle analysis which enabled him to trace without the slightest perplexity or confusion the most intricate and occult principles of metaphysics; but with this he combined an ardent love for those paths which conduct man through the labyrinths of his own thought and volition. They were as familiar to him and as dear as his mountain walks, along which he delighted even to his last hours to roam. His was the most truly philosophic mind we have ever known. All nature was to him the expression of the Divine thought—the intelligible seeking to bring itself into correlation with the intelligent. There was not a bird that warbled amidst the roses of his trellis, or along the path on which he took his evening walk, whose notes he did not interpret into language addressed to the rational ear. Nature was to him, too, a great temple. His philosophy brought him at every turn to the foot of the Throne, because it was pre-eminently a Christian philosophy—one whose inspiration was gained at the foot of the Cross. Not more devoted was he as a student than as a teacher. As in his evening walks upon the mountain, nothing seemed to please him more than to have some companion to whose soul he could impart something of the fullness of his own delight in the beauties and harmonies of nature around him—so he never seemed so happy as when, with his class around him in the lecture-room, he threaded the mazes of psychological inquiry, stepping from

point to point with the bold determined step of a master—pouring a flood of illustration upon points the most obscure and perplexing—now luring on by the beauties of his imagery, now arousing by the glowing fervor of his style—now going back upon his course to meet and encourage those whose sluggish minds had not been able to follow him, mingling incident and anecdote, humor and pathos—his great heart warmed with the unquenchable desire that every member of his class should master the subjects of the course. It was no wonder that he was successful, and that all over the land there are men whose testimony is 'he taught me, as no other man ever did, to think.' His life was completely given to his great work. His death might almost be said to be a martyrdom to it, for there can be no doubt that his final illness was the result of more than ordinary application to the duties of his chair. He fell, as every good man may wish to fall, at his post. He died, as he had so often wished that he might die, with the harness on. He went from his study where he had been engaged with a section of his class to the chamber of sickness and the bed of death. His end was peaceful. His life work was fully done and well done, and he leaves behind him the legacy of a name as untarnished in its purity as it is distinguished in the walks of philosophy and learning."

The other grateful pupil pays this tribute: "Of the many eminent names which adorn the history of the University of Virginia that of Doctor William H. McGuffey stands forth as among the most prominent. His reputation to-day is broader and greater than during his life, and it is kept alive by the hundreds of students who were fortunate enough to listen to his extraordinary lectures. The writer has often wondered why these lectures were never printed. Even at this late day they would mark a distinct era in the history of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. He was one of the few absolutely clear thinkers that this generation has produced, and he had the happy faculty of imparting his knowledge to others in brief and perspicuous language. The writer will never forget the field of thought laid open to him for the first time by this masterful man. He traced the growth of Realism and Idealism, and demonstrated how the mind of man had for ages been grappling with the problems

of psychology; he stated that ideas were never lost; that they were eternal but not immutable; that each age had the benefit of the learning that was behind it, and, as time passed, brighter and nobler trophies were streaming from the flag-staff of science. The learning of Sir William Hamilton, of Victor Cousin, of Theodore Jouffroy and of Dugald Stewart, was more known to his class in a form far more attractive and more profound than that of the writers themselves. He fairly reveled in delight when he attacked the problems of mesmerism, clairvoyance and electro-biology and proved that for more than two thousand years the human mind had been grappling with these occult problems. He did not deny that there were perhaps occult forces in nature unknown and yet to be discovered, and he recognized the fact that electricity was destined to have tremendous effect upon the political economy of the world. He drew the most exquisite picture of the world one thousand years hence, when the great body of men and women would live out their full natural lives, owing to the advancement of medical science; when living would be made infinitely easier; when with machinery now unknown men would navigate the air, and the great problems of government would be understood and all people would be absolutely protected in the three great rights of personal security, personal liberty and private property. And nothing could have been grander than the continued attacks he made upon atheism and infidelity. His blows rained upon the citadel of infidelity like the blows of Richard Cœur de Lion on the walls of the castle of Front De Bœuf. He made 'Butler's Analogy' as charming as a well written novel. Which one of his students can ever forget his touching and graphic description of the sublime and beautiful doctrine of Him who, clad in an humble fisherman's garb, taught by the wayside in Galilee and Judæa! Though an earnest and loyal Presbyterian, nothing seemed to delight him more than to attack the world's prevalent idea of predestination. He pounded it with ridicule, stamped it with sarcasm, and made what predestination really meant so plain that no one could misunderstand his version of it. As a logician he was without a rival, and the science of logic was never better taught than by him. He delighted in syllogisms and syllogistic reasoning, and so impressed the writer that he

Professor Leopold J. Boeck, Ph.D., at fifty
1823–1896

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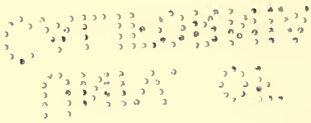


has found this particular kind of argument of great benefit in his professional career. As a lecturer upon Political Economy he was, with the exception of Professor Frank Smith, who stands and is likely to stand, unrivaled in his particular branch, and the late James P. Holcombe, perhaps the most attractive speaker at the University of Virginia in his day and time. Many of the students of his class in Political Economy became so interested in Adam Smith, who is really the father of the science, that they read his celebrated work with almost the avidity with which they read Ivanhoe. It was Adam Smith, said the lecturer, who first proved to the world that manufacturing nations were destined to excel all others in prosperity. And why? Because the shaping of the raw material into the finished product adds immensely to the intrinsic value of the article. It makes it salable, merchantable and useful, and the profit of the manufacturer must be greater than that of the person engaged in raising the raw material. But he was at his best when he lectured upon Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric and Kanes' Elements of Criticism. It enabled him to speak of the growth of English Literature from the days of Chaucer, the father of English poetry, to the present time. Two or three of his lectures upon the Elizabethan age and literature always fired the enthusiasm of his class and we made the walls of the old lecture-room ring with applause. I well remember his bald head and his twinkling little eyes as he would gently admonish us that it was wrong to openly applaud. I take this method of paying a small tribute to the memory of the greatest and most profound master of thought to whom I have ever had the good fortune to listen."

John Barbee Minor—Although this gentleman was the chief professor of law, in which his reputation was national, teaching it solely to those of that department the six working days, yet he was a remarkable Shakespearean and Biblical scholar, expounding his knowledge of the latter in a course of lectures delivered every Sunday morning, 9 o'ck, in his regular lecture-room. To this all students had access, in fact were invited, but none was desired who would not study the subject and profit by the teaching. Consequently only those religiously inclined and legal students desiring to know

something of the sacred writings constituted the class. It was well understood that Professor Minor recognized the Christian life as the only one, and that he considered an acquaintance with the Bible essential to every lawyer, looking with special favor and interest upon those in his department of like opinion—who earnestly attended and studied these Scriptural lectures. Realizing this, few law students inclined to incur his disfavor through what apparently seemed at the beginning of the course a slight extra tax upon time, that which, however, developed into no little responsibility as the session advanced, owing to the thoroughness of instruction and amount of material included. I did not connect myself with the class until the beginning of my third year, and then at the solicitation of that congenial boon companion, Davis, whose religious precepts and example I so much admired as to permit a positive influence—that for which I am deeply grateful—over many of my University doings. All members of this class were supposed to have a Bible and a copy of "Union Questions, Vol. XII."—the latter supplied by the Professor from the University Sunday School, and in my case retained as a souvenir of faithfulness until the present in a good state of preservation. He assigned a certain lesson or lessons, with direct and concordant chapters in the Bible, lectured thereon in a conversational style, and catechised upon the same the following Sunday, when he often elaborated more fully certain paragraphs. He expected of us a clear understanding of the subjects assigned with their accompanying questions, and few of us felt comfortable to go there unprepared. His questions were not necessarily those found in the "Question Book," consequently we never felt quite sure of the extent to which the subjects would be discussed and developed.

In and out of class he was one of the most suave, placid and easy mannered of men—kind in look and word with Christian smile and expression—yet earnest, serious and sufficiently positive to get best results from students. Always so paternal that he could and would not do other than what he believed right and just to his own—that which he accepted us to be for the time being. He, however, did not invariably see our good through our own eyes, as sometimes he would reprimand

a lack of preparation in poignant words or sentences—that in spite of stimulating better future effort bore a little heavy at the time upon a sensitive nature. But it was done, as we afterwards saw, for good—to secure more conscientious work—that which it accomplished. Of that class-relationship nothing stands out so forcibly in these later years as those beautiful prayers he was accustomed to make—of rare, simple, exquisite diction, deep, lovable, convincing sincereness—and the extreme attentive respect accorded him by us all. Professor Minor was then sixty years of age, about six feet high and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He wore no moustache, but a short white beard covered the chin and lower sides of the face; his complexion was clear, sometimes florid; nose of good size but well-shaped; forehead broad and high; countenance and facial expressions kindly, benign; voice clear, well-modulated, rather fine and penetrating, yet thoroughly agreeable from it not being loud; manners easy, gentle, refined and retiring; language full, ready and beautiful; dress plain and neat—mostly black cutaway coats, open standing collars with narrow black tied cravats, derby, silk or straw hats. In spite of gouty and rheumatic tendency his step was quick and positive, but always with a cane. For two winters I remember he suffered painful attacks which necessitated an absence of weeks from classes and the doing of his work so far as possible by others. As soon, however, as the severe inflammatory stage had subsided he was up, and could be seen wending his way slowly along the East Lawn arcade upon crutches to the class-room, where by sitting he could impart orally his knowledge, gladden the hearts of his students, and in a way discharge professorial duty. We regarded him then an old man—in fact often called him, "Old John B.," but in no disrespect—and believed he would soon be incapacitated for teaching, that which was not realized until twenty years later. He enjoyed the reputation among us students of being the most indefatigable worker in the Faculty—that he studied early and late, seldom retiring before 1 o'ck, in the morning, and breakfasting with the family so as to be at his desk by 8 o'ck. It made no difference how late at night we passed his home, last pavilion on East Lawn, a light could be seen burning brightly in his study,

thus verifying his studious habit. We understood that he and Dr. Davis (John Staige) were the heaviest losers in the bank failures of Charlottesville of those days, but nothing came to our ears that either ever complained aloud. Indeed, on the contrary, they bore misfortune with Christian resignation—far more than did some of the students their small amounts on deposit willingly made good by loving parents. Fortunately the University suffered little from these financial upheavals, as she used Richmond banks for monetary deposits and transactions.

In my day Professor Minor had two small but very friendly sons, Johnny and Raleigh, whom I frequently saw and questioned concerning their studies, which then seemed to me far advanced considering their years, as Latin and French were included, and of both they possessed a fair elementary understanding. These lads have long since grown into most worthy scions of a noble sire. His daughter, Miss Mary, by a former marriage, enjoyed the friendship of not a few students, especially of the older and more thoughtful set, and contributed largely in making the home attractive and delightful to visit. Usually during "Finals" they gave, at least, one reception to which many were invited, and none who chanced that way was refused a generous welcome, "that cometh from the heart."

Apart from his great legal knowledge—that which assigned and fixed his national reputation—we students recognized in him something deeper and dearer than mere professional attainments: a wise counselor, a judicious benefactor, a powerful personality for good, and a Christian gentleman whose daily acts conformed thereto and arose above the slightest suspicion or criticism. We believed he could not be tempted from the path of rectitude by sordid and glittering inducements, and that he would advocate under all circumstances what was just, right and true. As a fact, somehow or another, we fancied these qualities more strongly centered in him, if possible, than in any other member of the Faculty. I recall one year, when two or three of his recognized bright men failed to graduate, that much wild talk was indulged in by various students, and on Commencement Day as the law graduates were called a few hisses rang through the Hall

while several vigorously proclaimed the names of the disappointed. But the feeling was of butterfly duration, as the next session all thought that justice had been measured out properly to them—that according to the University's only standard and guide for excellence, examinations, they had truly fallen by the wayside. We were familiar in a measure with the many sacrifices Professor Minor had made in behalf of the University; the part he played with Professors Maupin, Schele and others, spring of 1864, in saving her from destruction by the Army of General Sheridan, which encamped in and around the campus a few days *en route* from Staunton to Petersburg—that owing to the personal appeal of these gentlemen the General permitted a detachment to guard and protect every building without the slightest disturbance of contents. We fancied at that conference the persuasive, self-possessed and courtly presence of Professor Minor went far towards disarming the enemy of venom and convincing the General that the University deserved to live for the cause of education and humanity. Professor Minor was no impulsive, excitable secessionist, on the contrary a Unionist, but a true advocate and teacher of States' Rights, a disciple of the illustrious Jefferson and Madison, a follower of his distinguished predecessors, Lomax, Davis and Tucker. He believed in Christian charity and justice, conservative thought and action, and that the wise counsel of the intelligent would correct prevailing wrongs. His religion dominated absolutely his life—that which he believed should be true with all others —and his every act, apparent and concealed, was but a manifestation or expression of that ennobling sentiment.

Through the love and admiration of his former pupils, Law Alumni and colleagues his fiftieth anniversary of continuous service at the University was celebrated by presenting to the Library a life-size white marble bust, carved by Valentine, mounted upon a polished pedestal, bearing the inscription: "1845—He taught the law and the reason thereof—1895." It was unveiled Commencement Day, June 12th, after Professor Woodrow Wilson concluded his very able Alumni address, when Professors Thornton and Green made happy speeches and Senator Daniel an eulogistic oration. The Public Hall was filled with a distinguished multitude to enjoy the com-

bined exercises, but Professor Minor, owing to modesty and feebleness, remained at home, where, however, immediately afterwards he held a reception, greeting and entertaining delightfully his numerous old friends and students. He was in full possession of mental powers but physically weak, yet during the course just ended had delivered with regularity his accustomed lectures, and confidently expected to conduct, as usual, his summer Law Class in the coming vacation. This, however, was destined not to be, as scarcely was it organized before increased feebleness gave evidence of weakened vitality and irreparable bodily infirmities that culminated in death on July 29th. By tender hands he was laid at rest in the University Cemetery, near those in life he loved most, where the friendly pilgrim can read and interpret his prophetic dream—the inspiration of his earthly existence, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

Noah Knowles Davis—This gentlemen did not become connected with the University until my second year—being the successor of Dr. McGuffey, who had filled so acceptably for thirty-three years the chair of Moral Philosophy. Owing to the versatility of Dr. McGuffey's scholarly acquirements making him a philosopher, political economist and minister of high order—characteristics recognized essential for one taking charge of the department—few at first believed that such a combination could possibly exist in Professor Davis. It is true that Dr. McGuffey had already shed for some years the clerical gown, but had ever continued his Sunday afternoon Biblical lectures to the delight of the younger as well as older heads. Indeed, these being without the quizzing phase were enjoyed far more than those of Professor Minor's, as we felt there was, at least, one lecture a week for which no strict account had to be given—and now what was to become of this course was to us a speculative question. Upon our return to the University in October, 1873, we found Professor Davis on the ground ready to begin the discharge of his duties. He was only forty-three years of age but older looking; stood nearly six feet high and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. His shoulders were broad and square but slightly curved forward; walked with a firm deliberate

step with head slightly bowed and eyes fixed downward as though in deep meditation; face rather large and strong; hair brownish-black—worn long on the sides and back, the top being bald; moustache and beard brownish-black—of good thickness and length; forehead bold, broad and deep—showing perceptive organs well-developed; eyes clear and bright—a little dreamy; voice deep, clear, penetrating and agreeable; articulation slow and thoughtful; manner quiet, sluggish, reflective and serious—not given to laughter, even seldom smiling; dress somewhat indifferent but becoming a scholarly man—usually in black—frock coats, derby and silk hats. Altogether he suggested the Grecian philosopher, such as we fancied might have characterized either Aristotle, Plato or Socrates. Professor Davis was a methodical and persistent worker, almost converting night into day, seldom stopping until one or two in the morning, but rested late—often near unto noon. He saw little of his family and seemingly concerned himself less with its management, but fortunately had a helpful companion and good executive in his wife, who willingly relieved him of all domestic interests—not, however, without lamenting the seclusion he needed and exacted for study and reflection. Mrs. Davis, on the other hand, was of the bright animated type, entering energetically into the social and more worldly side of life, so that upon her and the two daughters, Misses Morell and Clara, rested the honors of entertaining, of which there was considerable. The Professor seldom dropped in on the visitor and then only for a few moments, usually excusing himself for a return to his office—room north of his home, fourth pavilion from the Rotunda, West Lawn, the original nucleus and library of the University—where abundant work always awaited him.

He was regarded by the student-body as a deep and profound thinker, but not as a special favorite, although none cherished evil wishes against him. The chief criticism lay solely in his efforts, as we thought, to make his course unnecessarily difficult, without any regard at abridgment or curtailment—a grievance that invariably ended after graduation, when the course was not considered in the least too severe, if anything, it could be made a little more so. In spite of this sentiment, however, he enjoyed our unbounded respect and

admiration, owing to his varied knowledge, scholarly attainments and recognized reputation. We called him as a rule "Professor Noah K.," sometimes "Professor Davis" and occasionally "Old Noah K.," the latter without the slightest disrespect.

Much to our delight he, like Dr. McGuffey, was a painstaking Biblical scholar and at once began the delivery of Sunday afternoon lectures which from the first were popular and well attended. They were given in his regular class-room from 3.30 to 4.30 o'ck, beginning with Genesis and including discussions of other books he thought most essential. I very distinctly recall among others his explanation of the world's creation in six days—not necessarily days of our accepted length but periods of far greater time—which I regarded a vast improvement over the orthodox theory taught me in earlier days. There were many other points he endeavored to clarify and conform to reason—a duty he recognized belonging to every one attempting to expound and popularize the word of God in this intelligent age.

He was seldom seen taking walks for exercise—that which apparently he did not need—but devoted all his time to reading, studying and other duties incident to his department. He undoubtedly recognized only one object in life—work—such, however, as might be turned into good for others even at the sacrifice of self. His chief ambition was seeking truth—that which could only be revealed so far as he was concerned by a comparison of others' works and thoughts in order to assign to them their deserved value. This was only possible through extensive reading and close thinking—that which finally he hoped would make him the intelligent adjudicator and collaborator of the endless amount of philosophical matter. Largely he has lived to realize his hopes, having enunciated in his half-dozen works the results of a lifetime's devotion to unceasing study and careful meditation—works and thoughts that will survive to impress and teach generations unborn. There was a great difference between Professor Davis' and Dr. McGuffey's teachings, as the former did not hesitate to give most abstruse and comprehensive theories along with those considered less difficult, while the latter had largely his own philosophical doctrines which he preferred students to accept

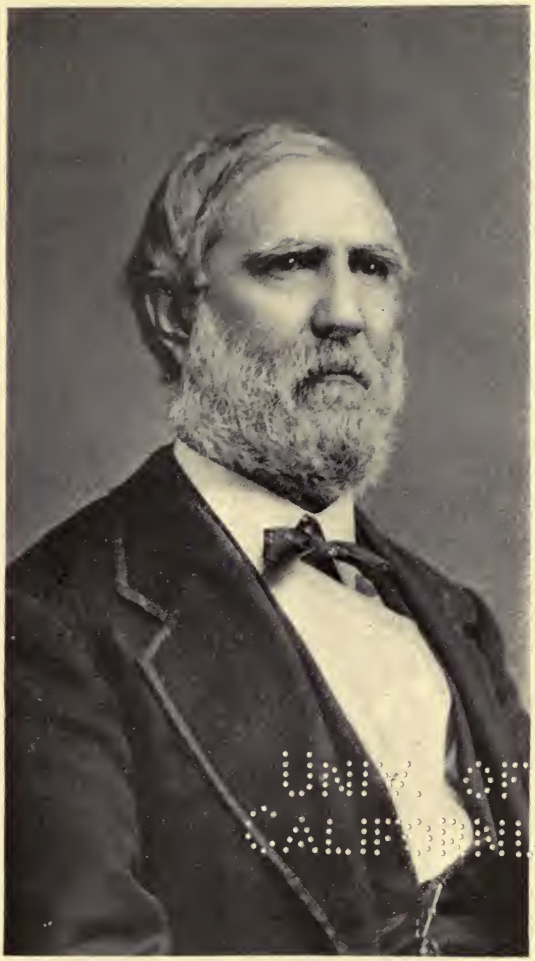
and master, even at the sacrifice of those promulgated by others and often more popular. Dr. McGuffey was too old to give the best of certain kinds of service—that dependent upon research, translation and continued comparison—consequently adhered to the doctrines, theories, conceptions and beliefs of his earlier life. With these he was satisfied, in them placed his faith, and considered them worthy of being taught throughout the world. While conservative towards the opinions of others, he was positive in his own, but above all was considerate and tolerant for the short-comings of youth. The advent, therefore, of Professor Davis with his more comprehensive and exacting methods was not without value, since it introduced changes that brought the department in harmony with current thought and made its diploma no longer an open sesame, but among the University's most difficult acquisitions—that upon which she preferred her reputation to rest.

Francis Perry Dunnington—This gentleman belonged to a younger generation than did any of the full professors, having only reached his majority a few months previous to my entering the University—my first year being his sixth as a student and first as Adjunct Professor of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry. Although I did not come directly under him until my last session, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, I frequently saw him from the beginning on through my entire course. To all the students of those times I am confident he appeared exceptionally mature—certainly not less than thirty years of age. He occupied a room on West Lawn between the first and second pavilions—Professor Gildersleeve's and Harrison's—and was recognized as keeping well within its walls, seldom wandering therefrom save for meals and the discharge of duties incident to his department. While neither sad nor morose he was always quiet, seclusive and busy—seemingly one unto himself and in a measure unlike the majority of students, younger and older. This attitude of reservedness or semi-isolation we did not accept as assumed per force of professorial connection, but as coming through the natural channel of inheritance or preference. I doubt if any of us went so far as to consider him peculiar

owing to this apparent idiosyncrasy or difference from us, for in those days we were very liberal and cosmopolitan along most lines—granting, at least, to every one the rightful privilege of forming and following his own ways and manners without even the thought of mild criticism. Surely few of us appreciated his youth or ambition, and what the materialization of the latter meant to him—or in fact to any one making the attempt to fill with credit such a significant and responsible position. He devoted little time to the ladies until my last year, when, realizing I dare say a satisfactory control of his department, he ventured forth considerably into that phase of social life—to the extent of shortly thereafter becoming a husband and in time a multiple father. This step of matrimony was naturally a surprise to many, as inclination, courage and a responsive soul were elements some thought would ever be wanting in his case. But as all of us have learned in the intervening years—students do not know it all and their predictions often miscarry.

Professor Dunnington was at least six feet high and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. His face was full, somewhat elongated and bore a reddish moustache; complexion of sanguine type and not very clear; nose rather large but of good outline; hair reddish and abundant; manners quiet, diffident, retiring, and a little awkward but gentlemanly; voice a trifle thick yet sufficiently powerful for ordinary lecturing purposes; step quick and firm—always hurried.

He was an industrious, painstaking and serious worker, never idling when there was something to do—that which to him was always in sight. He was well equipped in the knowledge of his department, but I did not consider him the best of teachers—his experience then possibly having been too limited to bring out and develop latent possibilities. Some are born teachers—as they are great—others have to acquire one or both, that in which no doubt Professor Dunnington has been fortunate, overcoming long since the slight imperfections noticeable in my day. He certainly possessed in high degree the University spirit of teaching—making students help and depend on self in their work—a process most valuable but not of universal application provided best immediate results are



Professor Stephen O. Southall, LL.D., at sixty
1816–1884

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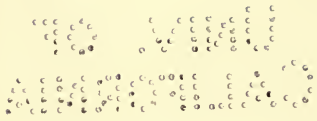

desired, such, however, as in the end makes a man if there be manhood, and the scholar if there be mentality. All children cannot be handled alike in their parental training, so likewise in a slightly later period various methods of education might bring to one and another greater good, but the University system—pitch in Tucker and go it alone—prevailed, and in spite of demanding a large consumption of time and energy served to acquaint one early with life's serious obstacles and the necessity of being at all times self-resourceful.

CHAPTER XXIII

Professors—Personal Characteristics and Traits

Leopold Jules Boeck—nativity, personality; great linguist; resignation. Stephen O. Southall—characteristics, fine speaker; popular with students. John Randolph Page—characteristics; course unpopular; resignation. Thomas Randolph Price, successor to Professor Gildersleeve; characteristics; home quite a social factor. William Wertenbaker, Librarian; youth, training; appointed by Mr. Jefferson. M. Green Peyton, Proctor—personality, good official, friendly to all students. Henry Martin, Janitor—personal traits, affable, dignified but friendly.

There were four professors—Boeck, Southall, Page, Price—with whom my student course required no direct contact, yet who were seen almost daily in one place or another, occasionally to enjoy a few words in conversation.

Leopold Jules Boeck—This gentleman was elected professor of "Applied Mathematics and Civil Engineering" in 1867, a new department created in the University the previous year. He was born at Culm, Poland, in 1823, being a distinguished Hungarian patriot, possessing beyond a mastery of his teaching subjects a superior knowledge of many languages. After graduating from the University of Bonn he entered the University of Berlin where he received the Doctor of Philosophy degree. With the zeal of early manhood he championed the side of the nobility in the Polish revolution of 1849, which being unsuccessful caused him to seek refuge in Hungary, then also struggling for independence. Here again he espoused a defeated cause, which otherwise would have promoted him to the Secretary of State under General Kossuth, but in reality occasioned his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary to Turkey in the hope of securing aid. This he was not only refused, but there imprisoned and sent to Paris, where, becoming an intimate friend of Victor Hugo, he advocated strongly his accession to the French throne rather than the restoration of Louis Napoleon—that for which he was ordered to leave the country, a dire necessity that

prompted his coming to the United States. He was just fifty when I entered the university, but, like most of the professors, seemed older to us youthful students than we thought those years should indicate; weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds and stood six feet high. His shoulders were square and broad but bent slightly forward; hips and chest full and large; face roundish and of good size; forehead broad and high; hair abundant, blackish and combed loosely backward without much of a part; chin-whiskers and moustache blackish with some whitish strands; nose full-size and well-proportioned. He spoke quickly in rather a high pitched voice with a decided foreign accent, and in conversation was animated —indeed, at times demonstrative—using many gestures and facial expressions. He moved with rapid step, appearing always in a hurry, and his whole make-up indicated the impulsive nervous type—easily irritated but soon pacified. In the eyes of the student-body he was the conversational linguist of the Faculty—speaking at least six or eight languages—and therefore was supposed by us to be an almost indispensable factor. But with his own students he stood in less favor, as they failed to appreciate his ultra frank and familiar manner, his volatile and impetuous disposition. It is true they regarded him as a man of great learning, in and out of his department, yet they appreciated the fact that he fell short of being the useful and practical teacher needed—that typified so thoroughly the other professors. He was wanting in dignity and that strong manly personality often very inspiring to youth—such as stimulates emulation and best efforts. At times he was exacting and positive, then again lenient and conciliatory, but in spite of idiosyncrasies and short-comings from the students' viewpoint, those that were serious could profit greatly under his tutelage—only the laggard and indifferent need suffer.

He was recognized to be a hard worker, seldom wasting time or opportunity—even utilizing the Sabbath otherwise than in attending sacred service at church or chapel. His reply to Dr. John Staige Davis when approached—possibly reproached—for devoting the Holy Day in secular duties was handed along from year to year to no little mortification as well as amusement of the students: "You know Doctor, the

Good Book sanctions helping out of the mud and mire on Sunday the ox and the ass, and my classes contain so many of the latter that I am kept busy rendering assistance from morning until night—I never can have rest."

In 1872 he was appointed by President Grant a special Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition, but by the opening of the session that autumn he was again back at his post of duty. This session, my first, Professor Schele spent in European travel, so that Professor Boeck, in addition to his regular work, assumed charge of Senior French and passed upon the graduates—that which proved delightful to students owing to an unusual scarcity of failures. He resigned from the Faculty, June, 1875, under what was believed generally a request from the Board of Visitors, but whether this was true or false could not positively be affirmed; at the same time an absence of denial went far towards proving its correctness. We never heard of any specific charges against him, except his lack in assimilating American manners and the University spirit.

During the eight years of his professorship he organized the Engineering Department on a high plane, and sent forth a number of capable men who reflected credit upon the institution and his teaching. If none other than the late lamented Samuel Spencer, I am confident he would not have reckoned his efforts misspent, far less a failure—no more so than would Professor Gildersleeve for his one grateful and scholarly product—Thomas R. Price. But there were others, even one —like the Gessner Harrison of old, who was found worthy to be the teacher's successor, possibly an improvement—to whose shoulders the University had not the slightest hesitation in transferring the honors, profiting well by the change. And yet there was no student who knew Professor Boeck but what regretted his departure, missed his genial smile and guttural laugh. For years his name and personality continued to be remembered and revered to a pleasing extent, proving that "though absent, not forgotten." He, however, apparently retained little affection for the University and the many friends formed there, as in his later years neither visits nor letters served to foster and maintain that association which must have been delightfully pleasant in the bygone. Leaving

the University he took up residence in Philadelphia, where he continued to live until death, in 1896.

STEPHEN OSBORNE SOUTHALL—Some weeks passed after entering the University before this Professor was pointed out to me. He was without family and lived with Professor Holmes, whose tastes and sentiments were kindred—even sharing the same lecture-room, Rotunda basement, west. This being so near their residence required little circulation in the outer world for the discharge of duties, consequently as Professor Southall—more frequently called "Old South"—seemingly preferred the seclusion of home he was not a very familiar figure upon the street. However, after I came to know him our lines crossed rather often and always with pleasant recognition.

He was then fifty-five years of age, about five feet eleven inches high, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. In appearance he was extremely plain, substantial and thoughtful—of the hardy rural type—having the face and head covered with a good suit of beard and hair, slightly turning gray, that obscured all delicate lines and expressions, such as may seldom have existed owing to a serious and sober realization of life. His forehead was well-formed and prominent; nose of good size and shapely; eyes normal but a little heavy and in receding sockets overshadowed by dense shaggy brows; step firm and deliberate; voice rather deep, clear, sonorous, well-modulated and controlled, giving him a reputation among us students of being the most showy extemporaneous speaker in the Faculty. Owing to this gift and accomplishment his lectures always were well attended not only by his class members but frequently by outsiders. Often I have stopped and joined others at his lecture-room door, when on ajar, to enjoy a few minutes of those masterly efforts, only each time to go away with the same satisfactory impression and belief in his exceptional natural powers and ability—a conviction shared alike by all who happened thus to linger. Those under him never ceased sounding his praise in this direction but regarded his department and teaching inferior to Professor Minor's.

We were highly pleased whenever he was selected to make some public announcement during the "Finals"—realizing

that it would be done well and bring to no one any disappointment. Who can forget with what fervor and impressiveness he awarded the *Magazine* medal to Mr. W. W. Thum in 1874, in approximately these acceptable sentences? "I am deputed by our Literary Societies to deliver the medal due to the author of the best contribution to the *Magazine* during the present session. It gives me sincere pleasure to deliver into your hands so flattering a testimonial, because I think that its reception should be an occasion of unalloyed delight to you and your friends. Your success will be followed by no regrets, as it has been achieved by no indirection. You have pleased by manly arts. In open and generous competition, without the aid of collateral influences and personal considerations, you have gained the palm. As the youthful Alexander avowed his willingness to enter the arena if he could be confronted by royal antagonists, so you, in your degree, may have the pleasure of knowing that you have encountered most worthy competitors. And though you have outstripped them all, it will greatly heighten the gratification of a liberal and chivalrous spirit to be informed that they pressed closely on you, and were not ingloriously defeated. They are here to witness, and, through hearty sympathy, even to partake of your triumph. For by a slight adaptation of a couplet of Pope's I may add,

> In a living medal see your work enroll'd,
> And vanquished friends supply recording gold.

Your good sense will suggest to you that this early success constrains to increased and persistent effort. Our auguries of your future usefulness will be all disappointed should you supinely rest contented to live on the mere memories of a youthful triumph. Laurels are grateful to the young brow, but to feed upon laurel-water is poisonous to the strongest constitution. It was an ancient fancy that the laurel-wreath protected its wearer from the thunderbolt, and it is a modern experience that the lightnings of the public censure are launched most unerringly at the devoted head of him who, resting under his laurels, fails to redeem the rich promise of his youth by the achievements of his manhood. Far, very far from you, Sir, be the necessity of any such warning. Let us

rather hope and believe that your own high aims and faithful endeavors will but realize the fondest expectations of your friends, and that the light that now shines upon you will broaden into a long day of unclouded splendor. With these wishes gladly shaping themselves into anticipations, I deliver this medal. Receive it with the fervent congratulations of your friends and the general applause of the public."

Professor Southall was regarded as a model postprandial speaker, consequently at the Alumni banquets responded more frequently than his turn to " The Faculty," and always with a charm of manner that delighted his hearers. One of my student friends, Cooper, was a proverbially poor penman, and upon sending to one of his home papers a letter concerning his impressions of the University and its life received from the editor a request for a translation, as it appeared to him an effort in Chinese or some unknown tongue. With no little warmth of feeling he showed me the letter as well as his curt and settling reply. When it came to his examination papers in Constitutional and International Law a similar experience confronted him, as Professor Southall soon recognized himself against an ugly proposition, but, being able with some effort to make out the signature under the pledge, eased matters by dispatching a messenger to the author with the request that he come at an appointed hour and decipher his chirography. After the conference my friend told me that Professor Southall reprimanded him severely for such careless writing, urging an effort at improvement—but without effect as until death, a few years ago, his personal letters were almost illegible. As he passed successfully this examination companions jeered him not a little for taking the Professor at such disadvantage—having had time to discuss intelligently with others the various subjects, he could give correct answers under the pretense of reading them from the pages.

Professor Southall entered the Faculty along with Professor Peters, 1866, and for eighteen years remained faithful in the discharge of his duties. In my day he was recognized by common consent, the most popular professor in the University, but how and why I never knew—possibly because we were not well acquainted and exteriorly he did not appeal to me. In his department he was regarded as much more lenient

than his senior colleague, Professor Minor, and that may have contributed something towards assigning praise. He died very suddenly of heart failure, November, 1884, at the Union depot, whither he had hastened to take a train, and was laid at rest in the University Cemetery, near the scene of his greatest and most enduring life's work.

JOHN RANDOLPH PAGE—This gentleman had only received his appointment as professor of "Natural History, Experimental and Practical Agriculture" a few months previous to my entering the University, so that practically we reached there at the same time. He, however, had studied medicine there two sessions, 1848-49, 1849-50, and upon receiving his diploma in that department, 1850, went abroad for supplementary study in Paris. He also had been chief surgeon in the Confederate service, professor in Washington University School of Medicine, Baltimore, and later in the Louisiana Military Academy. He was a typical Southern gentleman, a native of Gloucester County, Virginia, and then had just entered his forty-third year. He was about five feet ten inches high and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds, with hair and beard abundant, of the sandy or reddish cast, the latter being trimmed moderately short. His step was of good length and somewhat quick which tended to make an excellent walker; manner quiet and thoughtful, seemingly slow to take the initiative or to advocate the new and untried. He was more of the practical than the visionary type, and kept always busy with his own affairs, leaving alone those of others. He was plain in dress and taste, suggestive of that which he taught—agriculture—although his course included botany and zoology.

Mr. Samuel Miller of Lynchburg had bequeathed the University one hundred thousand dollars for establishing an Agricultural Department, and in order that this might be effective the University set aside a number of acres west of Carr's Hill as an "Experimental Farm," which was brought to a high state of cultivation for growing various products. Professor Page had supervision of this, so that between lectures and applying theories to practice on the land he was kept busily employed. Somehow or another the course, as similar courses

elsewhere, was not popular in my day, it having never more than a dozen students, that which tended to place even the professor at disadvantage, if not in discredit. One thing certain we students did not attach as much importance to his department, as to the others, nor did all accord to him the same acumen, scholarly knowledge and broad culture as to the other professors. As a matter of fact, from the students' viewpoint, possibly due to short identification or the nature of subjects taught, he did not then seem to affiliate heartily with the other Faculty members, or they with him—that which may have only been apparent and not real. No doubt after moving into one of the pavilions—first from the Rotunda, West Lawn, just vacated by Professor Gildersleeve—the family became a stronger factor in the social doings and spirit of the University, and he more closely united with everything tending towards her progress and improvement. After occupying the chair fifteen years and the department gathering no strength or popularity—a period in which he added very little to the world's knowledge of scientific and practical agriculture, and absolutely failed to bring the University any favorable notoriety—he resigned, 1887, and removed to Birmingham, Alabama, where he again entered upon the practice of medicine. Owing, however, to declining health he soon abandoned this and returned to the pleasant scenes of his former labor—Charlottesville and the University—there passing the remainder of his life and dying of acute Bright's disease, March 11, 1901. His remains were interred in the University Cemetery by the side of many whom in life he knew well and loved.

Thomas Randolph Price—This gentleman was called to the University only the summer (June) preceding my last year, consequently I saw and learned of his personality at close range simply during the one session. A number of our students had been taught by him, and all had heard of his scholarly attainments as well as the distinguished ability with which for years he presided over the department of Greek and English at Randolph-Macon College. My next door neighbor, Harding, had taken the Master Degree under him at that institution, and this was his fifth year at the University in

pursuit of the same distinction coupled with legal knowledge. It was he more than all others who expressed to me a sense of gratification over the promotion of his former teacher, delighting always in a modest way to sound his praise. While we all acknowledged the loss of Professor Gildersleeve as irreparable, yet we felt half-way reconciled that his most favorite product was to be his successor, and had the hope that some day, not remote, the world of letters would regard them as equal—that which unfortunately fell short of realization. We all, however, accepted Professor Price as the one ideal man for the place, knowing well that he had been inspired by the Hellenist enthusiasm of Professor Gildersleeve to seek foreign study under the great linguistic scholar, Curtius, and that he had spent his three years at Berlin, Kiel, Paris and Athens with the greatest benefit and profit. We also were mindful of the fact that he alone was recommended by Professor Gildersleeve to be his successor, a choice in which the Board of Visitors concurred unanimously—a condition almost unprecedented.

Professor Price was then a young man, considering the honors won and worn—just thirty-seven—and in physique belonged to the medium-sized type, being about five feet ten inches high and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. His head was symmetrical with high curved forehead; face somewhat elongated, revealing a clear healthy complexion; eyes clear and penetrating; voice rather fine—not calculated to entertain a promiscuous audience—with a slight hesitation or irregularity that lessened its attractiveness. He wore a heavy brownish-black moustache, but his hair of similar color was becoming thinnish upon the crown; manners were affable, shrinking and retiring, never aggressive or self-centered; dress although neat was sometimes subject to notice and comment, especially when of light broad plaids, tightly fitting buttoned cutaway coats, and pantaloons not as long as regulation demanded; step quick, light, easy and rather short, indicating to a degree the nervous temperament. His general personality impressed the precise characteristics he possessed—seriousness, enthusiasm, studious and business habits, such as alone can bring the best success in any calling. His inaugural address was delivered in the Natural Philosophy lecture-room one afternoon shortly after the session opened, and, being

Professor John R. Page, M.D., at fifty-six
1830–1901

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public, was attended by professors, many students, and the lady contingent of the University. It was a scholarly effort, comprehending general philology, but more calculated to interest the linguistic student than the average individual. At any rate we regarded it able and thoroughly worthy our new and already distinguished Professor of Greek.

For a home he was assigned the " Monroe Mansion," which Professor Venable had just vacated, owing to his remarrying in the summer and sharing thereafter his wife's residence in Charlottesville, and it was not long before those quiet and saddened halls rang with mirth and glee most attractive to those more youthful and unoppressed by affliction. Mrs. Price, née Triplet, was a charming hostess, delighting in social functions, and was fortunate in having several sisters no less gifted. These and other lady friends were not infrequent visitors, so that their dances and larger entertainments now and then gave joy and delight to the University atmosphere. I distinctly recall being one of a party in the laboratory who dyed their small gray sky-terrier on the afternoon preceding one of these gatherings, caring well for the little fellow until 10 o'ck, that night, and, as some of the guests entered the front door, letting in their supposed lost pet—now grotesque and, like Joseph's coat, of many colors. The incident as intended produced much merriment among the assemblage, as well as great delight to the family members to whom it was a veritable homecoming.

Professor Price proved a very acceptable substitute for his illustrious teacher, even attracting the first year a larger number than had studied there for years the Hellenic tongue. He was popular with and beloved by his students, and extremely cordial in his home where he manifested those social qualities that made none a stranger, all his friends. He only remained at the University six years, when he was called to Columbia University, New York, to preside over the Department of English—that which he particularly loved—where he remained faithful to continuous labor twenty-one years, until death, May 7, 1903.

> O much enduring soul who enterest peace,
> Still shall our love for thee on earth increase;
> Now, poet, scholar, soldier, on death's plain
> Sleep with thy early friends in battle slain!

WILLIAM WERTENBAKER—This gentleman in my day was the only one associated with the University that connected her then present with her remotest past, as all others had passed away years before, except Professor George Long, the first Professor of Ancient Languages, who, after a residence of four years, had returned to his native country, England (whence Mr. Jefferson had sought him) to accept the chair of Greek in the then newly established University of London. There he attained a far-famed reputation—possibly that of the leading classical scholar of his time in the world—and still lived, old and decrepit, with little interest in our country or the institution and its founder he had served in the long ago, no doubt forgetful of the latter's significance and bearing upon all American interests—social, political and educational. Be that as it may we students knew of his fame and of his sympathy with the South in her recent struggle, for which as well as his past affiliation with our University we revered his name. But Mr. Wertenbaker, or "Old Wert," as we affectionately and more frequently called him, continued "to live, move and have his being" right among us, indeed, had been a veritable pupil of Mr. Jefferson, imbibing his precepts and doctrines as well as an inspiration from his personality; had received from his hands the commission as Librarian, and, although the discrepancy of ages precluded close intimacy, had conversed, suggested and argued many questions with him. It is true as Mr. Wertenbaker admitted—he was most too young at that time to fully appreciate Mr. Jefferson's exceptional greatness, but a growth in years and knowledge had made him an ardent advocate of his principles and inculcated a respect for his name kindred to profound reverence. Even Mr. Jefferson's last visit to the University was by appointment with Mr. Wertenbaker at the old library building—Professor Noah K. Davis' pavilion—to classify and catalogue a new installment of books, and in conversation this pleasant circumstance usually found mention. Mr. Wertenbaker was about seventy-three years of age when I first came to know him, and then seemed much more infirm than those years often indicate—indeed, as though his days were numbered. He was five feet eight inches high, and weighed about one hundred and forty-five pounds, being considered rather a small man. His face was of the diminu-

tive type and much wrinkled; hair thin and gray; attitude when standing somewhat stooped, slightly nervous, palsied or tottering; voice a trifle nervous, guttural but decisive and often clear; gait slow, deliberate and firm—always walking with a cane, and body leaning slightly forward; manners reserved and positive, never familiar or obtrusive—friendly but strictly business-like. He never seemed idle and could be found mostly sitting at his table engaged in writing, which he did very slowly in a cramped nervous style. Indeed, he would often continue his work apparently unobserving your approach until you addressed him by name. Old persons have always appealed to me, and by being gracious, respectful and considerate seldom fail to gain their favor and friendship. Here I experienced no trouble, for after a short season I felt not the slightest hesitation or restraint in talking upon all subjects, or in interrupting him whenever my interest suggested. He had a remarkable memory in some directions, especially for the location of books, seldom having to look in a second place for any given one. The Library catalogue was old and far from complete, as most of the accessions for years had been filed away in alcoves without special memoranda, his mind being sufficiently reliable to carry accurately the place of each. When you asked him for any book, pamphlet or manuscript he referred to nothing—simply told you at once whether or not it was in the Library, if out who had it, if in and you desired it, unlocked the case and produced it. He was moderately conversant with the general scope of literature, aiding often in locating material pertaining to the many phases of our student-work.

To him was intrusted the making up of each annual catalogue, securing bids for printing, addressing and mailing, so that the early months of the year found him unusually busy. He conducted all correspondence referring to library books, contents thereof and queries—historic and otherwise—coming within the province of his knowledge, filled in and signed diplomas, and the last two years of my stay used all spare time in arranging a new catalogue of the Library's books, having now been given in his work an assistant, Mr. Frederick W. Page, who a few years later, 1881, assumed entire management. In my earlier years the Library did not seem so well

patronized as it deserved, but after the various magazines and college publications were assigned special tables, one on either side of the entrance, increased interest was aroused, as at all times some students could be found there profiting by the contact. There being no assistant at first the hours were restricted to 10 to 1 in the morning and 2 to 5 in the afternoon, while owing to Mr. Wertenbaker's slow pace and slightly remote home the dinner hour was sometimes prolonged. He, however, was very conscientious in the discharge of duty and observed time the very best physical infirmities permitted. He appreciated his position—considered it highly honorable —and was zealous of its included rights and powers. He belonged to the old school, of which there are few left, endeavored always to do right, and expected consideration as well as respect from every one, especially those more youthful. While we students never placed him on the same plane with the professors, yet they appeared to look upon him as a kind of paternal spirit deserving all honor and kindness—that which they invariably accorded. Through this worthy example we learned to appreciate and regard him with the full value his position entitled, and with that he seemed perfectly satisfied. I am confident he never received from any of us discourteous treatment, and if that had been attempted he would have been quite capable of taking care of himself with forceful and contemptuous language.

Beyond the personality of Mr. Jefferson, incidents of Dabney Carr, Presidents Madison and Monroe, along with the early days of the University, he also enjoyed telling you, when in the humor, something of Edgar Allan Poe, who was a student with him at the University in 1826, when he received his appointment as Librarian from Mr. Jefferson. As so much had been affirmed against Poe's younger career, especially that at the University, Mr. Wertenbaker took great care and pride in defending it at all times and occasions against what he was pleased to term "the wild aspersions and vagaries of his would-be traducers."

Mr. Wertenbaker was an ardent and experienced chess player, and often could be seen at the game with one or another friend, usually Dr. Michie, in the back room of the latter's drug store. Of course this was always outside of

Library hours, generally late afternoon, and served a pleasant diversion from thoughts of physical infirmities and a monotonous routine life. Mr. Wertenbaker remained faithful to his post until two years after I left the University, 1879, when he became disabled by a stroke of paralysis. Although from this he partially recovered, yet he seldom visited the Library thereafter, being allowed to retain nominally the position until 1881, when he was succeeded by Mr. Page. He lingered only a short period after this event, dying in April, 1882, just eighty-five years of age.

M. Green Peyton—This was the first gentleman I met upon reaching the University having any official connection therewith, and of that meeting sufficient mention has already been made. He was then forty-four years of age with a somewhat older appearance, being the father of grown children, the eldest, Bernard, then one of the brightest and manliest type of students. With Major Peyton, or "The Proctor," as he was called indiscriminately—possibly the former more frequently —we all had to come in contact sooner or later, some oftener than others, as payments could be made entire or in portions according to individual convenience and preference. Through his hands passed all students' fees, and as in those days he had no assistant, even in the busiest seasons, we in making our financial arrangements and settlements sometimes drifted into pleasant conversation. He also controlled the letting of rooms and seemed solicitous that each secure the one preferred, even going to extremes to make us pleased and satisfied. Likewise the boarding houses were under his charge so far as our allotment to them was concerned, and whenever we desired a change to one outside of our room territory he had to be consulted—but never in vain. He was our purveyor of coal, although this could be purchased on the outside—that seldom done, as we were contented perfectly with his product and prices—and any complaint pertaining to it, or to room, room-attendance, board and boarding house, that came to his ears received speedy attention and correction. He was about six feet one inch high and weighed two hundred pounds. His temperament was sanguine and complexion florid; hair, moustache and beard slightly sandy or reddish; voice clear, distinct,

penetrating, of moderate pitch and middle register; manners affable and friendly—inclining to be talkative. He alone of all identified with the management of the University enjoyed the reputation of being a high liver—fond of good things to drink as well as to eat—but no one stood ready to verify the fact. So far as liquid indulgence was concerned, we understood that he abstained always until after office hours, 3 o'ck, P. M., when often he would be joined by Professor Southall—spirits congenial in war and peace—to pass together pleasantly several hours. This, however, I fancied overdrawn—simply college talk—as it could hardly have applied to Professor Southall, whose duties were so continuous and exacting as to preclude a wasting of time, far less a subversion of feeling. It did not take much of a foundation to construct a mammoth edifice according to some students' conceptions, and here a single trite occurrence might have given rise to what they proclaimed innocently a continued practice. Anyway they got the blame but no shame. I personally came into the presence of Major Peyton many times, socially and officially, and while his deeply flushed face was frequently an object of notice, yet I never detected the slightest overstimulation. Some persons can assimilate large quantities of stimulants without visible indications by word or act, while others are rendered talkative and voluble by small amounts, but Major Peyton's long service in the one capacity, thirty years, and the faithful discharge of many duties, is sufficient testimonial of his unusual ability and correctness of habits. His was a responsible position and only the most honorable, methodical and self-reliable could have been intrusted with its exacting detail.

His home, just south of the office and about the center of East Range, was most hospitable and enjoyable to visit, where his very affable daughter, Miss Champe, and good wife, of like name, dispensed the entertaining menu with sufficient grace and fullness as to attract every evening a good complement of appreciative students. Occasionally lady friends from far and near found a pleasant sojourn there, thus lending additional charm and brightness to the callers. The family was strongly Episcopalian and upon Mrs. Peyton learning that a Mr. Davis, my close friend, had been made superintendent of

the Chapel Sunday School, she sent for him in order to impress the necessity of instilling into the children as far as possible the forms and services of her church. My friend responded gallantly to the summons, and after listening through her appeal, quietly replied: "Why, Mrs. Peyton, I am a staunch Baptist, believing in the least possible church form, and besides the University is known in our broad land as being non-sectarian, consequently I would be dishonest to my teachings and her traditions to foster the ritual and creed of any specific church or denomination." Her great surprise can well be imagined, as she had taken him to be a high-order churchman until that moment. In the embarrassment, however, he treated her gentlemanly, but upon returning to his room, next to mine, stopped in and related the circumstance with no little surprise and feeling. Shortly after my day at the University the family had its share of sorrow, as Bernard, the shining star, in the flush of manhood and a brilliant career, as a railroad magnet, met an untimely death in the wrecking of a train, while Miss Champe, the embodiment of ambition and hope, did not long survive her advent into womanhood. All four—father, mother, son and daughter—now rest in the University Cemetery, near where in life they contributed so much to so many enjoyable scenes. The "Major" lived to be nearly sixty-nine years of age, dying April 16, 1897.

Henry Martin—It would be unpardonable in these personal enumerations not to include, at least, something concerning this most respectful and courteous colored janitor, whom we variously called "Henry" or "Old Henry"—Sweet Bell-ringer—and whose duties for years, nay, generations, consisting in ringing on and off the hourly recitations, taking charge of the Rotunda fires and lecture-rooms, have been performed most faithfully. Indeed, material is not wanting for him to receive a very generous consideration, as his personality seems somewhat imprinted or interwoven with nearly every student since the day he first began tautening the pendulous rope. Each of us could relate some pleasant episode or circumstance in which he would creditably figure, for to all he was so friendly—professor, student and stranger receiving alike that indis-

criminating urbanity which always commands genuine admiration and respect, the more from it not being forced or over-indulged. He defended the professors and never uttered a preference for anyone, although often importuned—they all in his sight were fine gentlemen and that was invariably his expressed opinion. He knew his part in life and played it well. There was no goading to duty needed, because he regarded himself one of the wheels in the clock very essential for the correct working of the mechanism, therefore, that he perforce must live up to every obligation or else friction and irregularity would ensue. He also fully recognized that he was neither a professor, a student, nor a white man; that he did not own the University and that she could get along satisfactorily with some one else in his stead. Possibly above all that commended him was his strict attention to his own business and the non-meddling with that of the others—unless approached. In my experience I do not recall the bell pealing out of time, and yet that must have occurred to prove human error and fallibility. In spite of his many duties he was always ready to do a service, provided that be possible, and whether the monetary compensation was forthcoming or not, that which was less expected in those than these days, mattered little to him—for to serve was his delight.

He has told me repeatedly, always with an evident degree of pride, that he, an infant, was brought down from yonder mountain, Monticello, the very year of Mr. Jefferson's death, 1826, having been born about that time a part and parcel of that estate, so soon thereafter scattered, as by the four winds. He was a dark mulatto with yellowish-brown skin, about six feet two inches high and weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. His head was well-shaped, rather large and apparently intellectual; hair abundant, blackish and almost straight; forehead curved but broad and high; cheek-bones prominent; mouth large, as was also his nose, this latter being well proportioned; eyes rather large and grayish-blue. He wore a moustache and goatee, both thin, black and of long fiber. For several years after leaving the University I returned to the "Finals," always having a hand-shake and talk with Henry, but there followed an interval of fifteen years without seeing those classic shades save from a passing car window.

However, in 1894, my wife and myself, *en route* to Asheville, N. C., decided to stop off at the University for a day and night, and in doing so soon ran upon Henry. After a few words of salutation I remarked: "Well, Henry, of course you do not remember me?" To which he replied: "Yes, I do; I cannot call your name but you are from Delaware and you were a student here eighteen or twenty years ago." We hear so much of retained identity and remembrance that I was glad to have had a witness in my own experience to even this extent of accurate memory. But to show how his mind had weakened in three years, when in 1897, on our way to the Hot Springs, Virginia, we spent an equal time at the University, he had forgotten not only my personality but our former recent visit. He then asked me if I would not like to have his picture, and upon my thanking him for the compliment, he expressed the intention of having some taken in the near future when I should have one. True to his word a year later, September, 1898, he sent the photograph which has been reproduced in this volume. I have seen him several times since, the last being April, 1905, when the changes brought by age were very noticeable.

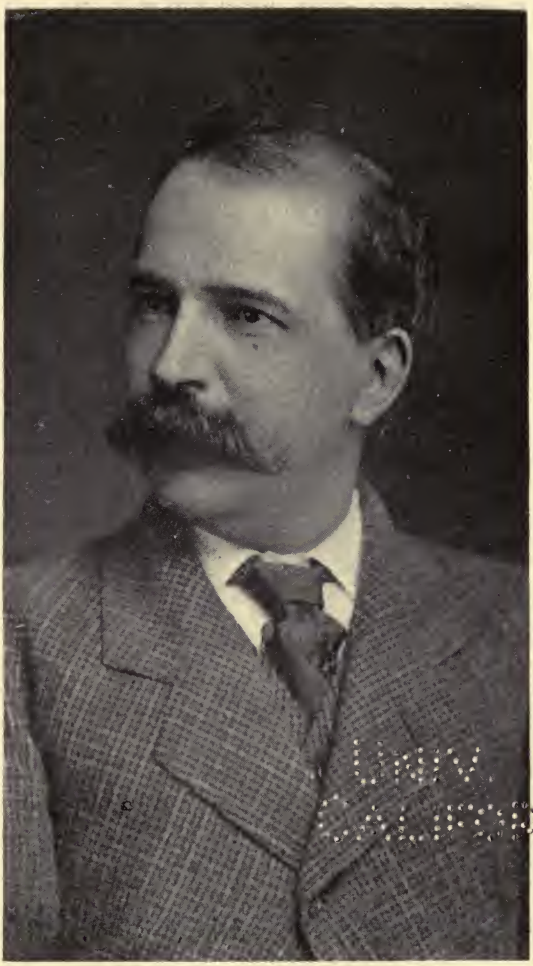
As I look back upon the record of that colored man, recalling the various phases of his character, his uniform courtesy, his diplomatic and inoffensive nature—never irritating even the youthful southern blood—his manly, truthful and straightforward manner under all times and conditions, it seems to me he was worthy a tenement of whiter clay. Too true his type will soon have passed away, and possibly in his color, "I shall not look upon his like again."

CHAPTER XXIV

Summary of University Life—Duties Versus Pleasures

University life falsely understood by many; in truth exacting and filled with cares, but had a bright side. Unusual condition at the University for close study and thorough scholarship. Methods of diversion—pleasurable walking, ball games, gymnasium, skating, theatricals, minstrels, short trips, attending church, Bible and public lectures. Social visiting—dancing, receptions, games, horseback riding, driving, musical instruments and practice; debating societies; secret fraternities. University laws seldom violated, etc.

Many who have never enjoyed a college or university training incline to surround that life with a halo of diversified pleasure—such as from their own viewpoint contributes simply to passing the time acceptably. Most of them remember well their individual experience in acquiring the education they possess; their joy or pain at the closing of the final student-page, and their delight or sorrow at the retrospect as the years come and go. Beyond this false conception some believe that those with advancement sufficient to enter the higher institutions have done so less through personal effort than an inherent aptness for absorbing all things unknown; that this being a fact the equation of study need enter little into the so-called student's daily doings, and instead thereof he breathes an atmosphere of perfect comfort, ease and indolence verging sometimes on to raillery, debauchery and possibly lawlessness. Those who have entered the silvery portals know better how to speak, and I am confident if all were entreated for an expression of opinion their verdict would come in no discordant sounds, but in a single emphatic monotone—university student-life is exacting in its demands, and like every other successful business has daily problems claiming from all serious attention. Of course in every aggregated mass of humanity assembled for a specific purpose, and having in common the same ultimate object, there will be always a few either more matured in years, excessively bright or stupid, over or under prepared, or wayward by intention—dissenters, nay sometimes disturbers—but these are so over-



Professor Thomas R. Price, LL.D., at thirty-eight
1839–1903

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shadowed by the persistent thinking majority that their presence creates only a gentle breeze, which gives strength by fanning the dominant sentiment—work—into more universal acceptance. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise with a higher student-body, where the ambition of the many is to acquire abundant knowledge in any given line with the hope of making something out of themselves, fully conscious that the kind of foundation laid at the university controls largely the kind of structure—success—to be erected thereon in after life. As a matter of fact the lighter weights soon fly to distant parts or bring themselves in conformity with the prevailing spirit, since to the average individual there is little satisfaction in groping singly along a chosen path—the mere thought of no companion in a contemplated pleasure is intimidating and repulsive, quite enough usually to cause abandonment. The impression, however, must not be conveyed that the great majority of my day University students were sober-sides, weighted by cares and years, depressed by the sad scenes and conditions of the recent past, from whose influence the South was then just emerging. On the contrary they were by no means insensible of youthful exuberance and instincts so essential for evolving the progressive man and the higher manhood; they were free from malicious intent and puerile fantasies, therefore, like any other body of young men trained at home under various régimes inculcating respect to law, order, parents and all others in authority. Such when removed temporarily to a distant soil lost none of the characteristics and vigor incident to transplanting but inclined to grow in wisdom and knowledge as though continually under superior guiding hands. If we cast around several conditions, not existing at all institutions, may be found that then played a strong part towards our general good:

First.—It was an exceptionally democratic body of young men exercising no restriction in their association with one another, consequently it mattered not the slightest whether one be an upper or lower classman, or his department academic, law, medicine or engineering—all lived and vied together as a happy family. The older enthusiast of law or medicine was as liable to select an academic freshman for a boon companion or room-mate as one more kindred to his

age and line of thinking—all alike arranged for pleasurable walks and talks irrespective of everything except good companionship.

Second.—Members of the professional departments, being older and in a degree settled, exercised upon the more youthful, by this unrestricted contact, a strong impression of the maturer manly character. Many were at least twenty-five, some beyond, while a few had seen Civil War service with its disfigurement—without an arm or leg, having to hobble around on crutches or canes. Not a small percentage at the close of hostilities had sought employment in various lines for several years thereby earning quite enough to defray University expenses, consequently all such had sown their wild oats and frowned upon those evincing an inclination to seed a crop.

Third.—The South had been impoverished so by war, especially in means and professional men, that many students, sensible of the conditions oppressing them, left nothing unturned to accomplish the most in the shortest time. They realized their inevitable fate of having to face the world solely on personal merit; that no material helping hand, barring friendly sympathy, awaited their graduation to boost them into prominence; that, their fair land needing faithful workers in all lines, it should be their honest effort, so far as ability and training go, to contribute liberally towards supplying the want.

Under these somewhat anomalous stimuli it could have scarcely been expected otherwise than that the students of that period should have been serious, thoughtful and painstaking workers—possibly unequaled in any other day and generation at the University. Facing these facts, little would seem possible to be infused into that studious life for relieving pressure and creating diversion, but as already narrated on various pages the majority did accept something on the outside that promoted health and prevented monotony. All thoroughly recognized the evil of sedentary habits, so, despite the great demand and need of time for study, the strife against this tendency continued religiously, often at the cost of convenience and effort. It was only during my last two years that we had a well-equipped gymnasium, made attractive by the

many forms of helpful apparatus and acting as a center for developing, contesting and exhibiting a training in manly exercise and sports. Prior to this a few horizontal and parallel bars stationed here and there in the open—available only in dry and pleasant weather, when they were well patronized —made up our equipment for systematic muscular excitement. It is true most of us possessed Indian clubs and dumb-bells —I still use mine occasionally—which, after sitting several hours under mental tension, would be called into service a few minutes thereby better oxygenating the blood and giving it a more healthy circulation. Apart from these simples, that ever more passive exercise—walking—received the greatest approval. While the majority of us had nine lectures a week, some one or two more or less, and the University occupied considerable territory—the lecture and dining halls being remote from our rooms—thereby occasioning the covering of much space each day on foot, yet this enforced walking was not regarded sufficient out-of-door recreation, especially as there was attached no direct relaxation or pleasure. As a result whenever weather permitted, and it usually did, after all lectures were over, 5 o'ck, P. M., we journeyed along some divergent public road, private path, or more frequently down to Charlottesville—a trip readily completed in time for supper, 6 o'ck—where the sidewalks were always in creditable condition and usually the varying scenes more interesting. In addition to this, for several years preceding the erection of the Lewis Brooks Museum, upon the upper portion of the long triangular plot converging to a point at the Post-office, many of us during the autumn and spring utilized the space for foot-ball. The game as played then certainly was ragged, governed by few rules but many men, and although a violent exercise was devoid of serious danger from the fact that every one apparently had mercy on the "under dog." About 4.30 o'ck, a few students with the ball would divide into sides, begin to kick, run and hollo, only to be a signal for those near to rush out and join in, while other recruits were captured gradually from passers-by, who may originally have left their rooms for a walk, until frequently a couple of hundred were enjoying the sport enthusiastically. We had goals, foul-lines and captains, and endeavored to divide so that each side would

have equal representation, but otherwise the game was very much on the go as you please order. Although generally one of the number I do not recall seeing displayed any temper or unkind feeling, far less bitter contention, as the exercise was fostered simply for its supposed value to physical development, and when sufficient circulation, as each determined for himself, had been established we withdrew quietly without criticism, form or ceremony. The practice never developed in my day an eleven thought worthy to enter contests with other institutions, and I do not remember ever hearing the realization of such an idea hoped for or discussed.

Then again every spring we had a baseball team of by no means uniform merit, whose members, about twenty, during the last two months of the session indulged in little other exercise than that of required daily practice. For one or two years the sport was confined to the home circle, exhibition games being played now and then between the first and second nines on the regular grounds to the left of the road leading to the Cemetery, but several seasons we considered ourselves sufficiently strong to exchange challenges with Washington and Lee and other less formidable clubs. Here we took defeat philosophically when it came and in order to make embarrassment lighter suppressed all unnecessary noise of the rooters when fortune drifted our way. While visiting teams were considered enemies in a way, yet far above prevailed the spirit of true chivalry and the recognition that it was only a friendly combat between our guests on the one side and ourselves on the other.

Charlottesville was no longer that diminutive village of the Jeffersonian era, when it was feared not equal to assimilating a small student colony. It had grown and developed into quite a commercial and social center with beautiful suburban country filled with charming hospitable people, and altogether afforded many opportunities for profit and pleasure to the stranger in their midst. As a people they were loyal to the University, accepted gladly her students into home circles, encouraged willingly their youthful amusements, and did more than could reasonably have been expected in condoning puerile short-comings and making a temporary residence congenial as well as attractive.

At the Town Hall theatrical plays and other entertainments were given frequently by traveling troups and local talent, and the higher order of these were patronized liberally by the student-body. We did not hesitate to manifest displeasure at any exhibition falling below our fancied standard or to indulge in noisy demonstration at that which specially pleased, even though sometimes it annoyed the police authorities. Owing to the apprehension of either contingency the better element of the town people, especially ladies, seldom attended, consequently as a rule we were unrestrained in our enthusiasm by any refining influence save that inherently possessed by some and fortunately not thoroughly forgotten under such emergencies. At that day Sol Smith Russell and the Berger Family (Swiss Bell-ringers) seemed most popular with us, and several years they came our way twice during the season always to find a hearty welcome and support. Mr. Russell enjoyed young life and the intercourse with University students—a feeling strongly reciprocated on our part—so that his freedom with us was encouraged and manifestly appreciated in no small degree. The liberty he took in appealing to various students in the audience, John R. McDaniel Irby and others, to corroborate the truthfulness of amusing assertions invariably called forth unstinted applause and satisfaction. His unique composition on "The Horse," concluding with—"but for me, give me the big white horse with a flowing mane and long tail or give me death"—served to bring much amusement and laughter.

For one or two years a number of musically-inclined and semi-comic students banded themselves together under the name of "University Minstrels," giving one or more exhibitions of their talent in the Town Hall. These to most of us were highly entertaining, well patronized by University and town people, and served to develop among the participants not only a strong personal loyalty but a certain self-assurance from stage contact which could not have been obtained elsewhere—laying for some the foundation of a broader and more useful field in after life. Mr. George D. Fawsett was decidedly our best comedian, and according to our judgment made an inimitable end-man. He afterwards adopted as a vocation the stage and theatrical management with commendable suc-

cess. Mr. Benj. D. Whiteley as center-man took the part well, as did Mr. Frank B. Ives and most of the others in the cast. Who that witnessed the performances fails to recall vividly the favorable reception of the many songs, including lines like these?

I went to the animal fair,
The birds and beasts were there;
The little baboon, in the light of the moon
Was curling his auburn hair.

If dat ain't so, I hope I may die,
I w'd have you all to know, Sir.
You lose your head and both your eyes,
At P. T. Barnum's show, Sir.

The establishment of the "Squibb Gymnasium"—the first at the University—during the early months of session 1875-76, filled a long-felt want, especially among those preferring indoor exercise and that with such apparatus that favored certain lines of physical development. Often in late afternoons many more would be found there than could conveniently be accommodated, except through the process of patiently waiting turns, but in the morning hours, just before and after dinner, one could cavort around in perfect satisfaction—without the slightest interference. Those of us rooming near-by frequently ran in at irregular times, shed hats, coats and vests, and accepted a ten-minute shake-up that removed many bodily cobwebs. During the freezing period not a few indulged in skating on the University ice-pond, or Cochran's pond a short distance beyond Charlottesville, where hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen were wont to assemble in afternoons—some as interested spectators, others to enjoy in reality the exhilarating recreation. Students owning skates and too busy at certain times to exercise with them were generous in passing them along to others who fortunately knew their use, so that many rather than a few reaped pleasure. With a goodly number occasional trips were popular, such as spending over Sunday in Richmond, Washington, Staunton, Lynchburg, or at some less remote home of friends, whose hospitality on such occasions knew no bounds. For important events, as dedications and inaugurations, the time accepted was longer and the contingent going much larger.

Taken as a body we did little studying on Sunday, only those having early Monday lectures feeling compelled to violate the sacredness of the day. We were great church-goers, always appearing there in our best—about the only occasions the majority accepted for wearing such. In the morning we usually heard a sermon at one of the down town churches, and at night attended the Chapel or Public Hall, according to which was in use. Some of us also enjoyed Professor Minor's Bible class or the Sunday School early in the day, and Professor Davis' Bible lecture in the afternoon, while others took long journeys into the country on foot—to Monticello or even points more remote.

After the first year or two not a few ceased devoting their entire time to University duties and allowed a certain portion for social pleasures—visiting young ladies in the University, Charlottesville and suburban country, and entering into some of the diversions their lives offered, such as dancing, attending Germans, receptions, lawn games, etc. Thus that contingent was brought under a refining influence—culture—that gave permanent elevation to character and always, irrespective of time and place, must count for much good. By this we came to realize something of the home-life of the kindly people making up the warp and woof of that section of the great Commonwealth, to enjoy their confidence and to treasure their memory. A number of us were fond of horseback riding, so every now and then during spring a half-dozen or more would hire such available animals as could be had at livery and leisurely traverse the tortuous and hilly roads characteristic of the locality. Sometimes it would be westward towards Ivy, or southward to North Garden, or out High Street or Ridge Road, but mostly to Monticello or down over the free bridge to Shadwell, Edgehill, Castlehill, etc. When not inclined to such passive exercise we would get carriages (barouches) holding four, in which five or six often crowded, and enjoy a less lengthy drive to some rural home for a friendly call—conversing *en route* upon topics most congenial and accepting for our betterment the open air and beautiful scenery so profuse in those surrounding landscapes. In snowy spells, that came seldom, sleighing was popular with the natives, and sleighs with fairly good horses

and abundant bells could be hired by us students, but the prices ranged so high as to preclude all save a favored few from indulging the pleasure.

The only time recognized by common consent for visiting one another was the hour following supper, when all felt at liberty to encroach upon the sanctity of friends' rooms, according to individual inclination and preference. Of course some intimates—clubmates, relatives, etc.—failed to observe this regulation, but knew to what extent, and took no exception at a reminder of being too busy for entertaining. In seasons of greatest pressure—when nearing examinations—all such social amenities practically ceased, as the great majority kept well to themselves in the effort at bringing creditable results.

Those who were musical often spent the evening hour in some one's room where several of the more skilled performers enjoyed separate and concerted practice, much to the delight or disgust of those within audible range. Some were gifted and had passed the amateur stage, while others were novices with abundant ambition and hope, so that the variety certainly tended to make the spice of life.

One winter Harris, Mountjoy and a number of us became interested in hypnotism, spiritualism, occult manifestations, rappings, etc., and occasionally spent the hour in manipulating the table and chairs. Of our number only one was found to be a true medium and he soon inclined to avoid the meetings, thereby denying the rest much amusement.

The legal students and others who aspired to forensic attainments concerned themselves not a little with the two literary societies—Jeff. and Wash.—attending faithfully the Saturday night meetings, which became popular and edifying largely through their expended talent and effort. There existed between these societies a slight rivalry, but only enough to encourage the joining of one or the other. Membership in either was open to all students simply by paying an initiation fee but could not be held in both at the same time. Secret fraternities were numerous—some fifteen or twenty—and membership therein counted for much. Indeed, without it I never considered life complete at the University, although some highly commendable men resisted the affiliation on the

plea of greater contentment in perfect freedom. But unfortunately for them this was only a fancied conception through not knowing the whole truth, for nothing could be more satisfactory and delightful than the loyal friendship of a dozen or more companions drawn together closely by fine fellowship and the treasured secrets held inviolate among themselves. While I recognize the possibility of having one or more black sheep in the fold—those with peculiarities non-assimilative by the majority—yet this need play no serious part if the honest effort be made by the stronger characters to change the leopard of his spots and a determination reached to accept and tolerate what remains in a fraternal spirit. Each fraternity sought the supposed best element of character and manhood, according to its conception, liking and organic principles—thus barring one-half of the student-body—but as a matter of fact the personnel of some excelled that of others, although each contained a number of sterling fellows who would have been an ornament to—indeed, in the absence of previous alliance sought after by—any organization of friends. Whatever short-comings fraternities may have I contend that their presence in moderation is healthful, encouraging and stimulating to every college and university community.

I occasionally heard from companions that certain acts and doings were in violation of the University rules, but so far as my individual experience went I never realized that she possessed any specific code of government for herself or her students. I pursued my own sweet way at all times, observing solely moral laws—seemingly all she expected—ever mindful of the purpose for which I was there and the duties that ought to be performed—not to please the University, but for my own personal good, present and future. It was a beautiful experience—the passing of life at that delightful age, so free from worldly responsibilities, so full of prophetic hopes, unconscious of a restraining hand, conscious of the noble examples of matured masters from whom all could with profit take mould and fashion. I only played one game of cards while at the University, due not to a dislike for the amusement, but rather to a recognition of it containing for me at that age and financial condition the element of danger—

a possible growing infatuation, an unwise consumption of time, and the sad parting with my limited amount of money, for which I had abundant need in meeting current obligations. I do not believe that many students disagreed with me, for during my entire course I heard of scarcely a half-dozen who would gamble whenever opportunity presented—a very small contingent that accomplished little or nothing towards an education, and created for themselves among college-mates other than an enviable name.

During those years I indulged in no whisky or brandy—only two or three glasses of beer and an equal quantity of wine, eggnog and apple-toddy at Christmas-times. Thus while more temperate than some I was less so than others, as a large percentage absolutely refused all kinds of stimulants. On the contrary, however, there was a good number who looked upon them with favor, having been brought up in homes where they were used freely by the elders, not forbidden the youthful, and considered by all a necessary daily provision of the table. Indeed, some of my clubmates had enjoyed such a training and occasionally on Saturday nights did not hesitate to overstep the limit of sobriety, causing the temperates to look after the intemperates. While this association might have been regarded very suggestive of "doing likewise," it only served to strengthen my aversion towards such thoughtless abuse—a sentiment that found equal lodgement in the minds of many others. We were men—free agents to accept "good or evil" according to taste and pleasure—none daring to encroach upon the prerogatives of another. Those preferring occasional conviviality sought others of similar inclination and did little towards inducing the abstemious inclined to emulate perverse examples—usually being well satisfied in having around as caretakers such as were known never to lose their heads.

It was a golden opportunity for weaklings to weaken, but the more mature and thoughtful—the only kind belonging there—easily resisted the glittering temptation, realizing there was only harm lurking within. Surely, like all higher institutions of learning, the University was a fine place to exhibit and prove innate quality, to develop and mould permanent character, to give evidence and appreciation of a mother's

Librarian, William Wertenbaker, at seventy-five
1799–1882

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training and a father's example—the tree bending as the twig inclined. The going wrong of a young man there was no fault of his companions—the fountain source being traceable to earlier days through inheritance and environment, when the proper restraining and correcting influences failed to be applied and enforced. At the University he was only taking liberty with opportunity, that which would have been accepted as easily elsewhere and possibly to a far greater degree.

No student of that period can fail to recall the industry and seriousness of our great majority, whose ambition seemed solely for improvement and cultivation in order to fill acceptably and wisely those places in the world's affairs as ordained by Divine Providence.

CHAPTER XXV

University Training, Selection and Criticism

Conclusions and observations. College and university training—some more desirable than others; all improve the type of manhood and chances of success in life; none makes wise men out of fools. Few older heads advise, but let the youthful select for themselves. University criticised by some alumni for extreme thoroughness, and other institutions for excessive weakness. Kind of students best suited to attend the University—some should not go there. Conditions especially commending the University versus those considered negative. Opinions of some students of my day—discussion that did good.

So often we hear from even the knowing—it makes little difference where a young man receives his educational training, for after all it is in the man—that many accept it as a self-evident fact, failing to accord the expression serious thought as well as to discriminate between the half and whole truth. If the saying ever found earnest recognition it never was by the youth of our land when preparing for his specific college or university, or during attendance thereon, for then a loyalty to his own, indeed a positive preference, pervades his nature that challenges the admiration of matured elders conscious of its sophistry. The young man then is apt to think that all he enjoys is best—institution, professors, laboratories, museums, gymnasium, athletic-grounds and teams, even local girls, climate and domestic service—all possibly except board. Certainly that no other in quality quite compares. To think that his professors of Latin, Greek and Math. are without equal, despite the honest belief that they assign the most severe and cruel tasks and demand for each the strictest account, might seem a trifle irrational, and yet it conforms to facts.

As he drifts out, however, upon the expanded sea of experience and observation, coming here and there in contact with fellow-men—brilliant, capable, talented, towering along with himself towards the accepted summit of the various honorable pursuits; those still remembering much of their

French, German, logic, ethics and psychology, and using them with best results when opportunity presents—he no longer sees through a glass darkly, but realizes the truth, that all institutions do some good work and turn out good products. After all it must be borne in mind that the degree of success attained in life, as measured by the world, determines unfortunately what the man is, and by many persons that institution might be considered best which yields relative to her numbers the most graduates conforming to this standard of public opinion. Inasmuch as it would be impossible to reach undeniable conclusions along this line according to merit, not a few prefer judging institutions by their equipment—able faculty, research laboratories, fine buildings, writings and discoveries—believing a tutelage in such an atmosphere not only healthful but conducive to an after life of contentment and happiness, possibly prominence. As a fact some students knowingly and purposely do not seek the best institutions—desiring certain training as a means towards a livelihood at the smallest monetary consideration, regardless of the literary surroundings and culture that so often make for the greatest comfort and satisfaction in a well-ordered career. Such men believe that they need only certain useful facts and principles; that the cheaper and quicker these can be obtained the better, and that any good institution, of which there are many, will answer their purpose. But if the more subtle advantages of an educational training are to be recognized and sought—something beyond the mere familiarity with essentials of language, science, philosophy and professions—great differences will be found to exist between the fountain heads of knowledge, and the wisest individuals realizing this make fewer mistakes in preference and selection.

If any university could guarantee to all her matriculants future monetary prosperity—gain—and that without excessive effort, then so far as other institutions are concerned, "Othello's occupation would be gone." The truth is, that some men in their chosen paths will attain success and others failure, irrespective of where they were educated, and between these extremes the most important point—often determined by chance—is that of having selected the college or university which in each case will tend towards making success the

greatest and failure the least. Many of us have seen now and then foolish persons with a college experience without which they certainly would have been all the greater fools, and to these especially the choosing of an institution best calculated to strengthen weakness and to control peculiar talents is of utmost concern. A diploma seems to imply wisdom and to sharpen the expectation of all things educational, and that institution's product which evades the detection of vacant spots is singularly fortunate. The selection, therefore, in spite of seriousness, lamentably falls too frequently upon the young men themselves—parents even evading direct influence —and at a time when most of all a firm, convincing word would count for much good.

It would be presumption in those that are disinterested to assume the roll of adviser to young men, knowing nothing of their characteristics and little of other institutions than the one from which they graduated. Indeed, in this day thoughtful college-bred men hesitate to give advice in such matters unless appealed to seriously and time be allowed for analyzing inherent conditions. One must be chary of the idle prattler with opinions and advice always on tap, free gratis, for usually they are worth, not what they may cost you if accepted, but what you paid for them—nothing. In my student period I proclaimed the University's praises in an unstinted manner, seeing in her much to commend and little to condemn, but with the larger experience of years in institutional work and general observation an intelligent conservatism has replaced gradually the more volatile and willful enthusiasm of youth, causing a certain reserve in influencing and directing others along lines that, although believed best, may not be followed knowingly and successfully.

Some years ago in conversing with one of my University contemporaries—one who not only took her high honors but has attained enviable distinction in his chosen profession, law —the subject of educating the youth was introduced, when I casually remarked: "Of course you will send your son to our old University!" And great was my surprise in receiving this reply: "Not if I have anything to do with it." Upon further inquiry, he, with an emphasis indicating previous thought, frankly continued: "I think the course in law given

there in my day unnecessarily comprehensive in many respects and woefully deficient in others. During my twenty-five years of experience with the business world I have found much she taught useless and much she did not teach useful—a truth which I believe can be verified by many. One had to work so hard there to get so little of the practical—that out of which the living comes. They need an entire recasting of the teaching matter, a fact that applies to other departments, notably the academic with which I also was connected." Thus I gathered his attitude—that in spite of retaining a fondness for the University he considered her requirements excessive; that she taught too thoroughly, thereby tending chiefly to make teachers. Shortly thereafter, while spending a portion of my summer at the seashore, I came often in contact with a prominent judge—a graduate of Princeton—who one day affirmed having a son preparing for college, and upon my remarking, "of course he will go to Princeton," a reply came that was also a surprise: "By no means—it is one of the last institutions in the country to which I would willingly send a young man." Upon my further inquiry he continued: "Why, when I entered Princeton thirty years ago the young instructors and adjuncts assigned to teach me Latin, Greek and Math., during the first three years, knew scarcely more about those subjects than I, so it was not until my senior year that I came in touch with fully matured professors—inspiring, knowing teachers. My son shall attend an institution that has one capable professor to teach each branch, and by whom it will be taught him from beginning to finish. In my opinion Princeton has turned out during the last generation only two men beyond the ordinary—John K. Cowen and Woodrow Wilson, the latter even a divided product—and an institution with her opportunities, wealth and numbers that can produce no better record is undeserving the support of its intelligent alumni." Here I found a good son dissatisfied with a mother's training, regarding it except one year superficial and puerile—strange to say, just the antithesis of the complaint cited against my own University. While this element of depreciation of and dissatisfaction with one's own is a genuine human weakness that tends sometimes to make us disavow a preference to "bear those ills we have than fly to others that

we know not of," yet so far as institutions are concerned these personal differences of opinion and valuation generally have a law of compensation that establishes an equilibrium, thereby happily preventing anywhere a perceptible negative reaction.

I am often asked: "If you had a son would you send him to the University of Virginia?" And to this I always have the one reply: "That would depend entirely upon his natural abilities, characteristics and inclinations"—following with such explanations as time and necessity demand. There are at least three types of sons I would hesitate to send there—unfortunately numerous in this age—all weaklings, undeserving of kind and considerate parents, and from them a liberal expenditure of money, as usually they reflect little credit upon the institution, parents or themselves. First.—Those wishing without hard mental work—that which only can develop mind—the credit of a college education through the aid of favoritism, high-priced tutors and coaches, all tending to produce a temporary stuffed tortoise, a creature of some facts, little sense and less reason. Second.—Those in their boyhood somewhat incorrigible and defiant of discipline, that so needed to bring them into acceptable manhood, as without it they will never be able to discipline others—tendencies that can better be subverted by a military school training, after which the broader development of the University might be of great advantage. Third.—Those, fortunately few, desiring to go through college just for the name or éclat it might bestow—not for the honor hoped to be conferred upon it by virtue of their own creditable career and useful life. The University of Virginia need lay no claim to serving such veritable sycophants, for her mission is in a more exalted direction.

It is the grateful son of honest purpose, studious habits, erudite mind, in a degree self-centered personality—not younger than eighteen—that feeds best at her shrine. These will profit by and reflect most the value of her nurturing care—to whom no institution in our fair land can offer more congenial opportunities for thorough knowledge or greater possibilities for furthering satisfactorily the broader development.

Such an unqualified statement would be of little value with-

out proof—found in the special conditions that cluster around and characterize that University life:

First.—Its tendency to create self-reliant and self-resourceful men—but seldom those of haughty independence. From the day of entrance one was thrown upon his own responsibility—compelled to look out for himself, to do his own thinking, studying, planning, selecting and making companions, perchance friends. There was little time for assisting or conferring with one another as each was busy solving his own troubles, taking the keenest pride in obtaining unaided results. There were no coaches or tutors for rendering the immediate path easier and the future shorn of its best intellectual usefulness. We had no money for such, consequently they could not exist—indeed, each individual became his own tutor by the hardest work and application, cultivated his own gray matter and furrowed his own brain sinuses, thereby preventing their ready obliteration. Each investigated and researched for himself, soon being convinced that he was nothing or something—able to stand alone without the prop of others; each carved a name among his fellow students, no one did that for you—it may have been high or humble, but you had yourself alone to commend or condemn for the record. In a degree this system of individual working without assistance or conference has a negative side—tending to make for selfishness, doing the best for self and self alone, unfortunately a quality that sooner or later unencouraged asserts itself conspicuously in most persons. But all things considered it redounds possibly in far greater good than harm to the young man by making him at so early an age a capable thinker, a self-reliant and self-assertive personage—ready to take his position in the world of labor and battle for his rights meritoriously.

Second.—Its total freedom from hazing or anything verging towards it—a custom so prevalent at many institutions, but always as cruel and wicked as it is pernicious and unmanly. Here one went his way according to pleasure, without meddling or being meddled with—the first and fourth year men recognizing no distinction from point of residence or experience, all being the same in the eyes and respect of each other. This, however, is no more than would be pre-

dicted from the traditional inheritance of the place—that each student was accepted to be a gentleman and so held to account. Fancy if you please any set of men interdicting others from wearing silk-hats, carrying canes or gloves, or living at certain desirable places, and you will witness a degree of legal resentment decidedly unpleasant. Our students, in spite of the home-life and college spirit from domiciling together, were just as observant and defendant of the inherent rights of one another as are men in the broader social world, tolerating not the slightest encroachment upon manly prerogative—all was his that the laws of the land granted, irrespective of age or position; none could have more. It is difficult to think seriously of one or more reasonable gentlemen desiring to humiliate, humble, insult or injure another by inflicting personal harm or abridging inalienable freedom or pleasure, but when it comes to a body of immature boys, without sufficient reason and control, influenced and inflamed largely by irrational impulses, the proposition is different—most anything, often the unexpected, can happen. It is the difference between a man and a boy institution that is here to be emphasized in favor of the University, where the more mature minds prevailed and controlled—such as could best profit by her higher teaching. Even the more youthful and buoyant, from contact with elders and severe tasks, lost all inclination to plan and effect crusades against the comfort and dignity of others, so that it was only during the first few days of the session, in the absence of accumulated work, that we ever heard of "dykes"—escorting with fire-brands, horns, bells and vocal demonstration a calacoist (one who visits ladies) to his destination. I recall two of my years in which even successful "dykes" did not occur, only several attempts wherein the innocent prey sagaciously deluded the knowing pursuers. These callithumpian parades were void of harm, as the subjects were usually untouched, often entered into the spirit of the fun, and were taught a wholesome lesson—the wisdom of keeping one's own counsel and the absurdity of beginning a university career with social rather than studious inclination.

Third.—Its honor system in so many phases, especially on examinations, where it afforded so much ease and comfort to

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Proctor, M. Green Peyton, B.A., C.E., at sixty
1828–1897

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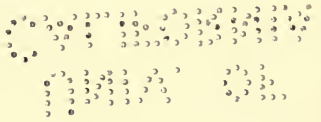

the professors, who, during those long hours—9 o'ck, A. M. to 9 o'ck, P. M.—paid little or no attention to what was going on around them, but sat reading books, magazines or papers, or saying an occasional word in undertone to a congenial colleague, who never forgot each other on those trying ordeals. It likewise brought complete satisfaction to the students, who recognized that none was trying to get through by hook or crook—all on the square—each desiring credit only for that which he honestly deserved. No one ever hinted at or wanted advantage over others, and had it been offered without fear of detection or with a monetary bonus,I am confident that at least nine-tenths would have declined it. Not that I believe we were better than many young men elsewhere, but as the very life of the place seemed fashioned upon a code of honor—an inheritance of years—the entire student community imbibed the contagion, becoming averse to all things tricky or unfair, and swearing vengeance against those who violated a sacred trust or vow. There prevailed an absolute loyalty to the sentiment, "United we stand, divided we fall," and all pledged their honor, yes, their lives, to uphold its observance—to see that "no guilty man escaped." The signing of a pledge, therefore, at the conclusion of an examination paper, that which all had to do, meant exactly what the words implied—nothing more or less. The violation of this honor code carried a penalty no one felt equal to bear—to leave the University at once under student escort, without consulting the authority or pleasure of Faculty or Visitors. While this may appear anomalous and doubtful to the unfamiliar, yet all who have brushed up against that student-life can testify to its accuracy, and the stranger by visiting can witness with appalling surprise its beautiful operation. In my day no one fell from grace, but in previous years several had been unfortunate, and their example lingered as a veritable ghost.

Fourth.—Its direct professorial contact—the complete absence of instructors, adjuncts and assistants of doubtful knowledge and experience. She believed that her reputation demanded and her students deserved the best, and fortunately only such were sought to give instruction—all alike were taught from first hands, thus reducing to a minimum the

possibility of error in thought, judgment, word or expression. Everything came from a master mind in so far as years of careful study and investigation could create, and so far as acts and statements went we grew almost to believe in their infallibility.

Fifth.—Its student personnel and contact, which, being of so high a type, conduced to forming the better and broader character. The cream of the South was assembled there as well as the good of other sections, affording a composite social and friendly set, free from the slightest manifestation of a difference in caste or quality. No separation or alienation existed through religion, family, politics or money—for in our minds all kinds of faith appeared good, all families furnishing University students stood high, all political parties had redeeming principles—indeed, despite ours being mostly democratic we wisely repressed anything offensive to those who differed—and all kinds of riches were desirable, not indispensable, for there the poor, poorer and poorest, for none had wealth, apparently knew no distinction—if they did a charitable disposition prevented overt display in word and act. The pompous and arrogant son of wealth had not yet arrived, so luckily we were beyond the pale of his demoralizing influence. As a fact none of us was poverty stricken, but all wisely thought themselves not far removed, consequently husbanded well their resources and made best their opportunities—that which contributed largely towards the highest standard of scholarship. The daily association with such an honorable body of young men could not be otherwise than helpful and inspiring, as it reflected so much that was good, so little that was evil. It is true we had a few exceptions to this ideal substantial type, for during one of my years I distinctly remember hearing a distinguished gentleman, the father of a student, boldly affirm: "I would rather see the Devil than docility in a young man, an abundant instead of a scanty sowing of wild oats—as both must come into the lives of all who make something of themselves, and the sooner the bad is got out of the system and the settling process assumed, the better." His son was of the rollicking kind, after the father's liking, and while his University career was certainly desultory under passive parental en-

couragement, the intervening years have not sufficed for reaping the crop of his early seeding. Another distinguished man's son with whom I was identified closely at the University possessed a similar tendency for a dissolute and reckless course, but realizing, fortunately, his self-dependency and the necessity of study, saw his erring way, ere too late, so that he seemingly sowed without reaping. In spite of this expressed opinion of the father in question I contend that both of these young men would have been stronger factors in the world had they have started and ended with simpler habits. As a fact this small percentage of such individuals among us students did little harm beyond themselves, as their irregular doings were out of public gaze and therefore without flagrant example.

Apart from the many superior advantages of the University it may be pardonable to mention several negative observations—those self-evident to every alumnus and preventive of the most perfect inspiration and idealism.

First.—As to the honor system. Although this has such a strict observance throughout the student-life there, it even possesses an element of weakness—the lack of subsequent permanence. How is it that young men "live, move and have their being" in this supposed purer atmosphere—where the manifestation of justice and the defense of honor at every step is maintained—upon getting out into the world often find the sentiment not a veritable graft or inoculation of their nature for thinking and acting always honorable? One might think that a residence amid these lofty incentives would so implant rectitude and right-doing in its votaries as to disincline them ever afterwards from taking advantage of questionable opportunities and their fellow-men. While it is highly gratifying to know that the great majority, especially those whose student-life extended over a period of years, stand ever firm in the original faith— true to the ideals she fashioned and imparted—yet it is correspondingly sad that some have perverted their careers by the exercise of justice and righteous acting only when conducing to personal interest and profit. Some are known to have been willing partners in disreputable schemes, suspicioned by many, trusted by few and scathed by the public press; others have had either

too little or too much ambition for advancement, and in failure have leveled themselves far lower than pride or decency should have permitted. One, a cotemporary of mine—indeed, an occasional chum—fell so far as to die in the penitentiary a few days prior to completing a long service; another, whose attendance came some years later, went so far as to pay the penalty of his crime upon the gallows, and others could be mentioned who have sadly strayed from maternal moorings. In the light of our student environment, the laudable examples of our worthy instructors, and the ennobling atmosphere that breathed into our manhood "the soul of life," it seems "passing strange" that she could have produced a list of base traducers whose gifts and opportunities were ample for continuous righteous action and the absolute safeguarding of self, alumni and honored mother from the stigma of lawless acts. While we might expect such to be the product of some institutions, yet here, the nursery and brooder of the honor system, where it is preached and practiced continually, it becomes a sad commentary that even a few are destined to waywardness and to simulate the preacher's sons—go wrong in spite of wholesome example..

Second.—As to the honor men. Although some who seemingly profited most by her teaching while students have gone forth into various pursuits to gain and reflect measureable distinction, the far larger percentage of those making the greatest impression upon their times only enjoyed her advantages one, two, or at best three years—leaving her threshold without an academic degree. Indeed, in some instances only several of the separate schools have been passed through—a training scarcely supposed at the time sufficient to suggest great expectations. And yet the graduation from a single school need not be valued lightly, especially when I recall one of my associates in Latin—an A. B. of Lehigh University—remarking unsolicitously: "Of the two diplomas I prefer that just taken; it represents so much more." Of course I am unable to appreciate fully the significance of the remark, but he was emphatic in its declaration. As a rule the academic degree men of most colleges and universities are the more receptive and refulgent, but this, strange as it may seem, is not true with those trained at the University of Vir-

ginia. Not that her academic degree men in any way prove failures, although this may happen, but their number is so insignificant compared with the non-degree men—those simply seeking special knowledge along the line of supposed need and preference—that the latter contribute to her a far larger sum-total of prestige and renown. It is lamentable now and then to see her higher degree men as second-rate lawyers, ordinary newspaper reporters, principals of small academies, or failures in the commercial world—seeming satisfied to take life easily after so much drudgery at hard study. Even many of those graduating in her professional schools with the attainment of prominence have done so not solely through her guidance, as many legal lights previous to entering that department received a bachelor or master degree from another institution, while not a few of the brightest medical stars have not been content with her degree alone, but have gone elsewhere for supplementary clinical courses, thus causing in each case to be attributed to several institutions conjointly the laying of that foundation which brought success and honors.

Third.—As to the fealty of the Alumni, I do not believe there exists an institution where the college or university spirit dominates more thoroughly the student life, making every one while there not only loyal sons but many staunch friends. Among the hundreds of Alumni that I have met during the intervening years only a few have failed to express entire satisfaction with her methods and received training—invariably emphasizing the retrospect with pleasant associations and episodes. Even though this be true it is certainly very evident that in some instances there has been, as we drifted into various callings, an unmistakable decadence in the ardent fervor of youth. As men move forward in finance and position they not infrequently incline to look askance at their period of comparative smallness, sometimes openly assigning little or nothing to instructors and institutions—that success has been due solely to *ego,* whereas in reality other powers sat behind the throne. I once approached a millionaire, suggesting aid in behalf of the University, only to receive the cold, curt reply: "I owe her nothing—paid my tuition, have my receipts, honors are

easy." Such a man must have had a very brief contact, profited little thereby and feel conscious wherein lay the fault. He certainly would not do much to further her interest or to strengthen friendly ties among the ordinary body of alumni —not even attend, unless possibly as central figure—an annual banquet. He is a spoiled child suffering with nervous prosperity—for in reality his mother has been too kind, and he, like all poorly disciplined, fails to recognize filial gratitude. But this gentleman is not alone in his self-centered attitude, as we observe the senator, the judge and others in high social, political and financial positions often breathing the same cold air—to have been resting on a cooling-board since leaving the altar whose emanations made possible their elevation. Indeed, former professors—from whose lips profitable wisdom has been accepted by hundreds who would delight in paying them grateful homage in their ripening years—have been known to be conspicuous by absence at local alumni banquets and other functions remindful of the pleasant by-gones. All such may have ambition in keeping with the policy of a certain prominent physician who one day seriously told me he attributed his success largely to social retirement and restricted conversation with patients—ergo, to become great in others' eyes, keep busy, quiet and seclusive. This spirit of independence and indifference on the part of that contingent which has done so much for itself, in which the rest of us have so much pride, tends to weaken the great possibilities of our Alumni. Can it not be overcome by some manner of means? Can we not unify ourselves in at least all things pertaining to the good of our University? If so, far larger will be the benefits accruing to her and more favorable the impressions abiding with us.

Apart from these observations made since student days, of apparent defects that might with advantage be corrected, it is only fair to state that during several of my years at the University there was considerable talk about the rigidity, inflexibility and severeness of her requirements, and that even lengthy articles appeared in the *Magazine* kindly criticising the same and offering suggestions for what the student-writers regarded as needed and urgent improvement. Thus to quote from one—University Reform: The desire for knowl-

edge has completely been supplanted here by the desire for a diploma, which seemingly has become the first thought—any incident and convenient knowledge being second. Nothing is more dwarfing to the mental powers which are converted into a machine with one function to perform—answering three-fourths of the questions on examinations. Since here my aim has been to seek out the prominent students, those truly original and independent, having minds of their own, and I can count upon my fingers those whom I judged to have a cast of power and profundity—few gifted with originality, capable of developing thoughts and converting them into a connected whole. Their thoughts are often like the stars of the heavens—brilliant and beautiful, but isolated and of little use to give light; unlike the sun, able to pour forth a flood of light and illumine that with which they come in contact. Another kind of man is even more rare here—the investigator—who proposes to himself problems to solve and subjects to investigate, carrying their study beyond the limits of the text and lectures. Men may not be original, profound and powerful, but they can be observant and inquiring; they can look into the nooks and corners of science, philosophy, life and religion, and find much that is yet unopened that would yield to a little common sense. For some of these problems great and brilliant powers are required, but for many—such as make knowledge profitable, entertaining and useful—only ordinary intelligence is needed. Most of our graduates who keep up their literary pursuits do so only in the school-room as village pedagogues; some get into high schools, but only a few attain to college and university professorships. They make excellent instructors, sufficiently learned for their purposes, but they took it with them upon leaving the University and have dispensed it yearly without diminution or addition. Their intellectual integrity was attained when they received their diplomas, and from that moment all their growth ceased. Our alumni rarely investigate, write books, and their additions to knowledge or literature are small. Is this due to the University system or to individual capacity? Both are defective. The habit of seeking diplomas above all other things is due in many instances to poverty, in others to contagion. To get a diploma often

means to get a position, which results in a rigid confinement to what is required and a total abstinence from everything else.

These developing habits of mind cannot be over-estimated, as they are the ultimatum of all culture, and the more perfect their attainment the more valuable and useful the man. Investigation is nothing more than the application of principles and tests, the habit of throwing facts into critical relations and observing the results. This in some is a gift, but a man ever so gifted in this direction, without cultivation, is nothing, and any person who can be called intelligent has sufficient to be made useful and pleasant. A man having attained these principles of truth can go forward into new regions and new subjects with the power to discriminate between good and evil, the true and false. These principles apply not only to the fields of science, but to various business pursuits, enabling one to let go professional strings and rely upon his own judgment. He can forsake the servile conformity to the intellectual force of another—he has the power to advance within himself. Pursuing an education but missing these principles renders the vast knowledge an incubus and a gorge. They can tell you the opinions of others but "I think" is unknown in their vocabulary. The recognition of these investigating principles has given the wonderful impulse to modern inquiry, for within the last fifty years almost as much accurate knowledge has been collected as during the previous six thousand. These principles were developed first by scientists, then caught by philosophers, theologians and inquirists, all entering fields of knowledge which were unthought of, deemed utterly unapproachable, only to expose facts which will ever be the wonder and delight of the human race.

Something must be done at our University to correct this weakness if she is to maintain her position as the ultimate educational institution of the South. These principles must be incorporated and that prominently in its course of instruction, for this age is very impatient of the useless and inefficient, and its veneration for antiquity is small—an institution exhibiting only past usefulness will elicit but little sympathy and support in this day. There is here a want of intellectual freedom and encouragement of thought—that is, a higher

encomium is bestowed upon mere labor than upon intellectual power.

Whatever the principles of the University may be theoretically, when practically applied they tend to crush rather than foster mental originality, independence and investigation. Our professors put forth untiring efforts to explain and logically connect every part of their courses, so that the attentive student gets a true idea of the subject, but the climbing to the greatest heights produces nothing but weariness if every foot-print is marked for us. Much smaller ascents conducted by ourselves would give us far greater confidence and teach us more useful lessons. One becomes wearied in following the thoughts of the professors, having only to attend to what is pointed out to him, and becomes satiated, even disgusted. He has to gulp down the immense selections from the vast fields of knowledge which the professors present, and digest them as best he can, that as a friend suggests, " it is a wonder he does not die just before he gets through." The habit of being led gradually grows upon us, and at last unfits us to take a single step unless our next foot-print is marked—this having taken hold upon a man his doom is certain.

All men do not wish to study the same subjects—some prefer one thing, some another, and all should not be compelled to pursue the same things. This is the weight which many students here feel—they would gladly do more work than required, if they could only distribute it as they wished. We need the profound spirit of philosophy and freedom pervading the German universities, and if it can be introduced we shall be able, in spite of our poverty, to compete with any institution of this country. An effort can overcome and correct, at the expense of natural elasticity, this defect, but how?

Introduce thesis writing in all senior classes as one of the requirements for graduation in each school, letting there be at least three of these, whose entire value shall be one-third of the possible hundred. This would cultivate a spirit of true philosophical investigation, and reduce the length of examinations, which now is fourteen hours, a period that is brutal and prohibitable by law. This capacity for contending with the present examinations shows nothing but an iron constitution

and hardihood of the student, and the questions he can answer under the most untoward circumstances—often making sick the delicate students in the preparation. That our graduates should be untrained entirely in composition is an unpardonable deficiency.

Another writer complained about extending the respective collegiate courses thus: This high standard of scholarship confers the greatest advantage upon those whose only capital for the future is based upon success in their academic course —who, investing nearly all their means in an academic education, desire to accumulate the greatest amount of knowledge not under the influence of the noble Baconian maxim, " Knowledge is power," but under the more vital principle, " Knowledge is bread." Too many of us hope to earn a livelihood by teaching. Colleges are more for those of average intellect, as men of superior qualifications will find no trouble to succeed. A college should aim at the divine theory, " the greatest good for the greatest number." Our object is to succeed here in getting diplomas, as they bring recommendations and situations. Those who enter the University hoping to acquire a liberal education—a term which we know will cast only a shadow of meaning to many, but to others it is not the less real and substantial—encounter those intending to become teachers who believe in the essential feature of passing examinations, which now has become public sentiment, and that those seeking only a liberal education are under the ban of moral condemnation if they come here in our midst upon the principle to stand no examinations, although far from idle in their studies. They lose caste. He must either study very hard to the exclusion of whatever else may have claim upon him or drop through like a dead weight. One is clever in proportion to one's powers of remembrance and endurance. If you fall short you are considered a nondescript—one who has to bear the brunt, but yet under normal conditions he ought to constitute the backbone of this University. It is he who ought to constitute the leavening of the whole, but now he is pushed out beyond the pale and must bear and suffer in injurious silence. We are so much occupied with mind-cultivation that all else seems insignificant and unworthy, but it needs more than mind to battle our personal welfare in life.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORN

Janitor, Uncle Henry Martin, at seventy
1825—

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We should have been located near a large city to prevent becoming a little world unto ourselves. In the law department instead of two years it should be more. What is to be gained by the process of cram?

As a result of these articles the editors of the *Magazine* in one of its numbers made this comment: "We object to this system of hot-house training so long in force at this University. We have too much cramming. The object of education is culture; information, experience and instruction are the collateral issues of education—some of the many means which bring about educational training. A man of culture is one with quickness of perception and happiness of expression, and correct and delicate taste—the synonym of refinement, which unless spontaneous is a plant of slow growth and tender constitution, likely to be killed by too much culture as it is to be dwarfed by too little. To develop this faculty is a slow, long-continued and careful course of study, which will bring one in contact with the great masters and standard writers, and will lead him to draw to himself what he can of their spirit—this will acquaint him with a correct appreciation of the beautiful, the true and the good. Time is essential for culture, and culture is the proper end of education, therefore our system here of allowing a raw clod-hopper to take a full ticket in a year and to graduate in law, medicine, etc., is absolutely preposterous. Who would employ such when skill, knowledge and address were needed? We should require fixed standards of age and of scholarship—preliminary examinations in every academic school. A two or three year alumnus is one of taste, training and address, while a man of one year is a youth as much characterized by the absence of these qualities as by the awkward presence of their opposites. The fewer of the latter we have the better for us."

I do not believe that any of these short-comings, as alleged by students, found the slightest recognition by those in power and authority during my years at the University. Later, however, many changes were made, some in accordance with these earlier complaints—enlarging the curriculum, giving latitude in studies leading to academic degrees, and requiring longer attendance for graduation in professional schools.

Be the effect of these articles upon other students what it

may, they were timely and fruitful to me, inasmuch as the thesis proposition became the initiative of an effort to improve English composition and to foster modestly historic research —to the extent of becoming a correspondent to one of my home newspapers, *Delaware Gazette,* whereby at convenient intervals communications of one, two or three columns appeared under the various headings: A University as Founded by Jefferson; Monticello—the Home of Jefferson; Memorial of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph; Colonial Homes in Albemarle County; College Secret Fraternities; Commencements, etc. I do not think, however, that the majority of students were captious critics, in sympathy with these writers, but rather held up our prevailing methods and high standard as redeeming features—that of which to be proud and beyond criticism.

We certainly recognized that geniuses were born—not made; that any college community could possess only a few; that most of us were without minds of great originality, unable to become exceptional investigators irrespective of developing processes used, and that our only salvation lay in each cultivating as best he could his own garden—inherent soil—making it an actual storehouse of general or specific knowledge. Our ambition appeared to be in " doing the best and leaving the rest." Few speculated on the distant morrow. I for one did little of that, being satisfied with troubles present without borrowing from the future, realizing it was for me always to be ready to meet duty and to discharge it—an invaluable lesson in educational training. I admit we had an ungovernable thirst for diplomas, but, after all, the pride was more in the knowledge we thought they represented than in the sheepskins themselves. The requirements were high and the examinations most searching—unnecessarily so—but we knew that to be the spirit of the place, possibly its greatest asset. The fact is, " a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and there is only one way to master a subject—to know it. The University courses simply unfolded the great truths of each department and anything short of that would have been undesirable, indeed deplorable. The examinations contained nothing easy or moderately so; on the contrary the most difficult and intricate points were included, thereby requiring most thorough

preparation in advance as well as careful thought and reasoning on the day of trial, amid conditions—high mental pressure and apprehension—little calculated for best results. Fancy, if you please, after enjoying Professor Smith's delightful talks and experiments on mechanics, dynamics, hydrostatics, acoustics, heat and light, and expecting on examination not less than three problems—sufficient if wrong to prevent one passing—encountering ten mathematical enigmas, one for each block, which to work and prove required that many hours, and you have the character of those tasks. Success after such a contest was a source of much temporary pleasure but always saddened by the many companions who fell on the wayside.

As I look back from such a remote distance upon my University training, in full consciousness of its strength and weakness, I can but emphasize above all others the one characteristic of the institution that implanted itself upon my nature and has stood me for greatest good—her aim at thoroughness, deep-seated treasures, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; an aversion to everything shallow, deceptive and superficial. If one carries away from her, and he must if he be a thoughtful student, that wholesome lesson and continues to apply it in the details of his vocation, be that what it may, he will find that he could have afforded better to sacrifice all things else within that training, even the learning, for that can be recovered by the same goodly spirit—faithful application. Men may go there for only one or two years, may have graduated previously or afterwards from reputable institutions, for which the kindest feelings are maintained, but they will never disclaim having worshiped at her shrine or deny a certain peculiar gratitude for her student-life, dominated so thoroughly as it is by that priceless inheritance of the older régime, which to-day the world most needs and commends itself to all alike as man's best and safest living principle—an honest struggle for thoroughness and truthfulness.

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